


The Story of Concord

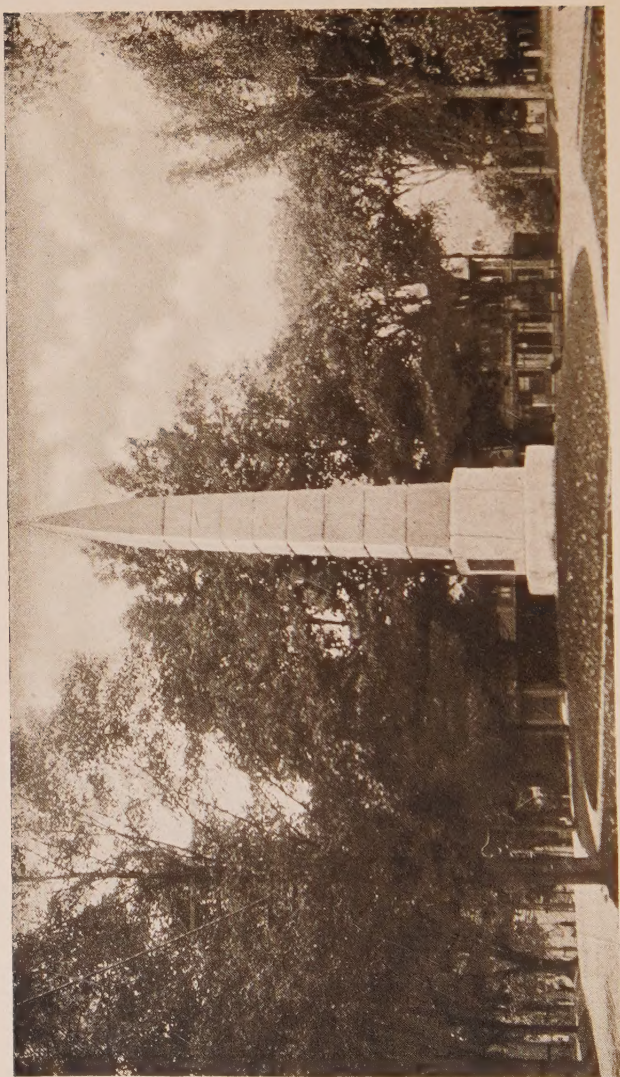
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MONUMENT SQUARE

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THE STORY OF CONCORD

TOLD

BY CONCORD WRITERS

EDITED BY

JOSEPHINE LATHAM SWAYNE

BOSTON :

The E. F. Worcester Press

1906

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AND
EDWARD F. WORCESTER

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PREFACE

THE Editor has no apology to make for the miscellaneous character of this volume. She has tried to depict briefly the history of Concord from the Plantation to the present time, as presented in the writings of its own inhabitants. Whether their residence in Concord has been long or short, it has been long enough for some part of the life of the town to be seen and reflected from their own angle of vision. The reader must himself focus the rays to see a true picture of this model New England town. Acknowledgement is due for kind assistance given in the preparation of the work to Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, Judge John S. Keyes, Mr. Frank Preston Stearns, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, Mr. George Tolman, Mr. Winfred D. Hubbard, The Concord Social Circle, The Concord Antiquarian Society and the librarians of the Concord Public Library.

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WORCESTER.

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RAILWAY GUIDE

CONCORD is on the BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD. This road has two divisions : THE FITCHBURG DIVISION, THE SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Concord is twenty (20) miles from Boston via the Fitchburg division, and nineteen (19) miles via the Southern division.

THE FITCHBURG STATION is on THOREAU STREET.

THE SOUTHERN DIVISION STATION is on LOWELL ROAD. The Southern division is the Bedford branch of the division, the two termini being Boston and the State Reformatory Station at Concord Junction.

Number of Trains Per Day

THE FITCHBURG DIVISION :

From Concord to Boston has twenty-four (24) passenger trains per day.

From Boston to Concord has twenty-two (22) passenger trains per day.

THE SOUTHERN DIVISION :

Has four (4) passenger trains per day each way.

Sunday Trains

THE FITCHBURG DIVISION :

From Concord to Boston has five (5) passenger trains per day.

From Boston to Concord has eight (8) passenger trains per day.

THE SOUTHERN DIVISION :

Has two (2) passenger trains per day each way.

ELECTRIC CARS

Concord is connected with Boston, Lowell and the eastern part of the state, and Worcester, South Framingham and the western part of the state by the electric cars.

FROM BOSTON TO CONCORD :

Take Arlington Heights Car and Change at Arlington Heights to Concord car for Concord, or the Lexington car and change at Bedford for Concord.

FROM CONCORD TO BOSTON :

Take Lexington Car and change at Arlington Heights to Arlington Heights car for Boston. The Lexington car leaves Concord Square every hour on the hour.

FROM CONCORD TO LOWELL :

Take Lexington car and change to Lowell car at Bedford for Lowell. These cars leave Concord Square every hour on the hour.

FROM CONCORD TO WORCESTER AND SOUTH FRAMINGHAM :

Take Maynard and Hudson car at Concord Square. These cars leave Concord Square every hour on the hour until 2 P. M. Then every thirty-five (35) minutes.

In railway parlance all of the above is "subject to change without further notice."

III.

PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST IN CONCORD

MONUMENT SQUARE.

“THE visitor, however he come to Concord, will naturally start on his tour of observation from Monument Square, which is exactly the geographical centre of the original six miles square granted to the first settlers. In the centre of the square stands the SOLDIERS’ MONUMENT, a granite obelisk bearing on one side of its base the names of the forty-two sons of Concord who perished in the Secession War of forty years ago. On the southwest side of the square a bronze tablet marks the site of the old TOWN HOUSE, which was also the County Court House, from whose turret rang out the bell that called the farmers to arms in the early morning of April 19, 1775. . . . The old Court House has long passed away, but the vane that swung above it for a century and a half, with the date 1673 carved upon it, is now preserved in the Public Library.¹ Another tablet, a few steps down the Lowell Road, marks the site of the DWELLING OF THE REV. MR. BULKELEY.

1 Concord Public Library.

The northwest side of the square is occupied by a row of buildings now kept as a hotel,¹ a part of which was used in the early spring of 1775 as a storehouse for the arms, provisions, and other war material that the patriots had been busily collecting through the preceding winter. . . .

MONUMENT STREET.

A walk of about a half mile up Monument street, to the north, brings the visitor to the OLD NORTH BRIDGE, the scene of Concord Fight. . . .

In 1775, the river was crossed by only two bridges, the second or South Bridge, being a mile and a half further up the stream. At the North Bridge, the road on the further bank of the river crossed the meadow, and after reaching the firm ground divided into two, following parallel with the stream in both directions. The point at which the Provincial forces gathered, on the brow of the hill, three hundred yards beyond the bridge, is marked by a TABLET SET IN THE WALL, and by a boulder, with a suitable inscription, in the grounds of the late Edwin S. Barrett, a great-great-grandson of Col. James Barrett, who commanded the patriot force on the 19th of April, '75. A few rods to the north is visible the HOUSE THEN OCCUPIED BY MAJOR JOHN BUTTRICK, who gave to his troops the first order ever given to American rebels to fire upon the soldiers of their king. The bronze statue of the MINUTE MAN, by Daniel C. French, . . . dedicated

¹ In a portion of this building lived the Thoreau family at one time.

by the town on the centennial anniversary of the fight, stands on the spot where this 'all-irrevocable order' was given. On the hither side of the stream stands the monument erected by the town in 1836, and bearing the following inscription:—

Here,
On the 19th of April,
1775,
was made
the first forcible resistance
to British aggression.
On the opposite bank
stood the American Militia.
Here stood the Invading Army ;
and on this spot
the first of the Enemy fell
in the war of that Revolution
which gave
Independence
to these United States.
In gratitude to GOD
and
in the love of freedom
this Monument
was erected
A. D. 1836.

. . . A stone in the wall, within a little enclosure, marks the GRAVE OF TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS who fell in this first skirmish and were buried by the side of the road, the very first of that great army of Britons that England sacrificed in her fruitless endeavor to subjugate her rebellious colonies.

Just south of the Monument grounds, at the end of a long avenue of once stately but now decaying trees, stands . . . the OLD MANSE. The house was built just before the opening of the Revolutionary War, by Ralph Waldo Emerson's grandfather, the Rev. William Emerson, then minister of Concord,

and from its window the reverend gentleman beheld the fight at the bridge. . . . It was here that many of Emerson's early poems, as well as his first published book, *Nature*, were written. But it is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's connection with the house, even though such connection was very brief, that the Old Manse, as he named it, is best known. Here he wrote *Mosses From an Old Manse*, his first important work. . . .

Nearly opposite the Manse is the ELISHA JONES HOUSE, now occupied by . . . Judge John S. Keyes. . . . Though many additions have been made to the original house, the building may still fairly be called the oldest house in Concord, for the portion erected by John Smedly in 1644 still stands. Near one of the doors of this house may still be seen the hole made by a British bullet fired at Elisha Jones as he was coming out of his door on the morning of Concord Fight," and a piece of the timbers of the Old North Bridge.

LEXINGTON ROAD.

"Retracing his steps to Monument Square, the visitor will see on the corner of Main street, the old WRIGHT TAVERN, built in 1747, the headquarters of the patriots in the early morning of April 19, 1775, and later in the day occupied by the British officers. Here Major Pitcairn is said to have made his famous boast, as he stirred his morning dram, that before the day was over he would stir the damned Yankee blood as well. Perhaps he never said it, but at any rate the Yankee blood *was* stirred effectually.

THE FIRST PARISH MEETING HOUSE stands next, built in 1901 to replace the ancient structure that had been destroyed by fire in the year 1900. The old building, erected in 1712, was the meeting place of the FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, in October, 1774. . . . A tablet on the edge of the green commemorates the fact."¹

"Of the many distinguished writers who have from time to time made Concord in Massachusetts their residence, it is a curious fact that WARRINGTON (William S. Robinson) is the only one widely known, with one exception, who was 'native to the manner born' of that rare old town. The exception is Henry David Thoreau, Warrington's contemporary and schoolmate. His ancestors had lived there for two generations. . . . Pilgrims to Concord, on their way to the homes of Emerson and Alcott, . . . will pass on the right a block of old wooden houses. In one of these houses, under the shadow of the elm tree, planted by his grandfather, Emerson Cogswell, Warrington — William Stevens Robinson — was born, Dec. 7, 1818."² The "wooden houses" have since been torn down; the site is on the church green. (See Map.) William Robinson is more generally known as the author of Warrington's Manual of Parliamentary Law,³ of which Sumner said, "It contains the cube root of parliamentary law."

¹ Concord by George Tolman.

² Memoir of William S. Robinson by Mrs. W. Robinson.

³ Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck, author of *The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law*, in use by many of the Women's Clubs, states in the preface to her work, "the author has had an experience of nearly twenty years in the work of women's organizations as well as an opportunity for observation while assistant clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, during a part of the time when her father (Warrington) was the clerk of that body."

"The house of the CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY stands near, on the left side of Lexington Road. This house was occupied in 1775 by Reuben Brown, a saddler, who made cartridge boxes, belts, and the like, for the patriots; and the British soldiers, on the morning of April 19, in endeavoring to destroy the worthy saddler's stock of war material, managed (quite unintentionally, for they were under strict orders not to injure private property,) to set fire to the house. This was the only private house that was damaged by them in Concord, and the fire was quickly extinguished. Since 1886 the house has been occupied by the Antiquarian Society, and contains a large and varied collection of old china, furniture, and relics, all accumulated in Concord, among them the sword of Col. James Barrett, the musket of one of the British soldiers who fell at the North Bridge, the cutlass of a grenadier of the 10th British regiment, and other relics of Concord Fight. One room in the house is devoted entirely to Thoreau relics."¹

The next house on the left, one of the oldest houses in Concord, was the home of JOHN BEATTON, "who founded the charity which has for two hundred years helped the silent poor of the town."²

"A few rods beyond, on the right hand side of the road, stands the HOME OF EMERSON, where he lived from 1835 until his death in 1882. . . .

A little further on, on the left side of the road, is the ORCHARD HOUSE, once the home of the Alcotts,

1 Concord by George Tolman.

2 George Bartlett in Concord Guide Book.

and the birthplace of the CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, in 1879. Later the little chapel on the hillside, somewhat to the rear of the house, was built, and therein the later sessions of the school were held.

The WAYSIDE, the next house beyond, is perhaps better known as the residence of Hawthorne for the last twelve years of his life, than from its connection with the Alcotts, who had lived there several years before Hawthorne, the years that gave to Louisa Alcott the experiences and incidents that form the basis of her delightful stories. But the stories themselves were written in the Orchard House, or 'Apple Slump,' as Louisa preferred to call it. The larches which shade the hill between the Orchard House and the Wayside were planted by Hawthorne, and the path worn among them by his restless feet may still be traced. George Parsons Lathrop, whose wife was Rose Hawthorne, lived for a time at Wayside, a writer whose early death removed one of the most promising of the younger American men of letters. Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, was a later owner of the place, and here still resides his widow, who, as Margaret Sidney, has acquired merited fame by her charming juvenile books.

Possibly the Concord Grape is known to more people than Concord Literature, Art or History. It originated in the garden of Ephraim W. Bull, the next place beyond the Wayside," GRAPEVINE COTTAGE, "and the original vine, whose progeny covers nearly every land, still flourishes there."¹

1 Concord by George Tolman.

On the Cambridge turnpike, the second house on the right, east of the Emerson home, is the small cottage where WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, the poet, lived. He occupied this house at the time of his first residence in Concord.

“Lexington Road, as the visitor will at once notice runs close to the base of a low, sandy ridge from Monument Square to MERIAM’S CORNER, about a half mile below the Wayside. This is the road over which the British force entered the town on the morning of April 19, 1775, and over which they made their so far orderly retreat before noon. . . . A tablet in the wall marks the spot. The Virginia Road joins the old Billerica Road a few rods from this point. On it stands the house in which Henry D. Thoreau was born, but as the house has been moved from its original location and greatly altered, it is only the most enthusiastic or the most leisurely of visitors who will care to take the extra mile walk.

BEDFORD STREET.

A walk around by the old Billerica Road from Meriam’s Corner, until he comes to the car track, and then following the car track on Bedford Street toward the left, will take the tourist over the most uninteresting mile and a half of road in all Concord, and bring him to SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY at the point furthest from the town, but not far from the end of Ridge Path, on which are the graves which he will

most care to see, that of Emerson, marked by a large boulder of rose quartz, with this inscription :—

RALPH WALDO
EMERSON

BORN IN BOSTON MAY 25 1803

DIED IN CONCORD APRIL 27 1882

THE PASSIVE MASTER LENT HIS HAND
TO THE VAST SOUL THAT O'ER HIM PLANNED.

the couplet being a quotation from Emerson's own poem, *The Problem*; that of Hawthorne, surrounded by such fragments of an arbor-vitæ hedge as the zeal of souvenir-seeking tourists has allowed to remain standing; those of the Alcott family nearly opposite the Hawthorne lot, and of the Thoreaus almost adjoining. Below, on the hillside, are the graves of the Hoar family, . . ." and of Ephraim Bull. "Traversing the length of the cemetery, the tourist will come out on Bedford Street, a few rods from Monument Square from which he started. The old HILL BURYING GROUND, abutting on the Square opposite the end of Main Street, contains many ancient and curious epitaphs, the oldest bearing the date 1677. Here are buried Col. James Barrett and Major John Buttrick, the patriot commanders in Concord Fight; the Rev. William Emerson and his father-in-law, the Rev. Daniel Bliss; Dr. John Cuming, whose bequest to Harvard College was the foundation of the Harvard Medical School; John Jack, the Negro, whose epitaph is the most famous epitaph in America :—

God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills, God's will be done.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF

JOHN JACK,

A native of Africa, who died
March 1773, aged about 60 years.
Tho' born in a land of slavery
He was born free.

Tho' he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave,
Till by his honest, tho' stolen labors,
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom ;
Tho' not long before
Death, the great tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practiced those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves." 1

At the junction of Main and Sudbury streets, is the PUBLIC LIBRARY. The building was given to the town by William Munroe, "a native and citizen of Concord." An alcove in this library is devoted to Concord writers. To the left of the library, on Stow street, are seen the PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS of Concord.

MAIN STREET.

Near the Square, on the right, is the OLD BLOCK HOUSE and adjoining it the old MAIN STREET BURYING GROUND.

As one continues along Main street he will see on the right the HOME OF JUDGE E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, and the BIRTHPLACE OF SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR, and on the left the HOME OF JANE AUSTIN, best known as the author of *Standish of Standish*,

1 Concord by George Tolman.



VIEW OF MAIN STREET

Betty Alden, A Nameless Nobleman, and Dr. Le. Barron and his Daughters, stories of the landing of the Pilgrims and of Revolutionary days.

Opposite this house lives Woodward Hudson, son of FREDRIC HUDSON, journalist and author. Mr. Hudson's home is built on the site of his father's house, the latter having been moved to Thoreau street.

This section of Main street is of especial political interest. Five members of the Hoar family have represented their respective districts in Congress, and have occupied other political positions of honor and of trust. HON. SAMUEL HOAR,¹ his sons, E. ROCKWOOD HOAR and GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, SHERMAN HOAR the son of E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, and ROCKWOOD HOAR, the son of GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR. The Hoar homestead is on Main Street.

GEORGE W. WRIGHT, who in his youth was an employee of Samuel Hoar, went to California with Fremont, and became one of the first representatives of California in Congress.

1 Samuel Hoar "settled as a lawyer in Concord in 1807, where he practiced his profession until his death, forty-nine years. Soon he rose to the first rank at the Middlesex bar, and, indeed, in the whole State. . . . He was sent to the Legislature in both branches, and was elected as a member of the Governor's Council, to the Constitutional Convention of 1820 and to Congress. His public character was irreproachable. . . . His long life was a great blessing in the town, and was an important factor in the cultivation and elevation of the general and individual character of the people."—Edward Jarvis in *Houses and People of Concord, 1810-1820*. See Samuel Hoar in Emerson's *Biographical Sketches*.

Dr. Edward Jarvis was born in Concord in 1803. Graduated at Harvard in 1826 and at Boston Medical School in 1830. He practiced medicine in Northfield, Mass., and in Concord, Mass. He was a member of numerous learned societies, and author of text-books on Physiology and of a large number of reports on insanity and public health. A pamphlet on *Supposed Decay of Families in New England Disproved by the Experience of the People of Concord, Mass.*, was published by Dr. Jarvis in 1884. He is also the author of a manuscript work on *The Houses and People of Concord, 1810-1820*. Dr. Jarvis died in 1884.

GEORGE MERRICK BROOKS, a native of Concord, brother-in-law of George Frisbie Hoar, was a member of Congress from 1869 to 1872. Much of the success of Concord's social and literary life is said to have been due to the deep interest Judge Brooks took in it. He lived on Main street on the left at the junction of Main street and Sudbury road.

WILLIAM WHITING, author of *War Powers Under the Constitution of the United States*, and other legal works, whose home was on the east corner of Main street and Academy Lane, represented Boston in Congress.

WILLIAM MUNROE, who, according to the census bulletin, established in 1812 the first lead pencil manufactory in the United States, lived on the west corner of Main street and Academy Lane. His sons, WILLIAM MUNROE, founder of the Concord Public Library, and ALFRED MUNROE, occupied the old homestead.

THE JONES TAVERN, kept by Captain Ephraim Jones, "situated on the land which the residence of Mr. R. N. Rice now ornaments, near the Public Library,"¹ was the scene of some stirring events during the eventful 19th of April, 1775. The British officer, Colonel Smith, made his headquarters there.

FRANK H. BIGELOW'S home was on the corner of Stow street and Sudbury Road on the left of the Public Library. He was born in Concord in 1851, and is now Professor of Meteorology in the Weather Bureau of the Department of Agriculture in Wash-

1 Frederic Hudson in Concord Fight,

ington, D. C. Mr. Bigelow is the author of several scientific works.

On Main street, just before reaching Thoreau street, is seen on the left the house in which Henry D. Thoreau lived for the last ten years of his life and in which he died, the THOREAU-ALCOTT HOUSE. In 1876, this house was purchased by Mrs. John Pratt (the Meg of Little Women) and her sister, Louisa Alcott. Mrs. Alcott died there in 1877, and Mrs. Pratt in 1893. Louisa Alcott lived there only a short time with her father after the death of her mother. The house is now occupied by Frederick Alcott Pratt and his family, son of Mrs. Pratt and nephew of Louisa Alcott.

THE DOVE COTE, the Hosmer Cottage, described in Louisa Alcott's Little Women as the home to which Meg went upon her marriage, was the first house occupied by the Alcott family when they moved to Concord in 1840. Here Louisa Alcott wrote her first poem, The Robin, at eight years of age, and in this home her sister May was born. The Alcotts lived in this house for two years. It is on Main street across the railroad track of the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine railroad, the second house on the right.

The former STUDIO of the SCULPTOR, DANIEL C. FRENCH, is also across the railroad track on Sudbury Road. It is a small frame building with a skylight, and is on the right-hand side of the street. It was built on a part of his father's farm.

ELM STREET.

"On Elm street, a few rods beyond the junction of Elm and Main streets, in a modest house on the edge of the river, lives FRANK B. SANBORN, biographer, essayist, social scientist and poet; and in his house, not long ago, died WILLIAM E. CHANNING, 'the poet's poet,' who for many years had made his home with Mr. Sanborn."¹

Across the river, on the western bank, is seen the site of the SIMON WILLARD FARM, marked by a tablet; and on Nashawtuc Road, the first house on the right after crossing the bridge, the home of ALLEN FRENCH, author of *The Colonials*, and several books for boys.

At Egg Rock, a tablet marks the junction of the Assabet and Sudbury rivers to form the Concord river.

WALDEN POND.

Walden Pond, a mile and a half south of Concord, may be reached by way of Walden street. Here "Thoreau built his house in the woods, and which he celebrates in the most charming and best known of his works, [*Walden*]. It is marked by a simple cairn of stones."²

¹ Concord by George Tolman.

² Concord by George Tolman.

IV.

CONCORD IN HISTORY.

“Every heroic act is also decent and causes the place and the bystanders to shine.” — Emerson.²

“This, then is the first historic lesson of Concord, as of all New England — Democracy through Calvinism. The second historic lesson of Concord is like unto the first, but more startling and brilliant. It was the lesson of Revolution.” — Frank B. Sanborn.³

“BY a common consent,⁴ the people of New England, for a few years past, as the second centennial anniversary of each of its early settlements have arrived, have seen fit to observe the day. You have thought it becoming to commemorate the planting of the first inland town. The sentiment is just, and the practice is wise. Our ears shall not be deaf to the voice of time. We will review the deeds of our

1 “The story of Concord, the most noble, touching and famous story that any community which now governs itself after the ancient fashion of a New England town, has the right to tell.” Address by Senator George Frisbie Hoar, born in Concord, 1826, died 1904. After graduating in law at Harvard he began the practice of his profession in Worcester, Mass. He was elected in 1868 to Congress, and re-elected to the three following Congresses. He succeeded Hon. George S. Boutwell in the United States Senate in 1877 and was re-elected in 1882, 1888, 1894, and 1900.

2 Nature.

3 Concord, in *Historic Towns of New England*, edited by Lyman Powell.

4 Address on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the town of Concord, September 12, 1835, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

fathers, and pass that just verdict on them we expect from posterity in our own.

Here are still around me the lineal descendants of the first settlers of this town. Here is Blood, Flint, Willard, Meriam, Wood, Hosmer, Barrett, Wheeler, Jones, Brown, Buttrick, Brooks, Stow, Hoar, Heywood, Hunt, Miles,—the names of the inhabitants for the first thirty years; and the family is in many cases represented, when the name is not. If the name of Bulkeley is wanting, the honor you have done me this day, in making me your organ, testifies your perservering kindness to his blood. . . . The town of Concord was settled by a party of non-conformists, immediately from Great Britain. The best friend the Massachusetts colony had, though much against his will, was Archbishop Laud in England. In consequence of his famous proclamation setting up certain novelties in the rites of public worship, fifty godly ministers were suspended for contumacy. . . . Among the silenced clergymen was a distinguished minister of Woodhill, in Bedfordshire, Rev. Peter Bulkeley, descended from a noble family, honored for his own virtues, his learning¹ and gifts as a preacher, and adding to his influence the weight of a large estate. . . .

1 "The first published book by a Concord author was a volume of sermons written and preached in Concord by Rev. Peter Bulkeley. It was printed in London with the title, *The Gospel Covenant*, and was called *The Firstborn of New England*. A copy of this book is in the Concord Library." *Concord, Out of Door Sketches* by Alfred Munroe, brother of William Munroe, founder of the Concord Public Library. Born 1817 at Concord, died 1904. Inscribed in the copy of *The Gospel Covenant* found in the Concord Library, whose date of publication is 1646, is the following: "This is the first edition of what is undoubtedly the first book ever printed by a Concord author. Presented by George F. Hoar, 1873."

Mr. Bulkeley, having turned his estate into money and set his face towards New England, was easily able to persuade a good number of planters to join him. They arrived in Boston in 1634. . . . With them joined Mr. Simon Willard, a merchant from Kent¹ in England.

They petitioned the General Court for a grant of a township, and on the 2d of September, 1635, corresponding in New Style to 12th September, two hundred years ago this day, leave to begin a plantation at Musketaquid was given to Peter Bulkeley, Simon Willard, and about twelve families more. A month later, Rev. John Jones and a large number of settlers destined for the new town arrived in Boston.

The grant of the General Court was but a preliminary step. The green meadows of Musketaquid or *Grassy Brook* were far up in the woods, not to be reached without a painful and dangerous journey through an uninterrupted wilderness. . . . Johnson, relating undoubtedly what he had himself heard from

1 "The Kentish infusion was very strong in the early population of Concord, and indeed, of Middlesex County. The proud distinction of the Kentishmen was the tenacity with which they held to their rights and customs, and the unhesitating courage, regardless of difficulties or consequences, shown in their defense. . . . It is by no accident that the people of Middlesex County have been equally quick to rise in defense of their rights, and to put down the oppressor; for the people of Middlesex derive their origin in great part, from the freest and most independent of English Counties." [Kent]. . . .

"The patriots of Concord Bridge, Lexington and Bunker Hill found their prototypes at Hastings and Swanscombe." . . .

'Sing, sing in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave and free;
'Mongst Britain's race, if one surpass,
A man of Kent is he.'

Thomas D'Urfrey's Song to the Brave Men of Kent." Concord in the Colonial Period by Charles H. Walcott, born in Concord 1848, died in 1901, author of *Massachusetts Practice* in conjunction with H. F. Buswell, and chairman of the committee appointed by the Town of Concord to mark the historic places in Concord by tablets,

the pilgrims, intimates that they consumed many days in exploring the country, to select the best place for the town. Their first temporary accommodation was rude enough, 'after they have found a place of abode, they burrow themselves in the earth for their first shelter, under a hillside, and casting the soil aloft upon timbers, they make a fire against the earth, at the highest side. And thus these poor servants of Christ provide shelter for themselves, their wives and little ones, keeping off the short showers from their lodgings, but the long rains penetrate through, to their great disturbance in the night season. Yet in these poor wigwams they sing psalms, pray and praise their God, till they can provide them houses, which they could not ordinarily, till the earth, by the Lord's blessing, brought forth bread to feed them.'¹ . . . But what was their reception at Musketaquid? This was an old village of the Massachusetts Indians. Tahattawan, the Sachem, with Waban his son-in-law, lived near Nashawtuck, now Lee's Hill. Their tribe, once numerous, the epidemic had reduced. Here they planted, hunted and fished. The moose was still trotting in the country, and of his sinews they made their bowstrings. Of the pith elder, that still grows beside our brooks, they made their arrows. . . . It is said that the covenant made with the Indians, by Mr. Bulkeley and Major Willard, was made under a great oak,² standing near the site of the Middlesex Hotel.

¹ Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence.

² Jethro's Oak. The Middlesex Hotel on the southwest side of the Common, fell into decay and was taken down by the Town in 1900. "It is

Our records affirm that Squaw Sachem,¹ Tahattawan, and Nimrod did sell a tract of six miles square to the English, receiving for the same, some fathoms of Wampumpeag, hatchets, hoes, knives, cotton cloth and shirts. Wibbacowet, the husband of Squaw Sachem, received a suit of cloth, a hat, a white linen band, shoes, stockings and a great coat; and, in conclusion, the said Indians declared themselves satisfied, and told the Englishmen they were welcome. And after the bargain was concluded, Mr. Simon Willard,² pointing to the four corners of the world, declared that they had bought three miles from that place, east, west, north and south.³

The Puritans, to keep the remembrance of their unity one with another, and of their peaceful compact with the Indians, named their forest settlement CON-

probable that Jethro's Oak stood a little nearer the house of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the site of which, about one hundred paces distant on the Lowell Road, is now marked by a stone and a bronze tablet." Note by Edward W. Emerson in his edition of the above address.

1 Speak, Squaw Sachem,

"Confirm the story told by Jehojaken —

Of that fair compact, which in cloudy smoke,

Was signed and sealed beneath Old Jethro's oak."

—Concord by J. Fay Barrett.

Jonathan Fay Barrett, born in Concord in 1817, died in 1885. Graduated at Harvard in 1837. In 1835 he, with his associates, originated and afterwards became the President of the Buffalo Bayon, Brazos and Colorado railroad, now a part of the great Texas Central railway system.

2 In the planting of the colony of Concord, neither Simon Willard nor Peter Bulkeley "could have been spared; for without Willard, the shrewd, practical man of affairs, the settlement might never have been attempted; but after the enterprise was begun, the end might easily have come in discouragement and loss, had it not been for the pious ministrations and private as well as public benefactions of Mr. Bulkeley." Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

3 "The white man comes pale as the dawn, with a load of thought, with a slumbering intelligence as a fire raked up, knowing well what he knows, not guessing, but calculating; strong in community, yielding obedience to authority; of experienced race; of wonderful, wonderful common sense; dull, but capable, slow but persevering, severe but just, of little humor, but genuine; a laboring man, despising games and sport; building a house that endures, a framed house. He buys the Indians' moccasins and baskets; then buys his hunting grounds, and at length forgets where he is buried, and plows up his bones."—A week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers by Henry Thoreau.

CORD.¹ They proceeded to build, under the shelter of the hill that extends for a mile along the north side of the Boston road, their first dwellings. The labors of a new plantation were paid by its excitements. I seem to see them, with their pious pastor, addressing themselves to the work of clearing the land. Natives of another hemisphere, they beheld, with curiosity, all the pleasing features of the American forest. The landscape before them was fair, if it was strange and rude. The little flower which at this season stars our woods and roadsides with its profuse blooms, might attract even eyes as stern as theirs with its humble beauty. The useful pine lifted its cones into the frosty air. The maple, which is already making the forest gay with its orange hues, reddened over those houseless men. The majestic summits of Wachusett and Monadnoc² towering in the horizon, invited the steps of adventure westward.

As the season grew later, they felt its inconveniences. 'Many were forced to go barefoot and bareleg, and some in time of frost and snow, yet were they more healthy than now they are.'³ The land was low but healthy, and if, in common with all the settlements, they found the air of America very cold,

1 "On account of the peaceful manner of its purchase, the name of the plantation was changed from Musketaquid to Concord, a name which its inhabitants have shown their right to by the most active participation in every battle since, from King Philip's to the great Rebellion, including the uprising against Sir Edmund Andros and Shay's Rebellion." The Concord Guide Book by George Bradford Bartlett, born in Concord 1832, died in 1896. Poet and author. During the Civil War he co-operated with Louisa Alcott in arranging extensive entertainments in aid of the sanitary commission.

2 "Ages are thy days,
Thou great affirmer of the present tense,
And type of permanence."—Emerson's *Monadnoc*.

3 Johnson's *Wonder-Working Providence*.

they might say with Higginson, after his description of the other elements, that 'New England may boast of the elements of fire, more than all the rest; for all Europe is not able to afford to make so great fires as New England.' . . . 'There is no people,' said their pastor to his little flock of exiles, 'but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in, if not in holiness¹?' . . . The sermon fell into good and tender hearts; the people conspired with their teacher. Their religion² was sweetness and peace amidst toil and tears. . . . In 1638, 1200 acres were granted to Governor Winthrop,³ and 1000 to Thomas Dudley, of the lands adjacent to the town, and Governor Winthrop selected as a building spot⁴ the land near the house of Captain Humphrey Hunt. The first record now remaining is that of a reservation of land for the minister, and the appropriation of new lands as commons or pastures to some poor men. At the same date, in 1654, the town divided itself into three districts, called the North, South and East quarters. . . .

1 From The Gospel Covenant by Peter Bulkeley.

2 "The church of Concord was formally gathered at Cambridge, July 5, 1636 being, in point of time, the thirteenth church organized in the colony; and the organization was completed April 6, 1637, when Rev. Peter Bulkeley was chosen teacher, and Rev. John Jones, pastor. The latter, a graduate of Oxford University, arrived in October, 1635, and joined the Concord Company. There was at this time a distinction between the office and duties of teacher and those of pastor, but none of the authorities state the difference clearly. The terms soon became convertible, and the functions of both offices were discharged by one person." Concord in the Colonial Period by Charles H. Walcott.

3 "Governor Winthrop selected, judiciously, I think, a lot in Concord, which he intended building upon. . . . The changes which took place in his property and family, probably prevented him from putting his plan into execution."—Shattuck's History of Concord.

4 "This was the meadow and upland on the Lowell road, one mile north of Concord, just beyond the river. On the farm stands the unpainted lean-to house, now owned by the daughters of the late Edmund Hosmer." Note to Historical Discourse by Edw. W. Emerson in his edition of his father's works.

In a town meeting, the great secret of political science was uncovered, and the problem solved, how to give every individual his fair weight in the government, without any disorder from numbers. In a town meeting, the roots of society were reached. . . . I shall be excused for confessing that I have set a value upon any symptom of meanness and private pique which I have met with in these antique books [The Town Records] as proof that justice was done ; that if the results of our history are approved as wise and good, it was yet a free strife ; if the good counsel prevailed, the sneaking counsel did not fail to be suggested ; freedom and virtue, if they triumphed, triumphed in a fair field. And so be it an everlasting testimony for them, and so much ground of assurance of man's capacity for self government. . . .

The British government has recently presented to the several public libraries of this country, copies of the splendid edition of the Domesday Book, and other ancient public records of England. I cannot but think that it would be a suitable acknowledgement of this national munificence, if the records of one of our towns,—of this town, for example,—should be printed, and presented to the governments of Europe ; to the English nation, as a thank-offering, and as a certificate of the progress of the Saxon race ; to the Continental nations as a lesson of humanity and love. Tell them, the Union has twenty States, and Massachusetts is one. Tell them, Massachusetts has three hundred towns, and Concord is one ; that in Concord

are five hundred ratable polls, and every one has an equal vote.

About ten years after the planting of Concord, efforts began to be made to civilize the Indians, and 'to win them to the knowledge of the true God.'

. . . This design is named first in the printed 'Considerations,' that inclined Hampden and determined Winthrop and his friends, to come hither.

. . . Early efforts were made to instruct them, in which Mr. Bulkeley, Mr. Flint, and Captain Willard, took an active part. . . . John Eliot, in October, 1646, preached his first sermon in the Indian language at Noonantum; Waban, Tahattawan, and their sannaps, going thither from Concord to hear him. There under the rubbish and ruins of barbarous life, the human heart heard the voice of love, and awoke as from a sleep. . . . 'Their forefathers,' the Indians told Eliot, 'did know God, but after this, they fell into a deep sleep, and when they did awake, they quite forgot him.'

At the instance of Eliot, in 1651," the desire of the Indians to have a town given them within the bounds of Concord "was granted by the General Court, and Nashobah, lying near Nagog Pond, now partly in Littleton, partly in Acton, became an Indian town, where a Christian worship was established under an Indian ruler and teacher. . . . Such was, for half a century, the success of the general enterprise, that, in 1676, there were five hundred and sixty-seven praying Indians, and in 1689, twenty-four Indian preachers, and eighteen assemblies.

Meantime, Concord increased in territory and population. The lands were divided ; highways were cut from farm to farm, and from this town to Boston. A military company had been organized in 1636. . . . In 1643, the colony was so numerous that it became expedient to divide it into four counties, Concord being included in Middlesex. In 1644, the town contained sixty families. . . . The college had been already gathered in 1638. Now the school-house went up. The General Court, in 1647, 'to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, Ordered, that every township, after the Lord had increased them to the number of fifty house-holders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read ; and where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, they shall set up a Grammar school, the masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they be fitted for the University.' With these requirements Concord not only complied, but in 1653, subscribed a sum for several years to the support of Harvard College.

But a new and alarming public distress retarded the growth of this, as of the sister towns, during more than twenty years from 1654 to 1676. In 1654, the four united New England Colonies agreed to raise 270 foot and 40 horse, to reduce Ninigret, Sachem of the Niantics, and appointed Major Simon Willard,¹ of this town, to the command. This war

¹ "The period from 1689 to 1763 was almost one long war between the colonies and the French and the Indians. And during that time there was

seems to have been pressed by three of the colonies, and reluctantly entered by Massachusetts. Accordingly, Major Willard did the least he could, and incurred the censure of the Commissioners, who write to their 'loving friend Major Willard,' 'that they leave to his consideration the inconveniences arising from his non-attendance to his commission.' This expedition was but the introduction of the war with King Philip. In 1670, the Wampanoags began to grind their hatchets, and mend their guns, and insult the English. Philip surrendered seventy guns to the Commissioners in Taunton Meeting-house, but revenged his humiliation a few years after, by carrying fire and the tomahawk into the English villages."

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

"From Narragansett to the Connecticut River, the scene of war was shifted as fast as these red hunters could traverse the forest. Concord was a military post. The inactivity of Major Willard, in Ninigret's war, had lost him no confidence. He marched from Concord to Brookfield, in season to save the people whose houses had been burned, and who had taken shelter in a fortified house. But he fought with disadvantage against an enemy who must

hardly a day in which one of Simon Willard's blood and name was not standing guard on the frontier, while two Presidents of Harvard attest the interest of the family in sound learning." *King Philip's War in Historical Sketches* by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, edited by his daughter Alice Reynolds Keyes. Rev. Grindall Reynolds was installed as minister of the first parish in Concord in July 1858. He was for twenty-three years its active pastor, and pastor emeritus for thirteen years, until his death in 1887.

be hunted before every battle. Some flourishing towns were burned. . . .

We know beforehand who must conquer in that unequal struggle. The red man may destroy here and there a straggler, as a wild beast may; he may fire a farm-house, or a village; but the association of the white men and their arts of war give them an overwhelming advantage, and in the first blast of their trumpet we already hear the flourish of victory. I confess what chiefly interests me, in the annals of that war, is the grandeur of spirit exhibited by a few of the Indian chiefs. A nameless Wampanoag who was put to death by the Mohicans, after cruel tortures, was asked by his butchers, during the torture, how he liked the war? he said, 'he found it as sweet as sugar was to Englishmen.'

The only compensation which war offers for its manifold mischiefs, is in the great personal qualities to which it gives scope and occasion. The virtues of patriotism and of prodigious courage and address were exhibited on both sides, and, in many instances, by women. The historian of Concord has preserved an instance of the resolution of one of the daughters of the town. Two young farmers, Abraham and Isaac Shepherd, had set their sister Mary, a girl of fifteen years, to watch whilst they threshed grain in the barn. The Indians stole upon her before she was aware, and her brothers were slain. She was carried captive into the Indian country, but, at night, whilst her captors were asleep, she plucked a saddle from under the head of one of them, took a horse they had



BATTLE MONUMENT

stolen from Lancaster, and having girt the saddle on, she mounted, swam across the Nashua River, and rode through the forest to her home.

With the tragical end of Philip, the war ended. . . . Hunted by Captain Church, he fled from one swamp to another; his brother, his uncle, his sister, and his beloved squaw being taken or slain, he was at last shot down by an Indian deserter, as he fled alone in the dark of the morning, not far from his own fort.

Concord suffered little from the war. This is to be attributed, no doubt, in part, to the fact that troops were generally quartered here, and that it was the residence of many noted soldiers.¹

Tradition finds another cause in the sanctity of its minister. The elder Bulkeley was gone. In 1659, his bones were laid at rest in the forest. But the mantle of his piety and of the people's affection fell upon his son Edward, the fame of whose prayers it is said, once saved Concord from an attack of the Indians.²

1 "The Narrative written by Captain Thomas Wheeler of Concord, who took part in King Philip's War has been called the Epic of Colonial Times. The Captain's disability brought to the front Lieutenant Simon Davis, another Concord man, who fought and prayed with a fervor that reminds one of the soldiers of Cromwell." . . . Upon the return of Captain Wheeler and his troops to Concord, they "received a hearty welcome," and the town kept the 21st of October, 1675, as a day of praise and thanksgiving to God for their remarkable deliverance and safe return." Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Times.

The home of Lieutenant Simon Davis "was near the Abel Clark place. According to Wheeler's Narrative, it was his lively spirit which kept up the courage of the survivors. He was one of the two sons of Dolor Davis. . . . Of few men can it be said that three Massachusetts Governors have sprung from their loins. Yet John Davis, John Davis Long and George Dexter Robinson are all descendants of Dolor Davis." King Philip's War by Rev. Grindall Reynolds.

2 "Tradition has handed down the following anecdote. A consultation among the Indian chiefs took place about this time on the high lands in Stow, and, as they cast their eyes toward Sudbury and Concord, a question arose which they should attack first. The decision was made to attack the former. One of the principal chiefs said: 'We no prosper if we go to Concord—the Great Spirit love that people—the evil spirit tell us not to go—they have a great man there—he *great pray*.'" Note in Shattuck's History of Concord.

A great defence undoubtedly was the village of Praying Indians, until this settlement fell a victim to the envenomed prejudice against their countrymen. The worst feature in the history of those years is, that no man spoke for the Indian. . . . It is the misfortune of Concord to have permitted a disgraceful outrage upon the friendly Indians settled within its limits, in February, 1676, which ended in their forcible expulsion from the town.¹

In 1689, Concord partook of the general indignation of the province against Andros. A company marched to the capital under Lieutenant Heald.

Some interesting peculiarities in the manners and customs² of the time appear in the town's books: Proposals of marriages were made by the parents of the parties, and minutes of such private agreements

1 The Nashobah, or Praying Indians were "placed under the care and superintendence of Mr. John Hoar, 'the only man in Concord,' says Gookin, 'who was willing to do it.' He was compensated by being exempted from impressment and taxation. They had pitched their wigwams on his ground near his house. This man was very loving to them and very diligent and careful to provide their good."—History of Concord by Shattuck.

But Hoar was "powerless to stem the tide of public sentiment. Some of the inhabitants secretly invited Captain Mosley to come with his company and remove the Indians. . . . Mosley, followed by his men and a large number of townspeople, started for Hoar's house, which stood about the midst of the town. Arrived there, the captain counted the Indians and left a corporal's guard. Hoar vigorously protesting against all his proceedings as illegal and unwarranted. The next day the captain came, and upon Hoar's refusal to recognize his authority, broke in the door and carried off the Indians to partake of the discomforts of Deer Island." Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

"On this occasion the name of Hoar, since honored in Concord through several generations, came to the front. John Hoar, 'the first practitioner of law of Concord,' was an outspoken man of sturdy independence." Note to above address in Dr. Edward Emerson's edition of his father's works.

2 "An unmarried man of a certain age was regarded with suspicion, and in 1670, Thomas Tally, who had lived four years in Concord, was summoned to court 'to answer for his long absence from his wife,' . . . The magistrates were unmoved by his entreaties, and although poor Tally begged "for further opportunity to hear from his wife" [since "the sayd Tally did intend to have gone for England to his wife the last fall but that a neighbor of Concord went for England . . . by whome, the sayd Tally sent to and for his wife and expects a returne by the same person] the decree went forth that banished him from the jurisdiction." Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

sometimes entered on the clerk's records. The public charity seems to have been bestowed in a manner now obsolete. The town lends its common as pastures, to poor men ; and 'being informed of the great present want of Thomas Pellit, gave order to Stephen Hosmer to deliver a town cow, of a black color, with a white face, unto said Pellit, for his present supply.'

From the beginning to the middle of the eighteenth century, our records indicate no interruption of the tranquility of the inhabitants, either in church or in civil affairs. After the death of Rev. Mr. Estabrook, in 1711," Mr. Whiting was chosen pastor, of whom we are told in his epitaph, he was "'a universal lover of mankind.' . . . Mr. Whiting was succeeded in the pastoral office by Rev. Daniel Bliss, in 1738. Soon after his ordination, the town seems to have been divided by ecclesiastical discords. In 1741, the celebrated Whitfield preached here, in the open air, to a great congregation. Mr. Bliss heard that great orator with delight, and by his earnest sympathy with him, in opinion and practice, gave offence to a part of his people. Party and mutual councils were called, but no grave charge was made good against him. . . . The Council admonished Mr. Bliss of some improprieties of expression, but bore witness to his purity and fidelity in his office. In 1764, Whitfield preached again at Concord, on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Bliss preached in the morning and the Concord people thought their minister gave them the better sermon of the two. It was also his last.

The planting of the colony was the effect of religious principle. The Revolution was the fruit of

another principle,—the devouring thirst for justice. From the appearance of the article in the Selectmen's warrant in 1765, 'to see if the Town will give the Representative any instructions about any important affair to be transacted by the General Court, concerning the Stamp Act ;' to the peace of 1783, the Town Records breathe a resolute and warlike spirit, so bold from the first as hardly to admit of increase. . . . On the 27th of June, near three hundred persons, upwards of twenty-one years of age, inhabitants of Concord, entered into a covenant, 'solemnly engaging with each other, in the presence of God, to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, until the act for blocking the harbor of Boston be repealed ; and neither to buy nor consume any merchandise imported from Great Britain, nor to deal with those who do.'

In August, a County Convention met in this town, to deliberate upon the alarming state of public affairs, and published an admirable report. In September, incensed at the new royal law which made the judges dependant on the crown, the inhabitants assembled on the common, and forbade the justices to open the court of sessions.

This little town then assumed the sovereignty. It was judge and jury and council and king. On the 26th of the month, the whole town resolved itself into a committee of safety, 'to suppress all riots, tumults, and disorders in said town, and to aid all untainted magistrates in the execution of the laws of the land.' It was then voted, to raise one or more companies of minute-men, by enlistment, to be paid



THE FIRST PARISH
MEETING-HOUSE

by the town whenever called out of town; and to provide arms and ammunition, 'that those who are unable to purchase them themselves, may have the advantage of them, if necessity calls for it.'"¹

THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS AT CONCORD.

"On the eleventh day of October, 1774, the government of Massachusetts passed forever from British hands, for on that day the Provincial Congress met in Concord and organized.

That which for months and perhaps years, had been a fact, became now a visible and palpable finality. With a calm steadiness which awakened the admiration of all parties, the new authority divested the royal governor one by one, of all his powers and functions. Appointing a receiver-general, it took possession of the purse; organizing a committee of safety, it seized the sword; through its committee of supplies it became master of all the Province and town arsenals and munitions of war; by its minute inquiries it may almost be said to have counted up every musket and fowling piece, and weighed every ounce of powder in the Province.

Not content with the old militia, it called into existence companies and regiments of minute-men who should be ready at briefest notice to hurry armed and equipped, to the point of danger. It elected

¹ Address on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Concord, September 12, 1835, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

generals and commissaries, it established military laws and regulations. It collected in depots provisions, clothing, tents and military supplies of all sorts."—¹

"The second Provincial Congress was in Concord in March and April, 1775, and adjourned only four days before the encounter at North Bridge. By its sessions there it must have helped largely to make the town an object of interest to the friends, and an object of enmity to the foes of freedom.

FIRST PARISH MEETING HOUSE.²

In the old meeting-house which repaired and remodelled, Alas! stands now on the same church green, what words to fire men's souls were spoken, what policy to shape the destiny of the state was enacted! Here Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, names

¹ Siege and Evacuation of Boston by Rev. Grindall Reynolds.

² This meeting-house, completed in 1841, was said to have been "built on the old frame, so that it contained some of the same timbers of the building in which the first Provincial Congress was held," but "remodeled." It was destroyed by fire in 1900, and the present First Parish Meeting House was built to replace it. This building is happily built according to the original design of the church where the First Provincial Congress was held.

"Shattuck's History of Concord says that the first Meeting-House was on the hill some distance easterly from the common, and was used for about thirty years from 1635. In 1667 a new Meeting House was ordered built on a site between the present building and the Wright Tavern. It was square, with a gallery, a few pews on the outside of the lower floor and seats elsewhere. The roof had four projections resembling luthern windows; there was a turret in which the bell hung. The date of the completion, 1673, was cut into the vane on the spire. This vane is now in the Public Library. In 1712, the third Meeting House was built. There were no pews until later and then by special vote of the town as a favor to distinguished individuals. It had two galleries; no porches or turret. In 1749, pews were built around the lower floor and some in the lower gallery. . . . In 1791 it was enlarged, and three porches added, also a spire 90 feet high. . . . In 1841 this building was turned half round, a cupola put up to replace the spire, the building raised on six feet of granite underpinning so as to give a large vestry . . . beneath at the west end, with two rooms at the east end and a north and south corridor between. These were partly underground as the vestry was nine

CONCORD IN HISTORY

memorable in the state and national history for the next generation, and with them Prescott, Heath, Ward, Lincoln, the first military leaders of the Revolution, played their part. Scarcely Independence Hall itself has more venerable associations.¹

As a natural consequence the committees of safety and supplies—the most important bodies which ever existed in the Commonwealth, to whom the whole work of arousing the people and preparing for their defence was intrusted, . . . were constantly at Concord. They were there, John Hancock at their head, on the 17th of April, not more than

feet high. The four columns in front were added at this time. In 1858, when the Rev. Grindall Reynolds was made pastor, the side galleries were added." Report of the Building Committee of the First Parish Church, April 1, 1901.

After the burning of this Meeting House in 1900, it was resolved that "the new Meeting House must, to some extent, be a reproduction of the old" and it was so built.

"Gone is the shell, the substance lives,
And soon in form shall rise
The best that love or memory gives
To cheer the yearning eyes.
From thy gray ashes on the plain
Our father's church, arise again!
Thy ancient bell its Sunday call
With neighbor bells again shall chime
And thy plain dial for us all
Number the steps of Time,
Comfort the anxious schoolchild's glance,
And bid our laggard souls advance."

The Passing of the Old Meeting House by Edward Waldo Emerson.

Edward Waldo Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was born in Concord, 1844. Graduated at Harvard College in 1866, at Harvard Medical School in 1874. Instructor in Art Anatomy in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts since 1885. Author of Emerson in Concord, Editor of the Correspondence of John Sterling and his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and editor of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"All meetings for town purposes were held in the meeting house until . . . 1712, after which time, for ten years, the old meeting house was devoted to town and the sessions of the court." Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

1 "What is more alive among works of art than our plain old wooden church, built a century and a quarter ago, with the ancient New England spire. I pass it at night and stand and listen to the beats of the clock like heart beats; not sounding, as Elizabeth Hoar well observed, so much like tickings, as like the step of Time. You catch the sound first by looking at the clock face, and then you see this wooden tower rising thus alone, but stable and aged, toward the midnight stars. It has affiance and privilege with them. Not less than the marble cathedral, it has its origin in sublime aspirations, in the august religion of man."—Emerson's Journal.

thirty-six hours before brave men were massacred almost before his eyes on Lexington Green . . . Concord became one vast store-house. Every farmer's barn, the town-house, the court-house, the tavern shed, the miller's loft, all became extempore depots for provisions and munitions of war. . . . Why did the fight happen at Concord? It could happen nowhere else. With Boston for a center, within a radius of twenty-five miles there was no other spot where Gage could strike to such profit. . . . At Concord had the four hundred militia gathered on Ponkawtasset hill held aloof, and left the Provincial stores to the mercy of the British troops twenty-four hours, Gage had struck a deadlier blow than if he had slain five hundred on the battlefield.

But what happened at Concord? A body of American soldiers organized under legal authority, at the command of their officers advanced in military array, received the fire of the enemy, and when ordered, attacked and forced a similar body of British troops to retreat. This is what distinguishes the fight at Old North Bridge from all previous affairs."¹

"The 19th of April is peculiarly a Massachusetts' day."² . . . It was she alone who stood the galling tyranny of a royal governor on April 19th, 1689; they were her sons who were the first to fall

¹ Concord Fight, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds.

² "This day, the 19th of April, 1775, has a relation to Massachusetts more intimate and sacred than any other day can have; a day whose anniversary it has been well to provide by law that her children should keep holiday; our mother's birthday; for on this day, 119 years ago, the COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS WAS BORN." Address April 19, 1894, by Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, born in Concord 1816, died in 1895. Distinguished as Judge, Member of Congress and Attorney General of the United States.

in the great struggle for American liberty on April 19, 1775. . . . They were her sons who first gave up their lives in the still more momentous contest for American unity on April 19, 1861.¹

The spirit of liberty was everywhere alive, and would have been equally so had the first blow been struck anywhere else than in Concord. It was, however, almost inevitable that the first blow should have been struck here. The Provincial Congress, in February, had voted that provisions and military stores and equipments sufficient for an army of fifteen thousand men should be collected and deposited at Concord and Worcester, then the two most important inland towns in the Province. But few of these supplies were stored at the latter place, but a large amount was already accumulated at Concord, and more was constantly being added. . . . It was the principal and practically the only depot of commissary and subsistence stores. . . . One thing was evident to every one, that when General Gage

¹ "Of singular moment is the fact that the nineteenth of April is peculiarly a Concord day, for on that day in 1689, the Concord militia was assembled on the common and with Lieutenant John Heald started for Boston to assist in the overthrow of Governor Andros.

On April 19, 1775, eighty-six years later, to the very hour of the day, the militia was again drawn up on the common to begin its struggle in the War of the Revolution."—Concord Authors at Home, by Albert Lane.

"On the Nineteenth of April, 1812, just thirty-seven years after this memorable war, the Militia was called out to take part in the second war with the British. Thirty-six years later, on the nineteenth of April, 1843, Concord's quota of soldier boys shouldered their arms for participation in the Mexican War."—Concord, Published by Albert Lane.

"On the nineteenth of April, 1861, . . . under the command of Lieut. G. L. Prescott, the common was again occupied as a starting point for the Civil War.

Again on the nineteenth of April, 1893, resolutions were passed by the Concord militia to be in readiness to answer to the call for troops for the war with Spain, and the regiment to which it belongs was the first to report to the Governor of Massachusetts. Concord has served its country, and well may its day be celebrated."—Concord Authors at Home by Albert Lane of the Concord Erudite Press.

should conclude to act, as he must eventually do, he would strike at Concord, the vital spot of the whole impending rebellion, the only place where he could do the patriotic cause any material damage.

Concord's glory in the affair is not that the fight took place within her borders, nor that it was there that the war of independence actually began; it is that months before, she willingly and enthusiastically accepted the responsibility of offering her soil as the stage upon which the first act of the bloody drama of war must inevitably be enacted.¹

There were at this time in the vicinity of Concord "under rather imperfect organization, a regiment of militia and a regiment of minute men."²

"Col. James Barrett at Concord had been notified that an expedition of a British force might be looked for almost any day, and had received instructions

1 Events of April Nineteenth, published by Concord Antiquarian Society, by George Tolman, Secretary of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

2 The terms of enlistment of the minute men, "were drawn up by a committee of this town of Concord, and reported to a town meeting January 9, 1775, on which date and at which meeting the town voted to pay each minute man at a certain rate *per diem* for ten months. This is the first use of the word 'minute man' that I have been able to find in any officially recorded document or record of proceedings, from which I am led to infer that the word was coined in Concord; a happy inspiration of some one of our local patriots, to distinguish this yet-to-be created army of volunteers, and that the appositeness and significance of the term caused it to spread all over the Province."—The Minute Man, by George Tolman, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

The officers of the militia were James Barrett, colonel; Ezekiel Howe of Sudbury, lieutenant-colonel; Nathan Barrett and George Minott of Concord. . . . Joseph Robbins of Acton, John Moore of Bedford, captains. The officers of the minute men were Abijah Pierce of Lincoln, colonel; John Buttrick of Concord, major; . . . David Brown and Charles Miles of Concord, Isaac Davis of Acton, captains. . . . Joseph Hosmer acting as adjutant, formed the soldiers as they arrived singly or in squads, on the field westerly of Colonel Jonas Buttrick's present residence, the minute companies on the right and the militia on the left, facing the town."—History of Concord by Lemuel Shattuck, born in Ashby, Mass, 1793, died 1859. Merchant in Concord from 1823 to 1833, member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and member of the American Antiquarian Society. In 1834, in Cambridge as a bookseller; in Boston as a publisher from 1834, until his retirement from business. His History of Concord was one of the pioneer histories of its kind.

from the Committee of Safety, to send away, farther into the country as many of the stores as possible. . . .

Wright's Tavern,¹ in the centre of the village, was fixed upon as the headquarters where reinforcements were to report."²

"The prologue, now played through, of the great drama of the Revolution, of which the first act is called, the stage is set at Concord, the actors in scarlet from the barracks of Boston, and in homespun from the farms of Middlesex are waiting in the wings the rise of the curtain."³

1 During the fight, the British officers "made the taverns their headquarters; Colonel Smith at Jones' Tavern on the main street, and Major Pitcairn at the Wright Tavern next the church. . . .

The historically famous and profane Major Pitcairn, afterward killed at Bunker Hill, called for a glass of brandy at Wright's Tavern, and while stirring it with his finger, remarked, 'I mean to stir the damned Yankee blood as I stir this, before night!'"—Frederic Hudson's *The Concord Fight*.

"When Wright's Tavern was in the market some twenty years or more ago, the late Reuben N. Rice and Judge Hoar united in its purchase, in order to save it from falling into worse hands. . . . Mr. Rice bequeathed to the parish his half of the property and Judge Hoar also gave his half, and the bequest and the gift were accepted and gratefully acknowledged by the parish at the annual meeting in 1886. It will never be sold. . . . Through all succeeding years it will continue to bear the name of the landlord who kept it the day when it became part of the history of Concord, Wright's Tavern."—Wright's Tavern by George Tolman.

2 George Tolman in *Events of April Nineteenth*.

3 George Tolman in the *Preliminaries of Concord Fight*. Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

CONCORD FIGHT.¹

"The Fight at Concord,² was the opening event of the Revolutionary war, and may be marked in history as one of the decisive conflicts of the world."

In mentioning the contemporary accounts given of the Fight at Concord, George Tolman, in *Events of April Nineteenth*, cites "the manuscript narrative of the Rev. William Emerson," and the record of "Amos Barrett, a young man then 23 years old, a nephew of Colonel James Barrett, and a private in Capt. David Brown's Company of Minute-men."

"The grandfather of Emerson (who was also the great-great-great grandson of Peter Bulkeley) was parish minister of Concord; he had been chaplain in the Provincial Congress, and he died in Vermont, as chaplain in the Revolutionary army of General Gates. Five weeks before the invasion of his parish by the red coats, he had preached to the militia companies gathered in this town for review, a famous sermon from the text, 'And behold God himself is with us for our captain, and His priests with sounding trum-

1 "Each tree, each road, each pond, each stream, each hill,
All have a tale to tell you, if you will
But listen,—tales of sweet and sad renown,
That throng around our cherished dear old town."

—Concord Fight by Samuel Ripley Bartlett, born in Concord in 1837, died 1888.

2 The Concord Fight by Frederic Hudson in *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1875. Mr. Hudson's History of Journalism is given an honored place in the alcove of the Concord Authors in the Concord Public Library. He was born in Quincy, Mass., in 1819, and died in Concord in 1875. Managing Editor of the *New York Herald* for nearly twenty years. Upon retiring from Journalism in 1861, he spent the remaining years of his life in Concord.



WRIGHT TAVERN

pets to cry alarm against you.' He was good as his word, for he was one of the first to take his musket and join the minute-men in the early morning of the 19th of April, and returning to the Old Manse (then the New Manse, for it was built for him and his bride a few years earlier) to protect his family, he saw the brief fight at the bridge from his study window,¹ and wrote of the day's doings this brief chronicle of an eye-witness:"²

³"1775, 19 April. This morning, between one and two o'clock, we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and upon examination found that the troops, to the number of eight hundred, had stolen their march from Boston, in boats and barges, from the bottom of the Common over to a point in Cambridge, near to Inman's Farm, and were at Lexington meeting-house half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of our men and, as we afterward heard, had killed several. This intelligence was brought us first by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses, purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse, crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time above

1 Mary Moody Emerson, daughter of William Emerson, born at the Old Manse, August 27, 1774, was held up to the window to witness the battle at the bridge. She used to say that she, too, was "in arms" on the day of the Concord Fight. — Emerson's Mary Moody Emerson.

2 Concord, by F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England*, edited by Lyman Powell.

3 The narrative of the Rev. William Emerson of the Concord Fight is in the form of a diary and was written upon blank leaves inserted in an almanac. It was discovered by Ralph Waldo Emerson in "a trunk of family papers," and first published in Emerson's *Historical Discourse on the Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of Concord*.

mentioned, when several posts were immediately dispatched, that, returning, confirmed the account of the regulars' arrival at Lexington, and that they were on their way to Concord.

Upon this, a number of our minute men belonging to this town, and Acton and Lincoln, with several others that were in readiness, marched out to meet them, while the alarm company were preparing to receive them in the town. Capt. Minot, who commanded them, thought it proper to take possession of the hill above the meeting-house as the most advantageous situation. No sooner had our men gained it, than we were met by the companies that were sent out to meet the troops, who informed us that they were just upon us, and that we must retreat, as their number was more than treble ours.

We then retreated from the hill near the Liberty Pole, and took a new post back of the town, upon an eminence, where we formed into two battalions, and waited the arrival of the enemy. Scarcely had we formed, before we saw the British troops, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing towards us with the greatest celerity. Some were for making a stand, notwithstanding the superiority of their number; but others, more prudent, thought best to retreat, till our strength should be equal to the enemy's by recruits from neighboring towns that were continually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge.

The troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the town-house, destroyed five hundred pounds of balls, set a guard of a hundred men at the North Bridge, and sent up a party to the house of Col. Barrett, where they were in expectation of finding a quantity of warlike stores. But these were happily secured, just before their arrival, by transportation into the woods and other by-places.

In the meantime, the guard set by the enemy to secure the posts at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated, as mentioned before, and were now advancing, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. These orders were so punctually observed, that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer. The firing then soon became general for several minutes, in which skirmish two were killed on each side,¹ and several of

1 "The two British soldiers killed at the bridge were buried near the spot where they fell, both in one grave." *History of the Fight at Concord* by Rev. Ezra Ripley, born in Woodstock, Conn., 1751. Pastor of the Concord First Parish church from his ordination in 1778 to his death in his ninety-first year. For nearly sixty-three years Dr. Ripley "lived in the same house (the Old Manse), wrote his thousand sermons in the same room, and preached them in the same church." He married the widow of William Emerson, the grand-mother of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Lowell, the poet, as we were once standing over this grave, told me a tradition in reference to one of the inhabitants below. The story has something deeply impressive, though its circumstances cannot altogether be reconciled with probability. A youth in the service of the clergyman happened to be chopping wood that April morning at the back door of the manse; and when the noise of battle rang from side to side of the bridge, he hastened across the intervening field to see what might be going forward. It is rather strange, by the way, that this lad should have been so diligently at work when the whole population of town and country were startled out of their customary business by the advance of the British troops. Be that as it might, the tradition says that the lad now left his task and hurried to the battle-field with the ax still in his hand. The British had by this time

the enemy wounded. It may here be observed, by the way, that we were the more cautious to prevent beginning a rupture with the king's troops, as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington, and knew [not] that they had begun the quarrel there by firing upon our people, and killing eight men upon the spot.

The three companies of troops soon quitted their posts at the bridge, and retreated in the greatest disorder and confusion to the main body, who were soon upon the march to meet them. For half an hour, the enemy, by their marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind; sometimes advancing, sometimes returning to their former posts, till at length they quitted the town, and retreated by the way they came. In the meantime a party of our men (one hundred and fifty) took the way back through the

retreated; the Americans were in pursuit, and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground; one was a corpse, but, as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy—it must have been a nervous impulse without purpose, without thought and betokening a sensitive and impressible nature rather than a hardened one—the boy uplifted his ax and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. I could wish that the grave might be opened, for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton-soldiers has the mark of an ax in his skull.

The story comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted, as it had been, before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother-man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight."—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"The wise and simple have one glance
To greet yon stern head-stone,
Which more of pride than pity gave
To mark the Briton's friendless grave.
Yet it is a stately tomb;
The grand return
Of eve and morn,
The year's fresh bloom,
The silver cloud,
Might grace the dust that is most proud."

—Emerson's In Memoriam.



GRAVE OF
BRITISH SOLDIERS

Great Fields, into the east quarter, and had placed themselves to advantage, lying in ambush behind walls, fences, and buildings, ready to fire upon the enemy on their retreat."

The letter of Amos Barrett is as follows:¹

"This 19th of April, 1825, brings fresh to my mind the battle at Concord and Lexington. When I come to look back, I find it is 50 year since. Though so long, I can remember the hull of it, I think, better than I can remember things 5 years ago. As I was in the hull of it from Concord to Bunker Hill, I take my pen to write something about it, as I think I know as mutch about it as any person now living. . . .

We at Concord heard that they [the British Troops] was acoming. The bell rong at three o'clock for alarum. As I was then a Minit man, I was soon in town and found my Capt. and the Rest of my Company at the post. It wasn't Long Before thair was other minit Companey. One Companey, I believe, of Minnit men was Raised in a most every town, to stand at a minit's warning. Before Sunrise thair was, I believe, 150 of us and more of all that was thair.—We thought we would go and meet the Britsh. We marched Down towards L [Lexington] about a mild or mild half and we see them acomming. We halted and Staid till they got within about 100 rods, then we was ordered to the about fall and marched before them with our Droms and fifes agoing, and all so the B [British drums and fifes]. We had grand Musick.

¹ A letter written in 1825 by Captain Amos Barrett of Concord, edited in 1900 by his great-grandson, Henry True.

We marched into town and then over the North Bridge, a Little more than half a mile and then on a Hill not far from the Bridge, whair we could See and hear what was agoing on—What the B [British] came out after was to Destroy our Stores that we had got Laid up for our army. Thair was in the town House a number of intrenchen tools witch they carried out and Burnt them. At Last they said it was Best to Burn them in the house and Sat fire to them in the house. But our people begged of them not to Burn the house, and put it out. It wasn't Long before it was Set fire again, but finally it wasn't Burnt.—Their was about 100 Barrels of flower in Mr. Hubbard's Malt house.¹ They Rolled that out nocked them to peces and Rolled Some in the mill pond witch was Saved after they was goun.

“When we was on the hill by the Bridge thair was about 80 or 90 B [British] come to the Bridge and there made a halt — after awhile they begun to tair the plank of the Bridge. Major Buttrick said if we wair all of his mind he wood drive them away from the Bridge, they should not tair that up. We

¹ “Further to the north [of the residence of Peter Wheeler and the “Hay Scales”] four or five hundred feet, was the house of Ebenezer Hubbard, where is now Hubbard street. The house remained until within half a dozen years. Here was a small malt-house, so called, I never knew its purpose, but it was used as the store-house for flour by the provincials, for the troops that might be raised in 1775. When the British came to Concord, on the 19th of April, they found the flour and rolled the barrels into the pond in front. But after the troops went away, the Yankees drew off the pond, rolled out the flour on to the dry fields. The flour being closely packed, admitted but little water and was injured very slightly. This malt-house was blown over in the great gale of September 13, 1815, and was never rebuilt.”—Dr. Edward Jarvis, in *Houses and People of Concord, Massachusetts*, 1810-1820.

“The soldiers then visited Ebenezer Hubbard's place, next to Wheeler's. They discovered a quantity of flour in a malt-house near the spot now covered by the Orthodox Church. They beat off the boards of one end of the building, and seized the sixty barrels . . . which they rolled out into the road and some of them into the mill-pond. Some of the flour was scattered over the road, making it appear as if there had been a slight fall of snow.”—Frederic Hudson in *Concord Fight*.

all said we wood go. We then wasn't Loded. We wair all ordered to Load—and had Stricked orders not to fire till they fired first, then to fire as fast as we could. We then marched on. Capt. Davis' minit Company marched first, then Capt. Allen's minit Company. The wone that I was in next—We marched 2 Deep. It was a long Corsay [causeway] Being round by the River.

Capt. Davis had got, I Believe, within 15 Rods of the B [British] when they fired 3 guns one after the other. I see the balls strike in the River on the right of me. As soon as they fired them, they fired on us. Thair balls whistled well.—We then was all ordered to fire that could fire and not Kill our own men. It is Stringe that their wasn't no more killed. But they fired to high. Capt. Davis was killed and Mr. Osmore [Hosmer], and a number wounded. We Soon Drove hem from the Bridge. When I got over their was 2 Lay Dead and another allmost Dead.¹ We did not follow them. Their was 8 or 10 that was wounded and a Running and Hobbling a Bout, Lucking back to see if we was after them.

We then saw the Hull body acoming out of town. We then was ordered to lay behind a wall that Ran over a hill, and when they got ny enuff, Major Buttrick Said He wood give the word fire. But they Did not Come quite so near as he expected

1 "The British soldier whom Amos Barrett says he saw 'almost dead' was quite dead a few moments after. His musket was taken by one of the minute men who gave it to Abijah Pierce, the colonel of his regiment, who had come to Concord without a gun. That musket, together with a cutlass carried by Samuel Lee, a grenadier of the 10th Regiment, wounded and taken prisoner, and also the clumsy old broadsword of Colonel James Barrett, are now in the collection of the Concord Antiquarian Society."—George Tolman, *Events of April Nineteenth*.

before they halted. The Commanding officer ordered the hull Battalion to halt and officers to the frunt march. The officers then marched to the front. Then we Lay behind the wall, about 200 of us, with our guns cocked, expecting every minit to have the word fire. Our orders was if we fired to fire 2 or 3 times and then Retreat. If we had fired, I believe we could Killed all most every offiser there was in the front. But we had no orders to fire, and their wasn't a gun fired. They Staid about 10 minnits and then marched back, and we after them.

After a while we found them a marching back towards Boston. We was soon after them. When they got about mild half [a mile and a half] to a Road that comes from Bedford and Bildrica [Billerica] they was way Laid and a grait many Killed. When I got thair was a grait many Lay Dead, and the Road was bloody."

"This is an admirable piece of history writing, as clear, direct and unimpassioned as the multiplication table itself, ommitting everything that verges on the melodramatic, even to the fact that the column of minute-men marched down the hill with the fifes playing The White Cockade, an old Jacobite march intensely galling to the Hanoverians, and the 'all irrevocable order' by Major Buttrick, 'for God's sake, fire!' We shall never have another so good account of what took place that April morning at Concord North Bridge."¹

1 Events of April Nineteenth by George Tolman.



THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE

The following gives a more detailed account of the Fight: "General Gage,¹ aware by the reports of his spies of the condition of things at Concord, determined to destroy the military stores and arms collected there. An expedition was secretly organized for this duty, composed of six companies of the Tenth Light Infantry and the grenadier companies of several other regiments in Boston. Lieut. Col. Smith was the commander, with Major Pitcairn, of the marines, as the second officer. These troops were taken off their duty under pretence of learning a new drill, and were quietly embarked in the boats of the men-of-war from the foot of the commons late in the evening of April 18th. The project was found out by the vigilance of the patriots in Boston, and when the column started, Paul Revere set forth from Charlestown on his famous ride, and

'Gave the alarm,
To every Middlesex house and farm.' —2

"About the same hour Ebenezer Dow started from Boston and passed over the neck through Roxbury."³ He joined Paul Revere at Lexington, "and the two

1 "General Gage is reported to have assured the King that he could keep the Bostonians in order with five regiments, and to have informed him that the Americans will be lions only as long as the English are lambs." —The Rise and Progress of the Revolution, by William M. Wheildon, born in Boston, 1805, died in Concord 1892. Author of "Curiosities of History," "Siege and Evacuation of Boston and Charlestown," "Paul Revere's Signal Lantern," "New History of Bunker Hill," and other works on historical subjects.

2 Concord, in History of Middlesex County, by John Shepard Keyes, born 1821; son of Hon. John Keyes. Graduated at Harvard in 1841, member of the State Senate in 1849, United States Marshal for Massachusetts, 1861-1866. In 1874, appointed Justice of the District Court of Central Middlesex, a position which he still holds. Delegate to the Convention that nominated Lincoln. When United States Marshal, Judge Keyes was instrumental in saving the life of Lincoln, thwarting an attempt of Booth to force his way into the presence of Lincoln. Judge Keyes is President of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

3 The Concord Fight, by Frederic Hudson.

patriot messengers, Revere and Dow, alert and active, proceeded on their important errand to arouse the inhabitants of Lincoln and Concord." After leaving Lexington "between twelve and one o'clock in the morning," they were "overtaken a short distance beyond the town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord. . . . He was hastening home with the news of the coming of the British. The three rode on in company, giving the alarm at every house. When near the Lincoln line they were surprised by the reconnoitering party of the enemy. . . . Revere and Dow were immediately captured. Very fortunately for Concord, Prescott escaped after he had the reins of his bridle cut, by jumping his horse over a wall and taking a circuitous route through Lincoln. Mounted on a fleet animal, he safely reached Concord."

Concord was aroused from her slumbers by the gallant Prescott. "The guard on duty at the court house was Amos Melven. On hearing the exciting news he discharged his gun and rang the town bell loud and clear. . . . The first man that made his appearance was the Rev. William Emerson, armed with his gun.

The road from Boston to Concord entered the town from the southeast along a ridge which commenced on the right one mile below the village, rose abruptly from thirty to fifty feet above the road, and terminated at the northeasterly part of the common. The top was plain, and commanded a view of the village and vicinity. About midway on this hill . . .

a liberty pole had been erected, on which the flag of freedom, the old Pine-tree flag, was first unfurled. . . . One small band of Americans, consisting of Concord, Acton and Lincoln men, under the command of Captain George Minot, had taken their stand on the hill near the liberty pole.—[First position of the Americans.] . . .

The glittering bayonets of the king's troops were then seen as they marched up to the bend of the road, a novel, imposing, alarming sight to the squad of militia collected there to meet this invading force. ["One hundred armed men in all had assembled in Concord to receive eight hundred to a thousand of the veteran soldiers of England."] With such overwhelming numbers in sight, the Americans fell back, and took a new position upon an eminence on the same ridge, about eighty rods in the rear, when the men formed into two battalions. [Second position of the Americans]. . . .

Some advised that they should face the enemy there. . . . 'No!' emphatically replied Brooks (Colonel Eleazer Brooks of Lincoln) 'it will not do for us to begin the war.' . . . Seeing that the enemy had entered the village a few rods distant, Colonel Barrett ordered the Americans to take a new position and await increase of numbers. They thereupon proceeded over the North Bridge, and marched, not yet over one hundred and fifty in all, to Punkatasset Hill, about a mile north of the meeting house. [Third position of the Americans].

Men were stationed on the several roads leading to Concord, to direct the reinforcements to the rendezvous, volunteers hastened forward. Minute-men and militia, the former under Captain Jonathan Wilson and the latter commanded by Captain John Moore, arrived from Bedford. Numbers came in from Chelmsford, Carlisle, Littleton, Westford, Billerica, Stow and elsewhere. Some came by the woods and some across the fields. Thus strengthened, this devoted band marched down from Punkatasset to the high land in front of Major Buttrick's house. On their arrival at the cross road, they were met by the Acton minute men, under Capt Isaac Davis. [Fourth position of the Americans.]

On the highest point of land where the Americans had assembled, the chief officers and citizens of Concord, with a few from the adjoining towns, held a council of war. While these deliberations were absorbing their attention, the British were ruthlessly burning gun carriages, wheels, the liberty-pole, and other spoils in the village,¹ the smoke from which rose in a cloud over the common, and was plainly to

¹ Col. Smith, finding that the early alarm had nearly spoiled the object of the raid, and that the patriots were increasing in numbers, sent a company under Captain Mundy Pole to guard the South Bridge, and five companies under Captain Lawrence Parsons to the North Bridge. Three of these companies remained there to guard the bridge, while two companies went two miles beyond to destroy the cannon and ammunition at Colonel James Barrett's house." — Concord, by John S. Keyes.

"Captain Lawrie commanded the guard at the bridge, and while Captain Parsons was absent on his errand permitted the soldiers to seek food and drink at the neighboring houses. . . . Captain Parsons found but little to reward his search. He burned a few carriages for cannon, but the cannon had been hidden in a new ploughed field. . . . The town house, in which the powder was stored, was set on fire, but by the remonstrances of Martha Moulton, who pointed out the danger from the explosion, the fire was put out and the building saved with its valuable contents." — Concord, by John S. Keyes.

"Then yr Petitr did put her Life, as it were, in her hand, and ventur'd to beg of the officers to send some of their men to put out the fire, but they took no notice, only sneered." . . . But yielding to her importunities the fire was put out. "And so yr Petitr can safely say that under Divine Providence she was an instrument in saving the Court House, and how many more is not

be seen by those on the hill. . . . The sight sent a thrill of indignation through the ranks of the militia and minute-men gathered there. In the midst of the excitement the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, 'they have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down?' . . .

Urged by the bold and emphatic expressions of Major Buttrick and Captain Davis they immediately 'resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt.' . . . The council broke up, the officers took their respective positions . . . and Colonel Barrett gave the order to march to 'the bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops unless they were fired upon.' They wheeled from the right, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, the young fifiers, playing *The White Cockade*, and advanced to the scene of action. . . . When the Americans arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge, and were rapidly moving forward, one of the regulars, a sharp-shooter, stepped from the ranks and discharged his musket, manifestly aimed at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson. . . . This gun was immediately followed by a volley, which instantly killed Captain Isaac Davis and Private Abner Hosmer of Acton. . . .

certain, from being consum'd."—From the "Petition of Martha Moulton of Concord in said Province, Widow Woman, to the Honorable Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, Feb. 4. 1776."

While at the Barrett place the British soldiers being hungry and thirsty, "requested supplies. The officers very politely requested to pay Mrs. Barrett for victuals and drink, but she refused pay, saying, 'we are commanded to feed our enemy, if he hunger.' . . . Mrs. Barrett had concealed the small articles that belong to cannon, [See *Little Maid of Concord Town* by Margaret Sidney, (Mrs. Daniel Lothrop).] with musket balls, flints, cutlasses, etc., in casks, in the garret, and had put over them a quantity of feathers which prevented discovery."—*History of the Fight at Concord* by Rev. Ezra Ripley.

Major Buttrick instantly jumped from the ground and, partly turning to his men, exclaimed, 'Fire! fellow soldiers! for God's sake, fire!' . . . Major Buttrick's order ran along the line of militia and minute-men, the word 'Fire!' 'Fire!' came from a hundred lips and a general discharge instantly followed from the Americans. They fired as they stood, and over each other's heads. [See Concord Fight by Edward Emerson Simmons in the state house at Boston.] The fusilade continued for a few minutes only, when the British broke and fled in great alarm and confusion. . . . The fire of the Americans was destructive. Two British soldiers were instantly killed. Five officers . . . and a sergeant and six privates, were reported to have been wounded at the same time. . . . On the retreat¹ of the enemy, most of the Americans crossed the bridge in pursuit. Many, including the Concord minute-men and Acton minute-men . . . went to the eminence in the rear of

THE ELISHA JONES HOUSE

now the residence of John S. Keyes, Esq., and stood behind a wall forty rods or more from where the retreating British were joined by a reinforcement from the village. One of the bullets fired by the enemy during the retreat passed through the shed of

¹ "By this time the Provincials had considerably increased, and were constantly arriving from the neighboring towns. The British had but partially accomplished the objects of their expedition, the quantity of public stores destroyed being very small in comparison with what remained untouched. . . . They began now to feel they were in danger, and resolved, from necessity, on an immediate retreat." — Shattuck's History of Concord.

Jones' house.¹ The British left the village at twelve o'clock. They retreated in the same order as they entered, the infantry on the ridge of the hill on their left, and the grenadiers and marines on the road, but with more numerous flanking parties, and thrown out further from the main body. . . . On arriving at

1 "In the troubles preceding the Revolution Elisha was active on the right side; he received of the military stores sent to Concord in 1775, fifty-five bbls. of beef and 17,000 lbs. of salt fish, to be stored in his cellar and shed. His family of two small children were greatly disturbed by the events of the morning of the 19th of April. The early alarm aroused them, and the militia and minute-men who fell back at the approach of the British troops halted on the hill behind their house and waited there some time before crossing the bridge. The confusion and excitement increased as the five companies of the red coats marched up the road, and left two companies near his house, while two more went on to Col. Barrett's and one remained to guard the bridge. The soldiers of the two companies then halted near this door yard, soon surrounded the well in front, drinking the cool water that was so delicious after their long march that hot day. It seems to have satisfied them, as there was no report of any depredations. Mr. Jones had prudently taken his wife and babies down cellar, where they cowered in fear and trembling in the dark corners, while he stood guard over the barrels of beef. Soon the chatter and noise of the Britishers ceased, and all was still. Then the silence was broken by the volleys of musketry at the bridge. He could stand it no longer, but rushing up from the cellar, followed by his wife and crying children they saw the regulars retreating in confusion back to the village, bearing their wounded. Some with ghastly faces, supported by their comrades, others with bloody limbs hastily bandaged to stanch the flow. It was a shocking sight to the oldest child, a girl of four years, which she remembered to her old age, and often described. To her father it lent new excitement and patriotic rage; he pointed the gun out of the bedroom window on the northwest corner of the house, determined to have one raking shot at the foe. His wife clung to his arm, begging him not to risk their burning the house if he fired from it, and succeeded in preventing his purpose and getting the gun away. Then he went to the door of the shed and stood there looking at the retreating soldiers in scorn and triumph. One of the rear guard who may have seen his attempt to shoot, or disliked his look, drew up as they passed the house, and fired a 'British musket ball' at Elisha. It was a well pointed shot considering that the red coats fired from the hip, and not from the shoulder with a sight along the gun barrel, as the Yankees did. The ball struck at the height of Jones' head about three feet to the right, and passing through the boarding, glanced from an oak joist, and out through the back side into the ground behind. The hole in the front still remains, to be seen of 'pilgrims and strangers,' some of whom content themselves with putting their fingers in it, while others have been known to try to cut out and carry off the hole." . . . Story of an Old House, by John S. Keyes.

The day after the Fight, Elisha Jones "planted a willow stick in the front yard, in remembrance of the fight and his escape, and the tree grew and lived more than a hundred years." . . . In July, 1867, a summer shower broke all the "limbs to the ground." . . . "The hollow trunk was filled with earth," and "in this a new shoot sprang up, and grew to a large head a dozen feet or more in height and size, by the time of the centennial of the fight, 1875. . . . In 1885 the bark of the trunk had rotted away, and the top was failing, so April 19th the willow was removed to the triangle between Monument street and the lane to the great meadows, where it is yet vigorous and flourishing, promising to last to another centennial." — Story of an Old House, by John S. Keyes,

Merriam's Corner, the end of the ridge, at the junction of the Bedford and Boston roads, the retreating enemy were met by the Americans, who had crossed over the Great Fields or Meadows from the North Bridge. . . . On came the enemy down the road and over the hill, and a sharp and serious engagement was fought there. . . .

Over the remainder of the road the British were 'driven before the Americans like sheep, and had to run the gauntlet.' It was a race for life with them. The highway was lined with Americans, whose accurate aim generally produced the desired result."¹ "Our militia and minute-men pursued them to Charles-town Neck."²

From the time the British retreat³ began, "little or no military order was preserved" by the Americans. "Every man chose his own time and mode of attack."⁴

"From that day the Revolution was begun, to end only with the creation of a new republic. Concord, as President Dwight said, 'prefaced the history of a nation, the beginning of an Empire.' 'Man', he added, 'from the events that have occurred here, will in some respects assume a new character; and

1 The Concord Fight by Frederic Hudson.

2 Shattuck's History of Concord.

3 "When the enemy were rising Fishe's hill, in the west part of Lexington, they were very hardly pressed, the Americans having run forward and placed themselves advantageously behind trees and fences. The British faced about, and a very spirited and bloody contest ensued. Here Major Pitcairn was wounded and unhorsed; his horse, pistols, etc., were taken."—History of the Fight at Concord, by Rev. Ezra Ripley.

In a note to the above, Mr. Ripley states "The horse was taken to Concord and sold at auction. Captain Nathan Barrett bought the pistols, and afterwards offered them to General Washington, but he not accepting them, they were given to General Putman."

4 Shattuck's History of Concord.



THE ELISHA JONES HOUSE

experience a new destiny.' Hence the interest with which the world, from that day forward, began to look on this little town."¹

"This bloodless revolution ended the Colonial period of Massachusetts' history.² The militia of Concord had their full share in the Indian and French wars that kept the settlers in arms through the first half of the eighteenth century. They were present at Sudbury, where ten of their number were killed; Lancaster, Groton, in Lovewell's Fight,³ in the expedition against Cuba, at the capture of Louisbourg, at Crown Point and Fort Edward. Wherever long marches, sharp fighting and great privations were encountered, soldiers from Concord, in single files or full ranks, were found at the front."⁴

"Of late years, the growth of Concord has been slow. Without navigable waters, without mineral riches, . . . the natural increase of her population is drained by the constant emigration of the youth. . . . Their wagons have rattled down the remote western hills, and in every part of this country, and in many foreign parts, they plough the earth, they traverse the sea, they engage in trade and in all the professions. . . .

1 Concord, by F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England*.

2 "The pecuniary sacrifices made by Concord on account of the revolution were also very great. . . . It is as impossible to estimate the exact amount paid by the citizens of Concord to purchase our independence, as it is too much to admire their exalted patriotism."—Shattuck's *History of Concord*.

3 Eleazer Melven of Concord has handed down "an original manuscript account of the celebrated Lovewell's Fight with the Indians at Pequawket in 1725. He with six others from Concord, of whom two were killed and two were wounded," had a conspicuous share in that disastrous battle. This is the only contemporaneous account of the fight, written by one of the participants, that has come down to our day."—George Tolman's *The Minute-man*, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

4 Concord, by John S. Keyes in *History of Middlesex County*,

With all the hope of the new I feel that we are leaving the old. Every moment carries us farther from the two great epochs of public principle, the Planting, and the Revolution of the colony. Fortunate and favored this town has been, in having received so large an infusion of the spirit of both of those periods. Humble as is our village in the circle of later and prouder towns that whiten the land, it has been consecrated by the presence and activity of the purest men.¹ Why need I remind you of our Hosmers, Minnotts, Cumings,² Barretts, Beattons,³ the departed benefactors of the town. On the village green have been the steps of Winthrop and Dudley; of John Eliot, the Indian apostle, who had a courage that intimidated those savages whom his love could not melt; of Whitfield, whose silver voice melted his great congregation into tears; of Hancock and his compatriots of the Provincial Congress, of Langdon, and the college over which he presided. But even more sacred influences than these mingled here with the stream of human life. The merit of those who fill a space in the world's history, who are borne forward, as it were, by the weight of thousands whom they lead, sheds a perfume less sweet than do the

1 The poor have been remembered in the wills of so many Concord citizens, that "Concord has sometimes been called the paradise of poor people."

Peter Wright "devised property to the town which was the nucleus of the fund for the Silent Poor." — Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

Hugh Cargill, who died in 1799, gave to the town the present Poor Farm.

2 John Cumings, "a physician of whom it is traditionally reported that he could not accept a fee for any service done to the sick on Sundays," made bequests to the poor and the schools. His bequest to Harvard College was the foundation of the Harvard Medical College." — Concord, by George Tolman.

3 "As honest as John Beaton, was long a current saying, expressive of the character of a strictly honest man."

sacrifices of private virtue. The acknowledgment of the Supreme Being exalts the history of this people. It brought the father's hither. In a war of principle, it delivered their sons. And so long as a spark of this faith survives among the children's children, so long shall the name of Concord be honest and venerable."¹

¹ Emerson's Historical Discourse at Concord on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, September 12, 1835.



MERIAM'S CORNER

V.

CONCORD IN LITERATURE.

“It is among the most valuable qualities of places associated with famous names, that you find therein more of what you wish to find of the personage in question, and have it more at your leisure and according to your humor, than they themselves could ever furnish you withal.”—Julian Hawthorne.¹

THE prominence of Concord in the revolutionary century that followed her skirmish at the bridge and along the Lexington road was in part accidental; for Boston and Virginia were the two *foci* of the American revolt, and Concord became famous chiefly because it was near Boston.

It was otherwise with the literary revolution that began sixty years later . . . in 1835, with Emerson for its Washington, and with results that seem as permanent, and in some sort as important, as those which Washington secured to his countrymen.

In 1835, when Emerson's career may be said to have fairly begun, America had maintained her political independence, but had lost much of her political principle; she was powerful without moral progress, and without either a profound philosophy or an original literature. The beginnings of poetry and art

¹ Life of Hawthorne and his Wife.

were visible, but they were more in promise than in performance. . . . Into the stagnation of this shallow pool of American letters, Emerson, in 1836, cast the smooth stone of his philosophical first book, — *Nature*. It made little immediate stir; the denizens of the pool paid small heed to it, and few of them guessed what it meant. It was written in Concord, and chiefly at the Old Manse, where Emerson dwelt with his mother and kindred before his second marriage, in 1835. . . . The fixing of his own residence in this town by Emerson was due in part to ancestry, and still more to a perception of the fitness of the region for the abode of a poet and sage. The same perception, by Hawthorne, Alcott, Ellery Channing, and others, — together with the important fact that it was Emerson's chosen retreat, — brought those literary men here. Thoreau, the most original and peculiar genius of the whole group, was born here, and never had much inclination to leave Concord.¹ Around Emerson this circle, with many who lived here temporarily, like Margaret Fuller and George William Curtis, . . . gathered as friends and brothers or else as disciples, — and thus the name of Concord became associated, and justly, with a special and remarkable school of thought and literature. Thousands now visit the graves of these worthies to which, and to their haunts in life . . . an increasing host of pilgrims come year by year. The Arabs have a proverb:—‘Though a hundred deserts separate the

1 “I have travelled a good deal in Concord,” says Thoreau in *Walden*.

heart of the Faithful from the Kaaba of Mecca, yet there opens a window from its sanctuary into thy soul.' For those who have the true inward illumination, therefore, pilgrimage is not needful; yet to all it is agreeable, and it has been the practice of mankind for ages.

Nasor, the son of Khorson . . . was not the first to look on life as a journey; man endowed with intellect must search into the origin of his existence, — whence he come, and whither he shall go. . . . The attraction of Emerson and the rest of the Concord authors, . . . comes chiefly from the recognition by them of this search by mankind after the Infinite, their insight into the nature and worth of this pilgrimage of life."

Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau "not only had much vogue in their life time, but are yet more widely read since their death. . . . Ellery Channing found little audience in youth, and time has not essentially enlarged the circle" . . . of his readers. "With the same moral view of life which his more successful friends took, Channing, the poet, (who must always be distinguished from Dr. Channing, the divine, his uncle) had in his style something of that distraction which Montaignè declares is needful to poets. . . .

There is that in the best writing "of Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau, which puts us upon our best thinking, and leads us along the upper levels of life. Particularly is this true of Emerson; virtue, radiant, serene and sovereign, sways the realm where

Emerson abides. . . . He brings with him the atmosphere of poesy more constantly than any modern poet. . . . To this quality, as well as to his courage of opinion and his penetrating insight, do we owe it that he first proclaimed our intellectual independence of the mother country."¹

EMERSON.²

"He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the age of Gold again.
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measures of the feat."
—Character by Emerson.

"Some half-dozen or more years since, a shriek, sharper than any that had rung from Walden woods since the last war-whoop of the last Indians of Musketaquid, announced to astonished Concord, drowsing in the river meadows, that the nineteenth

1 Concord, by F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England*.

2 Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. He graduated at Harvard College in 1821 and was a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, 1829-32. In 1833-34, he commenced his career as a lecturer. In 1835 he settled at Concord and edited the *Dial*, 1842-44. He was the author of *Nature* (1836), *Essays* (1841-44), *Poems* (1846), *Representative Men* (1850), *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* (1852), *English Traits* (1856), *Conduct of Life* (1860), *May Day and Other Poems* (1867), *Society and Solitude* (1870), *Letters and Social Aims* (1876), *Poems* (1876). He compiled and edited *Parnassus*, a selection of poems, "from the whole range of English Literature." Emerson was married twice, in 1830 to Ellen Louisa Tucker of Boston, Mass., and in 1834 to Lidian Jackson of Plymouth, Mass.

"Emerson was not merely a man of letters. He recognized and did the private and public duties of the hour. He enjoyed his Concord home and neighbors, served on the school committee for years, did much for the Lyceum, and spoke on the town's great occasions. He went to all town meetings, oftener to listen and admire than to speak, and always took pleasure and pride in the people. In return he was respected and loved by them." After the death of his first wife, in 1832, and his resignation as minister of the Second Church in Boston, he visited Europe. He sought out Carlyle, then hardly recognized, and living in the lonely hills of the Scottish border. There began a friendship which had great influence on the lives of both men, and lasted through life. . . . In 1847, Emerson was invited to read lectures in England, and remained abroad a year." . . . He was sent abroad by his friends in 1872 to regain his health, and upon his return he "was welcomed and escorted home by the people of Concord."—*Biographical Sketch*, by Edward Waldo Emerson.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

century had overtaken it. Yet long before the material force of the age bound the town to the rest of the world, the spiritual force of a single mind in it had attracted attention to it, and made its lonely plains as dear to many widely scattered minds as the groves of the Academy or the vineyards of Vacluse.

Except in causing the erection of the railway buildings and several dwellings near it, steam has not much changed Concord. It is yet one of the quiet country towns whose charm is incredible to all but those who, by loving it, have found it worthy of love. The shire-town of the great agricultural county of Middlesex, it is not disturbed by the feverish throb of factories, nor by any roar of inexorable toil but the few puffs of the locomotive. One day, during the autumn, it is thronged with the neighboring farmers, who hold their high festival—the annual cattle-show—there. . . .

A wide horizon, like that of the prairie or the sea, is the grand charm of Concord. At night the stars are seen from the roads crossing the plain, as from a ship at sea. The landscape would be called tame by those who think no scenery grand but that of the mountains or the sea-coast. But the wide solitude of that region is not so accounted by those who live there. To them it is rich and suggestive, as Emerson shows, by saying in the essay upon Nature, ‘My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and person-

alities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities, behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself upon the instant.' And again, as indicating where the true charm of scenery lies: 'In every landscape the point to astonishment is the meeting of the sky and earth, and that is seen from the first hillock, as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna or on the marble deserts of Egypt.' . . .

The town of Concord is built mainly upon one side of the river. In its centre is a large open square, shaded by fine elms. . . . The Court-house is upon one of the corners. In the old Court-house, in the days when I knew Concord, many conventions were held for humane as well as merely political objects. One summer day I especially remember, when I did not envy Athens its forum, for Emerson and William Henry Channing spoke. In the speech of both burned the sacred fire of eloquence, but in Emerson it was light, and in Channing heat.

From this square diverge four roads, like high-ways from a forum. One leads by the Court-house

and under stately sycamores to the Old Manse and the battle ground; another goes directly to the river, and a third is the main avenue of the town. After passing the shops this third divides, and one branch forms a fair and noble street, spaciouly and loftily arched with elms, the houses standing liberally apart, each with its garden-plot in front. The fourth avenue is the old Boston road, also dividing, at the edge of the village, into the direct route to the metropolis and the Lexington turnpike.

The house of Mr. Emerson stands opposite this junction. It is a plain, square, white dwelling house, yet it has a city air and could not be taken for a farm house. A quiet merchant, you would say, unostentatious and simple, has here hidden himself from town. But a thick grove of pine and fir trees, almost brushing the two windows upon the right of the door, and occupying the space between them and the road, suggests at least a peculiar taste in the retired merchant, or hints the possibility that he may have sold his place to a poet or philosopher. . . .

The fact, strangely enough, partly supports your theory. In the year 1828 Charles Coolidge,¹ a brother of J. Templeman Coolidge, a merchant of repute

1 "July 27, 1835. Has Charles told you that I have dodged the doom of building, and have bought the Coolidge house in Concord, with the expectation of entering it next September? It is a mean place, and cannot be fine until trees and flowers give it a character of its own. But we shall crowd so many books and papers, and if possible, wise friends, into it that it shall have as much wit as it can carry. My house costs me thirty-five hundred dollars, and may next summer cost four or five more to enlarge or finish. The seller alleges that it cost him seventy-eight hundred."—Letter of Emerson.

"Being a lover of solitude I went to live in the country, seventeen miles from Boston, and there the northwest wind, with all his snows, took me in charge and defended me from all company in winter, and the hills and sandbanks that intervened between me and the city, kept guard in summer."—Emerson.

in Boston, and grandson of Joseph Coolidge, a patriarchal denizen of Bowdoin Square in that city, came to Concord and built this house. Gratefully remembering the lofty horse-chestnuts which shaded the city square, and which, perhaps, first inspired him with the wish to be a nearer neighbor of woods and fields, he planted a row of them along his lot, which this year ripen their twenty-fifth harvest. With the liberal hospitality of a New England merchant he did not forget the spacious cellars of the city, and, as Mr. Emerson writes, 'he built the only good cellar that had been built in Concord.'

Mr. Emerson bought the house in the year 1835. He found it a plain, convenient, and thoroughly built country residence. An amiable neighbor of Mr. Coolidge had placed a miserable old barn irregularly upon the edge of that gentleman's lot, which, for the sake of comeliness, he was forced to buy and set straight and smooth into a decent dependence of the mansion house. The estate, upon passing into Mr. Emerson's hands, comprised the house, barn, and the two acres of land. He has enlarged house and barn, and the two acres have grown to nine. Our author is no farmer, except as every country gentleman is, yet the kindly slope from the rear of the house to a little brook,¹ which, passing to the calm

¹ The Emerson home has changed little in outward aspect since the master of the house left it. "The corded wood" is still seen in the side yard, and the "daily haunts" of the boy whose requiem was sung in the sweetest death song known to American literature,

"The poultry yard, the shed, the barn,
..... the garden ground
Paced by the blessed feet around,
From the roadside to the brook,
Whereinto he loved to look."

—Emerson's Threnody:

Concord beyond, washes the edge of his land, yields him at least occasional beans and pease¹ — or some friend, agriculturally enthusiastic and an original Brook-Farmer,² experiments with guano in the garden, and produces melons and other vines with a success that relieves Brook Farm from every slur of inadequate practical genius. Mr. Emerson has shaded his originally bare land with trees, and counts near a hundred apple and pear trees in his orchard. The whole estate is quite level, inclining only towards the little brook, and is well watered and convenient.

Mr. Emerson's library is the room at the right of the door upon entering the house. It is a simple square room, not walled with books like the den of a literary grub, nor merely elegant like the ornamental retreat of a dilettante. The books are arranged upon plain shelves, not in architectural bookcases, and the room is hung with a few choice engravings of the greatest men. There was a fair copy of

1 "The house in Concord had a small garden on the south side, near the brook, in which Mrs. Emerson at once established her favorite flowers, plants and seeds, brought from the Old Colony [Plymouth], especially her favorites, tulips and roses. ["This garden also contained a rare collection of hollyhocks."] But a part of it was reserved for vegetables, and already provided with a few apple, pear and plum trees; and here Mr. Emerson began his husbandry, leaving his study to do a little work there every day."—Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson by Edward Waldo Emerson.

In his journal Emerson records that one day he married a wife, and after that he noticed that though he planted corn never so often, it was sure to come up tulips, contrary to all the laws of botany.

"All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds."

—Emerson's Musketaquid.

2 Dr. Emerson, in his memoir of Emerson, tells us that his father's friends, Mr. George Bradford and Henry Thoreau, at different times and during their stay at Emerson's house, took the care of the garden into their skilful hands, greatly to his father's relief, though he came out when he could and worked with them. The little Waldo, watching his father gardening one day, said, "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg."

Michael Angelo's¹ Fates, which, properly enough, imparted that grave serenity to the ornament of the room which is always apparent in what is written there. It is the study of a scholar. All our author's published writings, the essays, orations, and poems, date from this room, as much as they date from any place or moment. . . .

The library is not only the study of a scholar, it is the bower of a poet. The pines lean against the windows, and, to the student deeply sunk in learned lore or soaring upon the daring speculations of an intrepid philosophy, they whisper a secret beyond that of the philosopher's stone, and sing of the springs of poetry.

The site of the house is not memorable. There is no reasonable ground to suppose that so much as an Indian wigwam ever occupied the spot; nor has Henry Thoreau, a very faithful friend of Mr. Emerson's and of the woods and waters of his native Concord, ever found an Indian arrow-head upon the premises. Henry Thoreau's instinct is as sure towards the facts of nature as the witch-hazel towards

1 "The works of Michael Angelo, St. Peters, his statues, and the sculpture painting in the Sistine Chapel—was the principal gift Rome had for him." After his return from his first trip abroad, "The engravings of the Sibyls and a copy of the Fates thereafter adorned his study walls."—*Biographical Sketch of Emerson* by his son, Edward Waldo Emerson. "In the month of April, 1839, Carlyle sent Raphael Morghen's engraving of the Aurora, by Guido in the Rospigliosi palace in Rome, to Mr. Emerson, saying, 'It is my wife's memorial to your wife. . . . Two houses divided by wide seas are to understand always that they are united nevertheless.' The picture still hangs in the parlor of Mr. Emerson's home, with the inscription which accompanied it: 'Will the lady of Concord hang up this Italian sun-chariot somewhere in her Drawing Room, and, looking at it, think sometimes of a household here which has good cause never to forget hers? T. Carlyle.' Mr. Emerson used to point out to his children, how the varied repetition of the manes, head and prancing forefeet of the horses were imitations of the curved folds of a great cumulus cloud."—*Note to Emerson's Essays*, edited by his son, Edward Waldo Emerson.

treasure. If every quiet country town in New England had a son who, with a lore like Selborne's and an eye like Buffon's, had watched and studied its landscape and history, and then published the result, as Thoreau has done, in a book as redolent of genuine and perceptive sympathy with nature as a clover-field of honey, New England would seem as poetic and beautiful as Greece. Thoreau lives in the berry pasture upon a bank over Walden pond, and in a little house of his own building. One pleasant summer afternoon a small party of us helped him raise it—a bit of life as Arcadian as any at Brook Farm.

There is little prospect from the house. Directly opposite a low bluff overhangs the Boston road and obstructs the view. Upon the other sides the level land stretches away. Towards Lexington it is a broad, half-marshy region, and between the brook behind and the river good farms lie upon the outskirts of the town. Pilgrims¹ drawn to Concord by

1 "There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists, for, severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles.

These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists whose systems at first air had finally imprisoned them in an iron frame-work traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld its intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hilltop, and, climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats

the desire of conversing with the man whose written or spoken eloquence has so profoundly charmed them, and who have placed him in some pavilion of fancy, some peculiar residence, find him in no porch of philosophy nor academic grove, but in a plain white house by the wayside, ready to entertain every comer¹ as an ambassador from some remote Cathay of speculation whence the stars are more nearly seen. It is always morning within those doors. If you have nothing to say, if you are really not an envoy from some kingdom or colony of thought and cannot cast a gem upon the heaped pile, you had better pass by upon the other side. For it is the peculiarity of Emerson's mind to be always on the alert. He eats no lotus, but forever quaffs the waters which engender immortal thirst. . . . It is not hazardous to say

and owls, and the whole host of night-birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself, there had been epochs of my life when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe, but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no questions to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the woodpaths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused above his presence like the government of a shining one, and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain-atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness, new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country-village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus to become imbued with a false originality."—From *Mosses from an Old Manse*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

1 "Fortunate the visitor who is admitted of a morning for the high discourse, or permitted to join the poet in his afternoon walks to Walden, the Cliffs, or elsewhere, — hours likely to be remembered as unlike any others in his calendar of experiences. I may say for me they have made ideas possible by hospitalities given to a fellowship so enjoyable."—Bronson Alcott's *Emerson*, privately printed in 1865.



THE EMERSON HOUSE

that the greatest questions of our day and of all days have been nowhere more amply discussed, with more poetic insight or profound conviction, than in the comely, square white house¹ upon the edge of the Lexington turnpike. . . .

What he said long ago in his preface to the American edition of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, that they were papers which had spoken to the young men of the time 'with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep,' is strikingly true of his own writings. His first slim, anonymous duodecimo, *Nature*, was as fair and fascinating to the royal young minds who met it in the course of their reading as *Egeria* to Numa wandering in the grove. The essays, orations, and poems followed, developing and elaborating the same spiritual and heroic philosophy, applying it to life, history, and literature, with a vigor and richness so supreme that not only do many account him our truest philosopher, but others acknowledge him as our most characteristic poet.

It would be a curious inquiry how much and what kind of influence the placid scenery of Concord has exercised upon his mind. 'I chide society, I embrace solitude,' he says; 'and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate.' It is not difficult to understand his fondness for the spot.

1 In 1872 Emerson's house was burned. In his absence abroad, his friends rebuilt the house for him according to the original plan.

Emerson writes to Dr. LeBarron Russell, "are my friends bent on killing me with kindness? No, you will say, but to make me live longer. . . . It appears that you will all rebuild my house, and rejuvenate me by sending me in my old days abroad on a young man's excursion. I am a lover of men, but this recent wonderful experience of their tenderness surprises and occupies my thoughts day by day."

He has been always familiar with it, always more or less a resident of the village. Born in Boston upon the spot where the Chauncy Place Church now stands, part of his youth was passed in the Old Manse, which was built by his grandfather and in which his father was born. . . .

The imagination of the man who roams the solitary pastures of Concord, or floats, dreaming, down its river, will easily see its landscape upon Emerson's pages. 'That country is fairest,' he says, 'which is inhabited by the noblest minds.' . . .

'Travelling is a fool's paradise,' says Emerson. But he passed its gates to learn that lesson. His writings, however, have no imported air. . . . They have . . . the strong flavor of his mother earth — the underived sweetness of the open Concord sky, and the spacious breadth of the Concord horizon."¹

THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE OF EMERSON.

Emerson, I think, "had the farthest and clearest spiritual discernment of any man who has lived in modern times. His vision was not only keen and far-sighted, but he was singularly free from the things that distort and disturb. . . . So we may take him as the best witness we know of to the spiritual facts which are all around us and close to us, but yet so many of which we cannot know, or know but imperfectly. . . . What are the things which this man of farthest and profoundest vision has to

1 Emerson, in *Literary and Social Essays*, by George William Curtis.

report? What is the estimate of them by the judgment the most accurate in its poise? What do they weigh by these balances in which there is no dust?

. . . Every man who is seeking a spiritual life finds in Emerson his own faith, if he have faith.

. . . What are the things in which our confidence is strengthened and deepened by the fact that he tells us they are true?

He has taught us the virtue of completeness, and courage, and sincerity of utterance. . . . He affirms that inspiration, and the process of revelation, did not end with the apostles and the scriptures. It is going on to-day, and all the time, to him that hath ears to hear. The bush is burning still.

The spiritual message comes to each man for himself, which he can trust and which he must act upon. 'Trust thyself. Every nerve vibrates to that iron string.' . . . He has reaffirmed for us, and taught us anew the value of the human affections, and to prize the great virtues to which our race has attained thus far. He was a royal and noble lover. He loved wife, and children, and home, and neighbor, and friend, and town, and country. He loved liberty, and justice, and hope, and courage. His picture of the New England Town, for which Concord sat; his Boston Hymn; his Fortune of the Republic, are the high water mark which the love of country, and of birthplace, and of town, had reached at that time. . . . He has made the best statement in all secular literature of the doctrine of immortality. He shows us that the world and the human soul are

not only unreasonable, but inexplicable, without it.
. . . He worships no demon of mere force. If he does not know what we long to know of another world, he pays due homage to the loving and wise Spirit that sitteth as Sovereign on the throne of this.
. . .

Mr. Emerson's philosophy has no stoicism in it. If it brought him ampler compensations than were vouchsafed to common men, grief also filled to its depths a larger heart, and touched with its agony nerves more finely sensitive than those of common men. Who has uttered like him, in that immortal Threnody, the voice of parental sorrow? What more loving heart ever mourned the loss of a brother's love than that which could not be unlocked because the key had gone with Charles and Edward? I remember, as if it were yesterday, that winter morning in my early youth when the messenger came to my father's door before sunrise, bearing his written message to one of the household, 'Everything wakes this morning except my darling boy.' . . .

I have spoken very imperfectly of a part only of the messages Emerson brought to us. Now it is not enough for our purpose that the intellect should see these things. . . . These things must come to us, if they are to be living truths for us, clothed and apparelled in regal splendor; adorned and wreathed with flowers and branches, made sweet and tender by the graces of poetry; made musical with rhythm and verse. They must be spoken by eloquent lips, and the soul must be opened to receive them by



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the glance of the eye, and the tone of the voice, and the flush of the cheek, of the prophet who utters them.

We who are the survivors of that generation, and who dwelt in the town of his home, enjoyed that privilege. . . . I would not be without that sweet and tender memory of the voice whose words yet linger in my ear, 'nestling,' as Lowell says, 'in the ear, because of their music, and in the heart, because of their meaning,' to have heard Demosthenes speak from the Bema, or Plato in the academy.

To cite the tributes of eminent authorities to the great place of Mr. Emerson in literature, and his trustworthiness as an intellectual and spiritual guide, would occupy not only the day, but the year. . . . But we ought to be certain that we are not induced by our love for our delightful friend and townsman to confound our narrow field of vision with that of all mankind—especially with that of posterity. Yet that must be a fixed star of the first magnitude, of whom observers whose stations are apart by the distance of the whole heavens, concur in so reporting. When the Jew, and the Catholic, and the Unitarian, and the Anglican, and the Calvinist, and the Sceptic; when the Russian, and the German, and the Scotsman concur with his own countrymen in their estimate of a religious teacher, we may fairly believe that we have got the verdict not of the year or of the generation only, but of the centuries.

I received the other day a letter from an accomplished Jew containing a paper he had written upon Emerson. In it he says, 'Emerson's hold on the

minds and thoughts of men is truly remarkable. The circle of his influence grows continually wider and wider. He appeals to the most various and diverse natures. The greatest and humblest unite in paying him homage. He fascinates and inspires the hearts and souls of all. The men and women of two continents come to his writings with the feeling that a new world has been discovered, and a new era opened into their lives. They peruse his works with a delight and an avidity unroused and unsatisfied by any other author, ancient or modern. The sanest, the soberest, the most practical lawyers, doctors, statesmen, philosophers, business men—those are among the unnumbered hosts of those throughout the world who confess themselves the eager, devoted students and admirers of the inspiring Emerson. His words are on every tongue. His sentences illumine the pages and adorn the speeches of the greatest writers and orators.'

About the time I got his letter, I heard from Bishop Spaulding, one of the most eminent Catholic prelates in this country . . . that Emerson was a favorite author of his, also . . . :

'Emerson is the keenest, the most receptive, the most thoughtful mind we have had; and whatever his limitations, his failures to get at the profoundest and therefore the most interesting truth, he is, and probably will continue to be for a long time, the most vital force in American literature. His influence will outlast that of Carlyle and Ruskin. His sanity, his modesty, his kindness are greater; he is

more hopeful and consequently more helpful than they. He himself says, we judge of a man's wisdom by his hopefulness ; and so we may give him a place among the world's wise men.' . . .

Constantine Pobedonostzeff, since the death of Alexander II, has been the power behind the throne in Russia. . . . I suppose his single will, influencing that of the Emperor, and compelling submission from the whole people, has been, for nearly a quarter of a century, the most powerful single will on the face of the earth. Yet his favorite author is Emerson. He has enriched Russian literature by several translations. The first book he translated was Thomas Kempis's *Imitation of Christ*, and the next was *Emerson's Works and Days*. . . .

A little time ago, at my request, he sent for the Concord Library a volume of his translation into Russian, with an autograph letter and his own portrait. . . .

In 1833, three years before he wrote *Nature*, Mrs. Ripley said of Emerson, 'We regard him still, more than ever, as the apostle of the Eternal Reason.'

When Dean Stanley was in this country he took special pains to inform himself of the history and present condition of our religious denominations. The result of his observation was that, whatever might be the sect or creed of the clergyman, they all preached Emerson.

It were a sorry story for humanity if these eternal verities had been uttered by but one voice, or had waited from the beginning for any one voice to utter

them. They were revealed to humanity in the morning of creation. The revelation will continue until time shall be no more. What is best in humanity answered in the beginning, and will answer to the end. The lesson is that the common virtues, the common hopes, the common loves, the common faiths of mankind are the foundations on which the Universe is builded and are the things that shall endure. There is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit. There is a difference of language, but the same message. Emerson says, 'he is base—that is the one base thing of the universe—to receive benefits and render none.' . . . Emerson tells us that beauty, love, and truth, are one. He is only another witness that faith, and hope, and love, are the pillars on which all things rest, and that they abide. Their identity the Church has striven for ages to express in the great doctrine of the Trinity. Emerson also tell us that they are one with duty and with joy. . . .

But above all these, comprehending them all, is his perception of a presence that I hardly know how to name, and that it sometimes seems he did not like to name. I asked a famous preacher what it was that he thought Emerson saw more clearly than other men. He said, 'It is the Immanent God.' What Emerson would have called it, if he had given it a name, I do not know — God, the Over-Soul, the Unknown, the Unity, manifesting itself in beauty, in power, in love, in joy, in duty, existing everywhere, speaking in every



“FROM THE ROADSIDE
TO THE BROOK”

age through some prophet of its own,—it spoke to our age its high commands through the lips of Emerson.”¹

EMERSON AS AN AMERICAN.

Julian Hawthorne says of Emerson, in a lecture delivered at The Concord School of Philosophy: “His bent and genius were profoundly and typically American. So far as thoughts and opinions had color, it was that of his native soil. He believed in our great experiment; he was not disheartened by our mistakes; he had faith that the goodness and wisdom of humanity would, in the long run, prove more than equal to the goodness and wisdom of any possible man; and that men would, at last, govern themselves more nobly and successfully than any individual monarch could govern them. He speaks, indeed, of Representative Men; but he was no hero-worshipper, like Carlyle. A hero was, to him, not so much a powerful and dominating personality as a relatively impersonal instrument of God for the accomplishment of some great end. It would follow from this that humanity is the greatest hero of all; and Emerson, perhaps, believed—in this sense if not otherwise—that God has put on human nature. In the American Republic he saw the most promising field for the unhampered working-out of the divine inspiration within us.

But he was American not by determination only, but by the constitution of his mind. His catholic and unflinching acceptance of what truth soever came to

¹ From the address of George Frisbie Hoar at the Emerson Centenary observed in Concord, May 25, 1903, under the direction of the Concord Social Circle.

him was in accordance with the American idea, though not, unfortunately, with the invariable American practice. As our land is open to the world to come and inhabit it, so was his mind open to all vigorous and progressive ideas, be their hue and parentage what they might. It were rash to predict how soon America will reach his standard of her ideal; but it is encouraging to remember that nothing in her political construction renders its final attainment impossible. . . .

After Concord Fight, it is Emerson who has made Concord's reputation. . . . No one can take his place, now that he has gone; but the memory of him, and the purity and vitality of the thoughts and of the example with which he has enriched the world, will abide longer than many lifetimes, and will renew again and again, before an ever-widening audience, the summons to virtue and the faith in immortality which were the burden and glory of his song."

Louisa Alcott¹ writes, "Emerson remained my beloved master while he lived, doing more for me, as for many another young soul, than he ever knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his

1 Journal of Louisa Alcott. Thursday, 27th, 1882. "Mr. Emerson died at 9 P. M. suddenly. Our best and greatest American gone. The nearest and dearest friend father has ever had, and the man who has helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me, — from the time I sang Mignon's song under his window (a little girl) and wrote letters à la Bettine to him, my Goethe, at fifteen, up through my hard years, when his essays on Self-Reliance, Character, Compensation, Love and Friendship helped me to understand myself and life, and God and Nature. Illustrious and beloved friend, good-by!

Sunday, 30th. — Emerson's Funeral. "I made a yellow lyre of jonquils for the church, and helped trim it up. Private services at the house, and a great crowd at the church. Father read his sonnet, and Judge Hoar and others spoke. Now he lies in Sleepy Hollow among his brothers, under the pines he loved.

I sat up till midnight to write an article on R. W. E. for the Youth's Companion, that the children may know something of him. A labor of love."

books, the example of a good, great man untempted and unspoiled by the world which he made nobler while in it, and left the richer when he went."¹

When Emerson died Bronson Alcott said of him, "The change was very little, he was living in the spirit here."

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT² AND THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

"We had a superior sage here (Bronson Alcott), who had much of that mystic wisdom Very thought older and nobler than genius. Religion was his native air, the religion of identity, not of variety. . . . He had that intense application of the soul to one side of this sphere of life, which led him to neglect the exercise of intellectual powers that were amply his. . . . His friends used to call him the Vortical Philosopher, because his speculations all moved vortically toward a centre, or were occupied with repeating one truth in many forms. He was a votary of the higher Reason; not without certain foibles of the saint. . . . Of course he was the mock of the market-place, . . . but he was a profound vivifying influence in the lives of the few who recognized his inward light."³

"Mr. Alcott claims an eminent place among philosophers on the ground that he revives and announces

1 Louisa Alcott, in *Sketch of my Childhood*.

2 Amos Bronson Alcott was born in Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799, and died in Boston, March 4, 1838. For a poetic account of Mr. Alcott's early life see his poem, *New Connecticut*, and Louisa Alcott's *Eli's Education* in her *Spinning-wheel Stories*.

3 F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England*.

from his own insight the lapse theory.¹ His scholarship discovered the doctrine in the writings of Boehme and Plotinus. But those mere hints were sufficient in his mind to make a whole system of thought, and he ranks in respect to the clearness of his vision with Plotinus and Jamblicus."²

Bronson Alcott has sometimes been characterized as a man who had many kinds of sense but not common sense. "Everyone's glass reflects his bias," says Alcott. "If the thinker views men as troglodytes . . . men of the senses and mere make weights—they in turn pronounce him the dreamer, sitting aloof from human concerns, an unproductive citizen and waste power in the world."³

"Me from the womb the midnight muse did take,

.....and thus she spake,

Thou of my church shall be,

Hate and renounce (said she)

Wealth, honor, pleasure, all the world for me.

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,

Nor at the exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar,

Content thyself with a small barren praise

That neglected verse does raise."⁴

Of the Transcendental movement, Mr. Sanborn says⁵ Alcott "represented to me the more mystical parts of the Transcendental philosophy, while Theodore Parker represented the learned and practical

1 The creation of the world by a succession of lapses from the absolute.

2 W. T. Harris in memoir of Bronson Alcott, by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. William Torrey Harris was born in Killingly, Conn., in 1835. Educated at Yale College. From 1868 to 1880, Superintendent of Public Schools in St. Louis. In 1867, founded and became editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Superintendent of Public Schools in Concord, Mass., 1882 to 1885. In 1889, appointed United State Commissioner of Education, a position he now holds. Mr. Harris rented the Orchard House in Concord in 1880, and purchased it of Mr. Alcott in 1882.

3 Alcott's *Tablets*.

4 From Alcott's *Tablets*.

5 *Memoir of Bronson Alcott* by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

part, and Emerson . . . stood for the poetic element."

Mr. Alcott's methods as a teacher were in many respects in advance of his time.¹ Mr. Harris thinks that the "Orphic Saying" of Mr. Alcott on The Teacher, "represents the loftiest ideal of education to be found in all literature:" "The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence. He inspires self-distrust. He guides their eyes from himself to the spirit that quickens him. He will have no disciple. A noble artist, he has visions of excellence, and revelations of beauty which he has neither impersonated in character, nor embodied in words. His life and teachings are but studies for yet nobler ideals."²

"I never went to school except to my father or such governesses as from time to time came into the family" . . . says Louisa Alcott in her *Sketch of My Childhood*. "And very happy hours they were for us, for my father taught in the wise way which unfolds what lies in the child's nature, as a flower blooms, rather than crammed it, like a Strasburg goose, with more than it could digest."

Art in the school-room was an innovation in Mr. Alcott's day. Of his school in the Masonic Temple in Boston, he writes in his diary, Sept. 22, 1834, "I have obtained very fine rooms in the Temple, and

1 "Mr. Alcott began to teach in a better sense than the schools of New England then recognized. He appealed to the intellect, the conscience, the imagination, discovering for himself methods that advanced teachers strive to introduce today, held to these at a loss and finally had his Boston school wrecked and was himself almost mobbed for being in advance of his time."—Edward W. Emerson in *When Louisa Alcott was a Girl*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1898.

2 *The Teacher*, Bronson Alcott.

have made arrangements to fit up the interior in a style corresponding to the exterior, and, what is of more importance, in adaptation to those who are to assemble there for the formation of tastes and habits. I have spared no expense to surround the senses with appropriate emblems of intellectual and spiritual life. Paintings, busts, books and not inelegant furniture have been deemed important. I wish to fill every form that addresses the senses with significance and life, so that whatever is seen, said or done shall picture ideal beauty and perfection; thus placing the child in a scene of tranquil repose and spiritual loveliness."¹

"The Platonic Conversation² was Alcott's great occasion for showing his powers of thought and expression to his contemporaries . . . this was still his one great function after he ceased to be a schoolmaster. He learned the art in his school but practised it everywhere.³ . . . His gift of expression was not so much for writing as for speech, and conversation was his fine art; but at intervals during his whole life, he had written verses worthy of notice; and when his career was closing, he stood forth, at the age of eighty, as a poet of no mean rank. His theme was friendship, and his best skill was to draw the portraits of his friends in a series of sonnets. . . .

¹ From *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*, by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

² "Conversations are the most perfect transcript of mind. . . . Why is the New Testament so interesting? Because it is full of the conversations of Jesus, and the conversations of Socrates, recorded by Plato, make probably the most interesting book in the world."—From *Mr. Alcott's conversations with his pupils in Boston*, in *Record of a School*, by Elizabeth Peabody. Says Emerson of Alcott, "He was the one man I had met who could read Plato without surprise. . . . As for pure intellect, I have never seen his equal."

³ F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

From Alcott in his old age, he was in his eightieth year when the experiment began,—came the impulse to that later manifestation of the same spirit which had led Emerson and his youthful friends to the heights and depths of Transcendentalism. I speak of

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY,¹

which, in the last years of Emerson and Alcott, and with the co-operation of disciples² of other philosophic opinion, gave to the town a celebrity in some degree commensurate with its earlier reputation. It began in the library of Alcott's Orchard House, where his genial daughter, Louisa, had written several of her charming books; it was continued in a chapel, built for the purpose, under the lee of Alcott's pine clad hill, and amid his orchard and vineyard.³ It brought to reside in Concord that first of American philoso-

1 "As the school of Philosophy attracted much notice in various ways, it may be interesting to give its financial story. It opened July 15, 1879, without funds; its first year's expenses were \$739, its receipts \$733. I paid the small deficit, being Treasurer; but early in 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York gave a fund of a thousand dollars (which, being profitably invested by the Trustees, Messers, Alcott, Emery and Sanborn, accumulated before July, 1880, to \$1,185); and out of this was paid the cost of building the chapel in the preceding June, amounting to \$512. The fund balance of \$673 served from time to time to secure the school from risk, as well as to keep the chapel in repair, increase its furniture, etc., until the school closed in 1888."—Note by F. B. Sanborn in Memoir of Bronson Alcott.

2 An early copy of the *Light of Asia* by Edwin Arnold, introduced to American readers through Mr. Alcott's reprint, was sent by its author to William Henry Channing, a relation by marriage of Edwin Arnold, for the library of the Concord School of Philosophy, a book which the author thought would be "in harmony with the spirit and aim of those seekers after truth."

3 The day of the opening of the School of Philosophy, Louisa writes in her diary, "Father has his dream realized at last, and is in his glory, with plenty of talk to swim in. People laugh, but will enjoy something new in this dull old town; and the fresh Westerners will show them that all the culture of the world is not in Concord." Louisa must have her fun, even if it is at the expense of the grave philosophers. A month later she writes, "The town swarms with budding philosophers, and they roost on our steps like hens waiting for corn."—Quoted in *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott* by Ednah D. Cheney.

phers, Dr. W. T. Harris ; and it gathered hundreds of eager or curious hearers to attend the lectures and debates on grave subjects which a learned body of teachers gave forth. It continued in existence from the summer of 1888, when its lessons were fitly closed with a memorial service for Bronson Alcott, its founder, who had died in March, 1888.

As was said by the Boston wit of the fight on the 19th of April,—The Battle of Lexington: Concord furnished the ground, and Acton the men; so it might be said of this summer university, that Concord provided chiefly the place in which St. Louis and Illinois, New York and Boston, Harvard and Yale, held converse on high topics, yet Concord gave the school hospitality, and several of its famous authors took part in the exercises,—sometimes posthumously, by the reading of their manuscripts, as in the case of Thoreau.¹

The Concord School was no sudden thought of younger men, it was in truth the development of a germ planted by Alcott and Emerson fifty years ago.² Nothing so rounded out Alcott's long life of philosophic speculation as this brilliant school, which found its modest Academy between the orchard and pine grove of Mr. Alcott."³

1 A list of the lecturers at the first session of the Concord School of Philosophy were Bronson Alcott, William T. Harris, Dr. H. K. Jones, D. A. Wasson, Prof. Benjamin Pierce, and Ralph Waldo Emerson on philosophical subjects ; Mrs. E. D. Cheney on art ; F. B. Sanborn on Social Science, Philanthropy and Public Charities ; T. W. Higginson and Thomas Davidson on literature and history ; Rev. C. A. Bartol on Education, and H. G. O. Blake, who read selections from Thoreau's Journals.

2 In a letter of Emerson to Margaret Fuller written in 1840, he writes, "Alcott and I projected the other day a whole university out of our straws. George Ripley, Henry Hedge, Theodore Parker, Mr. Alcott, and I shall in some country, say, Concord or Hyannis—announce that we shall hold a Semester for the instruction of young men say from October to April."

3 F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.



AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

MAY ALCOTT

LOUISA ALCOTT

MRS. AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT

THE ALCOTT FAMILY IN LITERATURE.

Mrs. Alcott once naïvely remarked to Mr. F. B. Sanborn that she had been married twenty-nine years and had moved twenty-seven times.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott¹ were married in Boston, May 23, 1830. Mr. Alcott continued the small school he had been teaching in Boston before his marriage, "until the following December when being invited under auspicious conditions to open a school among the Quakers of Philadelphia at Germantown, he removed thither. . . . There his two eldest daughters were born,"² Anna and Louisa. In 1833, the Alcott's returned to Boston. Mr. Alcott had been contributing "to the New England journals of education; and he occasionally lectured to audiences on some branch of his main subject, the development, by instruction and conversation, of the youthful mind. But by the autumn of 1834 his long period of apprenticeship was over, and he began, with the opening of his famous school at the Masonic Temple in Boston, to be a conspicuous person in a city not averse to displaying its actors with every circumstance of publicity. For a while the school prospered and all went well," but the burden of debt incurred by some unsuccessful business ventures of Mr. Alcott in Virginia before his marriage, "was increased by the outlay for books, works of art, etc., used by him in the Temple School ;

1 Mrs. Alcott, (Abba May), was born in Boston, October 8, 1800, and died in Concord, November 25, 1877. Daughter of Colonel Joseph May of Boston, and sister of Rev. Samuel Joseph May, Unitarian clergyman, reformer and author.

2 Memoir of Bronson Alcott by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

and these "finally seized by the sheriff and sold. . . . brought that school to an end and deprived him even of the small income thus obtained. But for the present, [1835-1836], he went on courageously, extending his course of instruction, and engaging in a long series of conversations on the New Testament, which were edited afterward, and brought the wrath of Boston down upon him in 1837. . . .

The first volume of his conversations with Children on the Gospels was published early in 1837. . . . They were reported by Miss Peabody and occasionally by her sister Sophia, who five years later married Nathaniel Hawthorne." Mr. Alcott's school at the Temple "fell to ten pupils in the spring of 1837, and after lingering along for a year or two with one or two changes of place, was finally given up. The immediate occasion of closing it then was the unwillingness of Mr. Alcott's patrons to have their children educated in the same room with a colored child, whom in 1838 he had admitted. . . .

The shock of defeat and disappointment, in the spring of 1837, broke down the health of Mr. Alcott and he was sent by Mrs. Alcott on a visit to her brother in Plymouth County, [Scituate], which was to be the family home for a time in 1839."

An affectionate letter from Emerson at this time invites Mr. Alcott to make him a visit at Concord. He writes, "I grieve to hear you have been sick and are still feeble. . . . Is the school suspended? In that case what better can you do than come out here instantly to spend a fortnight with me? My

wife is a capital nurse, and joyfully offers her services. We have no company and Concord is Lethe's fat wharf for lounging.' . . .

Concerning his first visit to Emerson at Concord, [October 18, 1835], Mr. Alcott made this entry in his diary: 'I go to Concord this afternoon to see Rev. Mr. Emerson, one of the purest spiritualists of the day, himself a revelation of the divine spirit, an uttering word. I drove to Concord with Mr. George P. Bradford, and we reached the residence of Mr. Emerson after a drive of three hours.' . . . Emerson was at this time preparing for the press his first volume. He consulted Alcott occasionally in regard to its chapters; it was the belief of some, and of Alcott himself, that those portions of the last chapter which are ascribed to 'a certain poet' were derived in part from his conversations with the elder mystic. . . .

It was now evident that Boston was no longer a suitable home for the Alcott family; that they needed country air and the associations of simple nature and rural life. Concord had been attracting them for years,—not only as the home of Emerson, which in itself might have been a sufficient magnet, but because its situation and its people were well adapted to a family compelled to plain living and devoted to high thinking. It was a small country village, surrounded by fields and woodlands, with a beautiful tame scenery, reminding one of English Warwickshire, and with a river as pleasant and as winding as the Avon. Its population was about eighteen

hundred, almost wholly of English descent,—for the great Irish immigration did not begin till a year or two later, and the Scandinavians, who are now numerous there, hardly showed themselves before 1870. For nearly two hundred years it was a single parish, covering an area of some thirty square miles; and even in 1839 it had an established church,—the Unitarian; a society of dissenters, the Calvinists, seceders from the first parish who withdrew in 1826, under the head of Dr. Beecher; and a small society of Universalists, whose little church, about 1860, passed into the hands of the Roman Catholics. Education was carefully looked after, both in public and private schools; and in 1839, Henry Thoreau and his brother John were teaching a private school in an original manner and with some methods similar to those which Mr. Alcott had introduced . . . in Boston. The town contained, also, a cultivated society, at the head of which, though not then so recognized, stood the Emerson family, which consisted of Mr. Emerson himself, his wife and mother and two young children. . . . It was early in March, 1840, that the Alcott's determined to remove to Concord. . . . Mrs. Alcott thus announced the step to her brother, [March 13, 1840].

THE DOVE COTE.

‘I know you feel anxious to hear of our decision. It is made and we go to Concord for another experiment in the art of living. . . . We have found a small cottage with a large garden and an acre of



THE DOVE COTE

ground, for \$50 a year. It¹ is about a mile from the Emersons', and a quarter of a mile from the village; a short distance from Mr. Hoar's and near the river.'

At this time the Alcott children were three daughters, Anna, nine years old, Louisa, eight, and Lizzie, five years. . . . A fourth girl, named Abby May, was born in the Hosmer Cottage, July 28, 1840. These were the little women of Miss Alcott's book and it was their life in Concord which she specially described. To children² it was a more idyllic existence than to the toiling anxious father and mother."³

After living two years in the Hosmer Cottage, the Fruitlands experiment was undertaken by Mr.

1 Mr. Sanborn's note to the above is as follows: "The measurements of Mrs. Alcott, being taken by guess, were not exact. The Hosmer Cottage is a good half mile from the village centre, although on the western side of the then straggling village. It was the jointure or tenant cottage of a large farm house built by Adjutant Hosmer, (afterward Major and Sheriff), in 1764, and stood modestly near its portlier neighbor mansion, facing Concord River at long range across the fields, and with fields all about it on three sides, in which Mr. Alcott labored for hire."

2 TO THE FIRST ROBIN.

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger,
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing, "Sweet Spring is near."
Now the white snow melts away;
Now the flowers blossom gay;
Come dear bird and build your nest,
For we love our robin best.

Concord.

—Louisa May Alcott.

Written at the "Dove Cote," at eight years of age. "This gem my proud mother preserved with care, assuring me that if I kept on in this way I might be a second Shakespeare in time. Fired with this modest ambition, I continued to write poems upon dead butterflies, lost kittens, the baby's eyes and other simple subjects till the story-telling mania set in.—From Sketch of My Childhood by Louisa Alcott in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"In the year 1840," writes Edward Waldo Emerson of the Alcott family, "a remarkable family moved to Concord; high minded, cultivated, exceedingly poor . . . apparently so ill-fitted to fight the world's fight that failure was sure. Yet they won in the end, respect, recognition, success, and their name is honorably associated with that of the town."—When Louisa Alcott was a Girl, in *Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1898.

3 F. B. Sanborn in Memoir of Bronson Alcott.

Alcott. . . . The current of thought that broke forth in the No-Government Theories in 1843, . . . led to Alcott's arrest by the deputy sheriff of Concord, Sam Staples, and to his removal to the expected Paradise of Fruitlands in the town of Harvard the same year." He returned from his trip to England in 1842, "bringing with him, to reside at the Hosmer Cottage the next winter, Charles Lane, and his son William, and Henry C. Wright, who had left his school at Alcott House¹ proposing to select a spot, as these English friends said, 'Whereon the New Eden may be planted, and man may, untempted by evil, dwell in harmony with his Creator, with himself, his fellows and all external natures.' . . . The Fruitlands failure was this Paradise Lost.² . . .

Just as the Temple School had made Alcott a public character, who had been only studious and private, so the Dial, . . . the community at Fruitlands and his open conversations, with their Orphic utterances (which the Dial put before the world in cold print), made him conspicuous and the target for much indiscriminate odium, praise, ridicule, and misapprehension. The years from 1840 to 1845 may be taken as the zenith of his idealism and the nadir of his worldly success. Such practical qualities as he had—were clouded, both in fact and almost irretrievably in the public estimation, by the persistency with which in these years he carried out his austere principles, that

1 Mr. Alcott went to England on the invitation of James P. Greaves, of London, the friend and fellow-laborer of Pestalozzi in Switzerland. Before his arrival Mr. Greaves died, but Mr. Alcott was cordially received by Mr. Greaves' friends who had named their school, at Ham, near London, Alcott House, in his honor.

2 F. B. Sanborn in: *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

seemed to lay the axe at the root of every existing institution. . . . Alcott certainly had no talent for carrying on a community or managing a farm, nor even for selecting the persons who should make up his New England Paradise. His daughter Louisa, in her humorous adaptation of the facts concerning Fruitlands to the exigencies of a short story,¹ has said many things justly as well as entertainingly."

This effort to establish an ideal community proving a failure, the Alcotts returned to Concord, but not to the Hosmer cottage. "Mr. Alcott took up his abode nearer to the Emerson estate on the eastern edge of the village and for a time lived in the family of Edmund Hosmer. From there in due time the Alcotts removed to a new home² in an old house which, with its sheltering hills, the occupants now named

HILLSIDE³ (WAYSIDE),

but which, when it passed into the hands of Hawthorne a few years later, took the name of Wayside.

1 The ludicrous side of Mr. Alcott's unfortunate Fruitlands' experience appealed to his daughter Louisa. In her *Transcendental Wild Oats*, she gently satirizes her father and mother: "Here Abel Lamb, [Mr. Alcott] with the devoutest faith in the high ideal which was to him a living truth, desired to plant a Paradise where Beauty, Virtue, Justice and Love might live happily together without the possibility of a serpent entering in. And here his wife, unconverted but faithful to the end, hoped after many wanderings over the face of the earth, to find rest for herself and a home for her children." This "Consociate Family" "permitted the use of no milk, butter, cheese, tea or meat. Even salt was considered a useless luxury, and spice entirely forbidden. A ten years' experience of vegetarian vagaries had been good training for this freak, and Sister Hope's [Mrs. Alcott] sense of the ludicrous supported her through many trying scenes. . . . 'Poor Fruitlands, the name was as great a failure as the rest', continued Abel, with a sigh, as a frost-bitten apple fell from a leafless bough at his feet. But the sigh changed to a smile as his wife added with a half tender, half satirical tone, — 'Don't you think Apple Slump would be a better name for it, dear?'"

2 In 1841, Mrs. Alcott inherited a small property from the estate of her father, Col. Joseph May, of Boston. She decided to purchase with this a home in Concord. Mr. Emerson, who has been called the "Good Providence" of the Alcott family, contributed five hundred dollars for this purpose, and in 1845 Hillside was bought.

3 "Mr. Alcott, in 1845, bought an old house, very imperfectly built, on the Lexington road, which had been occupied before him by so humble a citizen as a pig-driver, whose custom it was to collect these animals and 'yard' them in front of the house."—F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

Here Mr. Alcott planted trees, made a terraced garden and in other ways beautified the unsightly place.¹

Painful as the awakening from the dream of Acadia at Fruitlands, and deep as Alcott's humiliation in returning to Concord must have been, there were alleviations in the bitter lot. There dwelt his unshaken friend, Emerson, with his young children, of an age to be companionable to the Alcott girls, who were indeed eight or ten years older. There was Thoreau in his cabin at Walden: Hawthorne in the Old Manse; and Ellery Channing in his

“ small cottage on the lonely hill.”

Thither came not unfrequently Margaret Fuller or William Henry Channing, or James Lowell, or Wendell Phillips, or James Freeman Clarke, while George Curtis, fresh from the Acadia of Brook Farm, with his brother, Burrill, abode as shepherds on the hills, or labored as swains in the meadows of Concord.”²

Louisa Alcott, in her *Sketch of My Childhood*, writes: “My wise mother, anxious to give me a strong body to support a lively brain, turned me loose in the country and let me run wild, learning of nature what no books can teach, and being led, as those who truly love her seldom fail to be,

‘Through nature up to nature's God.’

I remember running over the hills just at dawn one

¹ “When Alcott owned the Wayside estate, it consisted of thirty acres, mostly in wood; but there was a fine little field of grass [across Lexington road] at the foot of which ran a sweet brook [the Mill brook], where Mr. Alcott had planted willows and made a bathing place for his girls.”—Note to *Memoirs of Bronson Alcott* by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

² F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*,



THE WAYSIDE

summer morning and pausing to rest in the silent woods, saw, through an arch of trees, the sun rise over river, hill and wide green meadow as I never saw it before. Something born of the lovely hour, a happy mood and the unfolding aspirations of a child's soul seemed to bring me very near to God; and in the hush of that morning hour, I always felt that I 'got religion' as the phrase goes. A new and vital sense of His presence, tender and sustaining as a father's arms, came to me then, never to change through forty years' of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success.¹ Those Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins² with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions. Plays in the barn³ were a favorite amusement and we dramatized the fairy tales in great style. Our giant came tumbling off a loft when Jack cut down the squash-vine running up a ladder to represent the immortal bean, Cinderella rolled away in a vast pump-

1 In her journal of 1845 at Wayside the following record is given: "Concord, Thursday:—I had an early run in the woods before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of yellow and red leaves I sang for joy, my heart was so bright and the world so beautiful. I stopped at the end of the walk and saw the sunshine out over the wide 'Virginia meadows.' It seemed like going through a dark life or grave into heaven beyond. A very strange and solemn feeling came over me as I stood there, with no sound but the rustle of the pines, no one near me, and the sun so glorious, as for me alone. It seemed as if I felt God as I never did before, and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life."

2 The Rev. H. B. Goodwin was made a colleague of Dr. Ripley in the First Parish Church in 1830. Ralph Waldo Emerson preached the ordination sermon, one of the two sermons of his that were ever printed.

3 While living at Wayside, Louisa Alcott taught for a short time a school in the barn. Mr. Emerson's children were among her pupils.

kin and a long black pudding was lowered by invisible hands to fasten itself on the nose of the woman who wasted her three wishes. Pilgrims journeyed over the hill with scrip and staff and cockle shells in their hats,¹ fairies held their pretty revels among the whispering birdies,² and strawberry parties in the rustic arbor were honored by poets and philosophers, who fed us on their wit and wisdom while the little maids served more mortal food." While living at Hillside, Mr. Alcott "gave his thought more steadily to public conversations and henceforward came to be known as the Socratic talker of his time."³

The Alcott family remained here until late in 1848, and then removed to Boston for some years. During the three years they occupied the Wayside, Mr. Alcott's gardening enthusiasm had full play and he there collected those briefs and illustrations of horticulture which adorn his essays and were often used in his conversations. . . .

Soon after the Alcott's took up their abode in Boston, in 1848, where Mrs. Alcott was engaged as a friendly visitor among the poor, and thus was able to contribute largely to the support of the family, Mr. Alcott began to hold conversations at his rooms in West Street. . . .

The first residence of the Alcott's in Boston was in Dedham Street, convenient to the missionary work among the poor in which Mrs. Alcott was engaged." After a short residence in High street,

¹ See *Little Women*.

² See *Flower Fables*.

³ F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

they moved to Pinckney street. "In this house the two elder daughters, Anna and Louisa,¹ opened a school; but soon after, in 1853, Anna was engaged as a teacher in one of the state institutions at Syracuse, where her uncle, Mr. May, had then been living for some years as parish minister. Mr. Alcott, in the meantime, began at the West,² in the winter of 1853-1854, that long series of conversation tours which ended only in the last year of his life. His first excursion of this kind was pecuniarily unsuccessful, as is related in the journal of Louisa for February, 1854, printed in Mrs. Cheney's pathetic biography.³

Mr. Alcott left Boston in the later summer of 1855, and made his home for two years with his wife and two youngest daughters in the house of Mrs. Alcott's kinsman, Mr. Willis, at Walpole, N. H. . . . But the residence at Walpole had been but a temporary thing. . . . Arrangement was made for the purchase by Mrs. Alcott and some of her husband's friends of the small estate on which

1 In 1852, Louisa writes (journal) "My first story was printed and \$5 paid for it. It was written in Concord when I was sixteen. Great rubbish. Read it aloud to sisters, and when they praised it, not knowing the author, I proudly announced her name."

2 At the suggestion of Mr. Harris, Mr. Alcott went to St. Louis to hold conversations open to the public. Of the result of these visits Mr. Harris says, "That a person has within him the power of growth in insight, is the most valuable conviction that he can acquire. Certainly this was the fruit of Mr. Alcott's labors in the West."—William Harris in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott* by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

3 "1854 Pinckney Street—In February father came home. Paid his way, but no more. A dramatic scene when he arrived at night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew down crying 'My husband.' We rushed after and five white figures embraced the half frozen wanderer who came in hungry, tired, cold and disappointed, but smiling bravely and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money; but no one did till little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, 'Well, did people pay you?' Then with a queer look, he opened his pocket book and showed one dollar, saying with a smile that made our eyes fill, 'only that'."—From *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott* by Ednah D. Cheney.

THE ORCHARD HOUSE¹

stands in the eastern part of Concord.² It was an old New England farm house of the better sort and had stood there under the pine covered ridge for nearly two centuries when the Alcotts became the owners of it. Says Alcott in his *Tablets*, writing of the little that suffices us in life, "If his house is an ancient one, or ancestral, by so much the stronger are the ties that bind his affections to it, especially if it stand in an orchard³ and have a good garden. The genius that repairs an old house successfully may fail in building another." This may have been his explanation to some of his friends, who urged him to pull down the old house and build a new one. But after Alcott had remodelled the house, he writes in his diary:⁴ "My neighbors flatter me in telling me that I have one of the best placed and most picturesque houses in town,⁵ as for fences and gates,⁶

1 "The removal to Concord was in October 1857; but the Orchard House, though purchased a few weeks earlier, was not ready for occupation until July, 1858, and the family lived during the winter and spring in a house near the Town Hall, [immediately in the rear], where Elizabeth died."—F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

2 *Louisa Alcott's Journal*, August, 1857: "Father decides to go back to Concord; he is never happy far from Emerson, the one true friend who loves and understands and helps him."

3 Of Alcott in his orchard, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop writes in *Memories of Hawthorne*, "Almost the only point at which he normally met this world was in his worship of apple trees. Here, in his orchard, he was an all-admirable human being and lovely to observe. As he looked upon the undulating arms or piled the excellent apples, red and russet, which seemed to shine at his glance, his figure became supple and his countenance beamed with a ruby and gold akin to the fruit. In his orchard by the high road, with its trees rising to a great height from a basin-shaped side lawn (which may originally have been marshy ground) he seemed to me a perfect soul. We all enjoyed greatly seeing him there, as we wended to and fro from our little town."

4 *Concord Days* by Bronson Alcott.

5 In *Septimius Felton*, Hawthorne has placed the home of Robert Hagburn at the Orchard House, "a house of somewhat more pretension, a hundred yards or so nearer to the village, standing back from the road in the broader space which the retreating hill, cloven by a gap in that place, afforded; where some elms intervened between it and the road, offering a

I was told that mine were unlike any other in the world." He conjectures the house was one hundred and fifty years old and of "learned ancestry, moreover, having been the homestead of a brother of President Hoar of Harvard College."

From his rustic seat above his home, Alcott could see "the willows by the rock bridge over the brook, the winding lane [Lovers' Lane], once the main track of travel before the turnpike branching off from the old Boston road by Emerson's door was built, while on the east stands the pine-clad hill, Hawthorne's favorite haunt, and hiding his last residence."¹ Below him were "the ancient elms² before the house, of a hundred years' standing and more, the pride of the yard."³ Alcott had the "taste and energy of his daughter May to aid him in planning and decorating Orchard House. At the age of sixty,⁴ he was still in this idyllic vein, and its results

site which some person of a natural taste for the gently picturesque had seized upon. These same elms or their successors, still fling a noble shade over the same old house which the magic hand of Alcott has improved by the touch that throws grace, amiableness and natural beauty over scenes that have little pretension in themselves."—Septimius Felton.

6 "Alcott represented to me a fairy element in the up-country region in which I so often saw him. I heard that he walked the woods for the purpose of finding odd coils of tree-roots and branches, which would on the instant suggest to him an ingenious use in his art of rustic building."—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in *Memories of Hawthorne*. Mrs. Hawthorne records in her diary Jan., 1862, "Mr. Alcott worked all day, lacking three hours, in constructing a rustic seat at the foot of our hill."—*Ibid*.

1 Concord Days.

2 In Louisa Alcott's *Journal* of May, 1860, she writes of the marriage of her sister Anna to John Pratt (See the marriage of Meg to John Brooke in *Little Women*). "The dear girl was married on the 23d, the same day as mother's wedding. A lovely day, the house full of sunshine, flowers, friends and happiness. We had a little feast . . . then the old folks danced round the bridal pair on the lawn in the German fashion, making a pretty picture to remember under our Revolutionary elm."

3 Concord Days.

4 "He might have been taken for a centenarian when I beheld him one day slowly and pathetically constructing a pretty rustic fence before his gabled brown house. . . . Ten years afterward, he was, on the contrary, a Titan, gay, silvery-locked, elegant, ready to begin his life over."—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in *Memories of Hawthorne*.

were well described by Mrs. Child, an early friend of Mrs. Alcott, who visited the Orchard House in 1876. She says (what was equally true of the Wayside estate):—

‘The home of the Alcott’s took my fancy greatly. When they bought the place, the house was so very old that it was thrown into the bargain, with the supposition that it was fit for nothing but fire-wood. But Mr. Alcott has an architectural taste more intelligible than his Orphic sayings. He let every old rafter and beam stay in its place, changed old ovens and ash-holes into Saxon arched alcoves, and added a washerwoman’s old shanty to the rear. The result is a house full of queer nooks and corners, with all manner of juttings in and out. It seems as if the spirit of some old architect had brought it from the Middle Ages and dropped it down in Concord. . . . The capable Alcott daughters painted and papered the interior themselves. And gradually the artist daughter filled up all the nooks and corners with panels¹ on which she had painted birds and flowers, and over the open fire places she painted mottoes in ancient English characters.² Owls blink

¹ “On the summer fireboard,” Dr. Emerson writes, May had drawn “Moses with the tables of the law. . . . Mr. Alcott’s library, with its box shelves contained in humble form the best thoughts of the world, its fireplace, plain writing table and easy chair, its few plaster heads of the great teachers and strange old engravings of the wise men, looked the proper home for the benignant silver haired philosopher who was its greatest ornament. May’s little room over the back porch, where the grapevine swings its shoots across the window, was femininely pretty and interesting, yet the effects were produced by the most inexpensive means, and on the plaster and paint she gave her pencil and brush all the liberty they cried for, as the artistic craving of her nature was now asserting itself.”—Edward W. Emerson in *When Louisa Alcott was a Girl*, Ladies Home Journal, Dec. 1898.

² The poet Channing wrote the stanza for the chimney-piece of the study,

“The hills are reared, the valleys scooped in vain,
If learning’s altars vanish from the plain.”

Still to be seen on the mantel,

at you, and faces peep from the most unexpected places. The whole leaves a general impression of harmony of a mediaeval sort, though different parts of the house seem to have stopped in a dance that became confused because some of the party did not keep time. The walls are covered with choice engravings, and paintings by the artist daughter."

The room opposite the library, "which was both parlor and living room, always had a cheerful home-like appearance; and after the youngest daughter, May, entered on her profession as a painter, it soon became an interesting museum of sketches, water-colors and photographs. I remember an engraving of Murillo's Virgin, with the moon under her feet, hanging on the wall, and some excellent copies of Turner's water-color studies. The Alcotts were a hospitable family, not easily disturbed by callers, and ready to share what they had with others. The house had a style of its own."¹

The Orchard House became the permanent home of the Alcotts² until it was sold in 1882 to William

1 Frank Preston Stearns, in *Sketches from Concord and Appledore*.

2 "The Alcotts received their friends, weather permitting, on Monday evenings, and some favored youths of Mr. Sanborn's school would go there to play whist, make poker-sketches and talk with the ladies; while Mrs. Alcott . . . would have a quiet game of chess with some older person in a corner, Louisa usually sat by the fire-place, knitting rapidly with an open book in her lap, and if required to make up a table would come forward with a quiet look of resignation and some such remark as 'You know I am not a Sarah Battles.' Then after a while her love for fun would break forth, and her bright flashes of wit would play about the heads of all who were in the room. Just after ten, Mr. Alcott would come in with a dish of handsome apples and his wife produce some ginger cakes; a lively chat for fifteen or twenty minutes would follow, and then the guests would walk home. It was in this way Louisa acquired that stock of information about young people and their affairs which she made such good use of afterwards."—Louisa M. Alcott in *Sketches from Concord and Appledore* by Frank Preston Stearns, born in Medford, Mass., January 4, 1846. Prepared for College in F. B. Sanborn's school in Concord. Graduated at Harvard 1867. Author of *Life of Tintoretto*; *The Midsummer of Italian Art*; *Concord Sketches*; *The Real and Ideal in Literature*; *Modern English Prose Writers*; *Life of Bismark*; *Four Great Venetians*.

T. Harris, the friend and biographer of Alcott. Louisa in her journal writes at this time of the Orchard House, "We shall never go back to it. It ceased to be home when Marmee left it." After the sale of the Orchard House, the Alcotts moved to the

THOREAU-ALCOTT HOUSE,

Mrs. John Pratt's home, which had been purchased by Mrs. Pratt and Louisa in 1876. Mrs. Alcott died there in 1877.¹ The Thoreau-Alcott house is now occupied by the nephew of Louisa Alcott, Frederick Alcott Pratt, of the firm of Hardy & Pratt, publishers, of Boston, one of the "Little Men."

LOUISA ALCOTT²

"As a family," the Alcotts "had seen much happiness, but very little worldly prosperity. Beginning with a small property on either side, they had early incurred debt, chiefly to promote those plans for

1 November, 1877. "Still feeble and mother failing fast. On the 14th, we were both moved to Anna's at mother's earnest wish. A week in the new home, and she ceased to care for anything—November 25th. Her last words to father were, 'You are laying a very soft pillow for me to go to sleep on.'—On the 27th it was necessary to bury her, and we took her quietly to Sleepy Hollow. A hard day, but the last duty we could do for her; and there we left her at sunset beside dear Lizzie's dust—alone so long. . . . My only comfort is, that I could make her last years comfortable and lift off the burden she had carried so bravely all these years."—Journal of Louisa Alcott in *Life, Letters and Journals* by Ednah D. Cheney.

2 Born at Germantown, Pa., November 29, 1832; died at Boston, (Roxbury) Mass., March 6, 1888. The following, as collected by her publishers, Roberts Brothers, in a uniform edition of twenty-five volumes, are her works:

Novels (four volumes).—*Work, Moods, A Modern Mephistopheles, Hospital Sketches.*

Little Women Series (eight volumes).—*Little Women, An Old-Fashioned Girl, Little Men, Eight Cousins, Rose in Bloom, Under the Lilacs, Jack and Jill, Jo's Boys.*

Spinning-Wheel Stories Series (four volumes).—*Silver Pitchers, Proverb Stories, Spinning-Wheel Stories, A Garland for Girls.*

Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag (six volumes).—*My Boys, Shawl Strap, Cupid and Chow-Chow, My Girls, Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore, An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving.*

Lulu's Library (three volumes).



THE THOREAU-ALCOTT HOUSE

the good of others which both the father and mother had heartily formed and resolutely carried forward. From these burdens they could never free themselves, until literature came in as bread-winner and the brilliant daughter after years of unrequited toil with the pen, at last found herself famous and able to restore and build up the fortunes of the household.¹ But this was no accident." Louisa Alcott's "success had for its back-ground the whole generous past of her family. Even literally this was so, for it was only as the historian of the household, the chronicler of their romantic and pathetic story, that she could permanently touch the hearts of the public. Her short and bitter experience in the army hospitals, early in the Civil War, when related by her, . . . commanded attention far and wide; but these Hospital Sketches were only her letters to the family, during those few weeks, revised long after, when she had recovered from the illness into which her hospital life had thrown her."²

1 While living at Pinckney Street, Boston, Louisa records (*Journal* 1855), my book [*Flower Fables*] came out; and people began to think that topsy-turvy Louisa would amount to something after all, since she could do so well as housemaid, teacher, seamstress and story-teller. Perhaps she may." Of the Rev. Theodore Parker of Boston and Ralph Waldo Emerson, she writes about this time, (*Journal*, 1859), "Good news of Parker in Florence,—my beloved minister and friend. To him and R. W. E. I owe much of my education. May I be a worthy pupil of such men!"

2 Louisa's *Journal*, April, 1861. "War declared with the South and our Concord company went to Washington. A busy time getting them ready, and a sad day seeing them off; for in a little town like this, we all seem like one family in times like these. At the station the scene was very dramatic, as the brave boys went away perhaps never to come back again. I've often longed to see a war, and now I have my wish. I long to be a man; but as I can't fight, I will content myself with working for those who can. . . . May, 1861—Spent our May-day working for our men—three hundred women all sewing together, at the hall, for two days." November, 1862, "Decided to go to Washington as nurse if I could find a place. Help needed and I love nursing, and must let out my pent-up energy in some new way." December, "On the 11th, I received a note from Miss H. M. Stevenson telling me to start for Georgetown next day to fill a place in the Union Hotel Hospital. I was ready and when my commander said 'March!' I marched." After her recovery from typhoid pneumonia contracted in the hospital at Washington, she writes in her *Journal* April, 1863, "Had some pleasant walks and drives and felt as if born again, everything seemed so beautiful and new."

Nor did she again reach any marked success in her chosen vocation until she turned into cordial fiction the family life and the girlish sentiments and adventures of the four sisters, whom the removal to Walpole for the first time really separated. In this unavoidable separation, occurred the first great misfortune of the household—the long, fatal illness of Elizabeth, the third daughter [Beth of *Little Women*], ending with her death in Concord in 1858.¹ And this calamity also was in consequence of one of those generous acts which the Alcotts performed as constantly and inevitably as most persons perform acts of self interest.² There was scarlet fever in a poor family near where they were living in Walpole. Mrs. Alcott went there to see that proper care was taken

1 Louisa in her Journal, March 24, 1858, writes, "My dear Beth died at three this morning, after two years of patient pain. Last week she put her work away, saying the needle was 'too heavy,' and having given us her few possessions, made ready for the parting in her own simple, quiet way. . . . Tuesday she lay in father's arms and called us around her, smiling contentedly as she said 'All here.' I think she bid us good-bye then as she held our hands and kissed us tenderly. Saturday she slept and at midnight became unconscious, quietly breathing her life away, till three; then, with one last look of the beautiful eyes, she was gone." Of the burial she writes, "On Monday Dr. Huntington read the chapel service and we sang her favorite hymn; Mr. Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Sanborn and John Pratt carried her out of the old home to the new one at Sleepy Hollow, chosen by herself."

2 "I have never known a family who equalled the Alcotts in generosity, even in their poverty. Later, when better times came, mainly by Louisa's devoted work, whatever they had they gladly shared. When May at last was able to begin serious work in art, her time and her materials were always at the service of others who often could well afford both better. More than this her enthusiasm was contagious. During her last stay in Concord before her going abroad, two sculptors who afterward became eminent, and some painters, were helped by her advice, but more by her eager zeal at the outset of their work."—When Louisa Alcott was a Girl, by E. W. Emerson. In a sketch of her life written for a friend, Louisa writes, (*Life, Letters and Journals* by Ednah D. Cheney.) "Once we carried our breakfast to a starving family, once we lent our whole dinner to a neighbor suddenly taken unprepared by distinguished guests." Louisa comments on her Journal of 1850, "We had small-pox in the family this summer, caught from some poor immigrants whom mother took into our garden and fed one day. We girls had it lightly, but father and mother were very ill, and we had a curious time of exile, danger and trouble. No doctors and all got well." In 1856 while boarding in Boston at Mrs. David Reed's [represented in *Little Women* as Mrs. Kirke's house] she writes, (*Journal*), "In the eve went to teach at Warren Street Chapel Charity School. I'll help as I am helped, if I can. Mother says no one so poor he can't do a little for some one poorer yet."

of the neglected children; thus the disease found entrance to her own home, and the dear daughter was stricken down. She lingered in the later stages of this disease for many months, and it was to give her a better chance of recovery that her father and mother removed from the banks of the Connecticut to the neighborhood of Boston, in 1857, and finally established themselves in Concord.¹

I had then been at the head of a small school in Concord for about three years; and among my pupils in the drawing-class were two of the Alcott sisters for a short time, while all three took part in charades, theatricals² and other amusements at my school-rooms or at the village homes of Concord.³ May Alcott now began to show that love of Art which afterwards gave direction to her whole life; and in these classes and rehearsals Anna Alcott made the

1 In April, 1858, Louisa writes: "Came to occupy one wing of Hawthorne's house (once ours) while the new one was being repaired. Father, mother and I kept house together, May being in Boston, Anna at Pratt Farm, and, for the first time, Lizzie absent. . . . July, 1858. Went into the new house [Orchard House] and began to settle. Father is happy, mother glad to be at rest; Anna is in bliss with her gentle John; and May busy over her pictures. I have plans simmering, but must sweep and dust, and wash my dish-pans a while longer till I see my way."

2 "Louisa and her sister Annie (now Mrs. Pratt) were excellent actresses, and were always in demand when private theatricals were on foot. To see her perform in the *Two Buzzards*, with her sister and F. B. Sanborn, was a treat."—Louisa M. Alcott in *Sketches from Concord and Appledore* by Frank Preston Stearns.

3 Louisa Alcott says of her own appearance, "When I don't look like the tragic muse, I look like the ghostly relic of the great Boston fire." Dr. Emerson in his article, *When Louisa Alcott was a Girl*, writes of the Alcott girls: "Louisa was fine looking and had the most regular features of the family, and very handsome wavy brown hair like her mother's—Anna, the eldest, was plain, but so friendly and sweet tempered a person that beauty of expression made up for the lack of it in her features; but she had a quick sense of humor without the ingredient of tartness that Louisa's sometimes had. Anna had a wonderful dramatic gift. May, the youngest, the darling of the family, (Amy of the stories), was a tall, well made blonde, the lower part of her face irregular, but she had beautiful blue eyes and brilliant yellow hair. She was overflowing with spirits and energy, danced well, and rode recklessly whenever she could, by a rare chance, come by a saddle horse for an hour."

acquaintance of John Pratt,¹ son of one of the Brook Farmers of an earlier period, whom she married at the Orchard House in May 1860. Louisa, whose taste for the drama had not been gratified, and who continued writing short stories for the weekly newspapers, where they appeared without her name, now began to make her mark as a writer; and it was during this final residence of the family in Concord, from 1857 to 1880, that she established her name in literature.² Nearly all of her best works were written there, most of them in the Orchard House." Her Hospital Sketches were first published in the Boston Commonwealth, edited by F. B. Sanborn. In the same journal and at the same time appeared "those chapters of Mr. Alcott's diary which were then called The Countryman in his Garden and Orchard and which afterwards appeared in the volume, Concord Days. . . .

Louisa Alcott followed up her Hospital Sketches in the Commonwealth with a series of Letters from the Mountains and in the same journal was printed her Golden Wedding, which later appeared among her sketches.

These first years of family life at the Orchard House although not years of outward prosperity,

1 Louisa Alcott writes in her Journal (1873) after the death of John Pratt, "Now that John is dead, I can truly say we all had cause to bless the day he came into the family; for we gained a son and brother and Anna the best husband ever known. For ten years he made her home a little heaven of love and peace; and when he died he left her the legacy of a beautiful life, and an honest name to his little sons."

2 The Flower Fables, written at sixteen for Ellen Emerson, daughter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, were published when Louisa was twenty-two years old. She received thirty-two dollars for the book, but it launched her on her career of authorship. In a Christmas letter to her mother, she writes, "Into your Christmas stocking I have put my first-born, knowing that you will accept it with all its faults (for grandmothers are always kind) and look upon it merely as an earnest of what I may yet do; for with so much to cheer me on, I hope to pass in time from fairies and fables to men and realities."—Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott by Ednah D. Cheney.



THE ORCHARD HOUSE

were a season of great importance for the literary activity and the personal enjoyment of the Alcott family. The early circle of friends who had found Concord so delightful from 1840 to 1848 was still unbroken by death,—for only Margaret Fuller, who was shipwrecked in 1850, had passed away; and Hawthorne, after his long residence in Europe, was returning to spend the rest of his life at Concord.¹ Emerson was in his most active career as a public teacher by lectures and discourses; Thoreau also lectured frequently, and was making those observations on nature and man which since his death have filled so many volumes, and Ellery Channing, after a short absence in New Bedford, where he edited a newspaper, had returned to Concord and was living in the immediate neighborhood of Thoreau, [Across the street on Main street], Mrs. Ripley, that learned lady, who read Greek for pleasure, dwelt in the Old Manse with her daughter near her, and Elizabeth Hoar, since her father's death in 1856, was occupying his hospitable house and joining in the studies and pursuits of her friends, young and old.

The children of the Concord families were growing up; and their amusements with those of their

1 "Concord itself could gleam occasionally, even outside of its perfect Junes and Octobers, as we can see here in the merry geniality of Louisa Alcott, who no more failed to make people laugh than she failed to live one of the bravest and best of lives. In return for a package of birthday gifts, she sent us a poem, from which I take these verses:

'The Hawthorne is a gracious tree,
From latest twig to parent root,
For when all others leafless stand,
It gaily blossoms and bears fruit.
On certain days a friendly wind,
Wafts from its spreading boughs a store
Of canny gifts that flutter in
Like snowflakes at a neighbor's door.'"

—Memories of Hawthorne by Rose Hawthorne Lathorp.

companions, gave an air of liveliness to the quiet town which it scarcely had before or afterward. The school with which I was connected, and the town schools, of which for several years Mr. Alcott and two or three friends had the direction, realized in some degree his early theory of what schools should be. Mr. Alcott had been appointed in 1859 or earlier, superintendent¹ of the dozen public schools which Concord then maintained in the village and in the outlying districts.² . . . He gave much time to this renewal of his educational tasks; and his influence on the schools and the children, both directly and through their teachers, was very noticeable.³

1 "In April, 1859, Mr. Alcott was chosen Superintendent of the public schools of Concord, by a school committee of which Mr. Bull, the creator of the Concord grape, and Mr. Sanborn, were members."—*Familiar Letters of Thoreau* by F. B. Sanborn.

2 In a letter to her aunt, Mrs. Bond, from "Apple Slump" (Orchard House) September, 1860, Louisa writes, "Father continues to stir up the schools like a mild pudding stick, mother to sing Hebron among her pots and pans, Anna and the Prince Consort to bill and coo in the little dove-cote, Oranthy Bluggage to launch ships on the Atlantic and make a gigantic blot of herself in working the vessel, Abby to teach the fine arts and play propriety for the family, and the old house to put its best foot foremost and hoot at the idea of ever returning to the chaos from which it came. This is a condensed history of 'the pathetic family,' which is also a 'happy family,' owing to the prevalence of friends and lots of kindness in the original packages, which are always arriving when the Widow Cruise's oil bottle begins to give out."

3 Journal, February, 1861. "Father had his usual school festival, and Emerson asked me to write a song, which I did. On the 16th, the schools all met in the hall (four hundred),—a pretty posy bed, with a border of proud parents and friends. Some of the fogies objected to the names Phillips and John Brown. But Emerson said: 'Give it up? No, no; I will read it.' Which he did, to my great contentment; for when the great man of the town says 'Do it,' the thing is done. So the choir warbled, and the Alcotts were uplifted in their vain minds. Father was in his glory, like a happy shepherd with a large flock of sportive lambs; for all did something. Each school had its badge,—one pink ribbons, one green shoulder-knots, and one wreaths of pop-corn on the curly pates. One school to whom father had read Pilgrim's Progress told the story, one child after the other popping up to say his or her part; and at the end a little tot walked forward, saying with a pretty air of wonder,—'And behold it was all a dream.' When all was over, and father about to dismiss them, F. H., a tall handsome lad came to him, and looking up confidently to the benign old face, asked 'our dear friend Mr. Alcott to accept of Pilgrim's Progress and George Herbert's Poems from the children of Concord, as a token of their love and respect.' Father was much touched and surprised, and blushed and stammered like a boy, hugging the fine books while the children cheered till the roof rung. His report was much admired, and a thousand copies printed to supply the demand; for it was a new thing to have a report, neither dry nor dull; and teachers were glad of the hints given, making education a part of religion, not a mere bread-making grind for teacher, and an irksome cram for children."

Visitors thronged the village then as since; but they were then visitors of friendship rather than curiosity. In a letter of September 17, 1860, Louisa Alcott says of her own household: 'Saturday we had J. G. Whittier, Charlotte Cushman, Miss Stebbins, the actress, and Mr. Stuart, conductor of the underground railroad in this charming, free country. So you see our humble place of abode is perking up; and when the great 'authoress and artist' are fairly out of the shell, we shall be an honor to our country and terror to the foe'.¹ The simple but romantic life of this village, this family and this circle of friends, gave Louisa Alcott her opportunity as an author. . . . No experience, great or small, elevating or humiliating, through which they had passed, was lost upon her; and all went to form that attractive picture which, as drawn by her pen, has made Concord a place of deep interest to myriads of young people. . . .

Necessity,² and of many unwelcome sorts, was the lot of the Alcotts in Concord for the ten years

1 "This was the epoch when Dr. Dio Lewis had introduced a calisthenic revival, and his classes gave great sport, in which children and elders took part."—Edward W. Emerson in *When Louisa Alcott was a Girl, Ladies Home Journal*, December, 1898. In a letter to her aunt, Mrs. Bond, written at 'Apple Slump,' September 17, 1860, Louisa Alcott writes: "This amiable town is convulsed just now with a gymnastic fever, which shows itself with great violence in all the schools and young societies generally. Dr. Lewis has inoculated' us for the 'disease' and it has 'taken finely;' for every one has become a perambulating windmill with all its four sails going as if a wind had set in; and the most virulent cases present the phenomena of black eyes and excoriations of the knobby parts of the frame, to say nothing of sprains and breakage of vessels looming in the future. The City Fathers approve of it; and the city sons and daughters intend to show that Concord has as much muscle as brain, and be ready for another Concord fight, if Louis Napoleon sees fit to covet this famous land of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Alcott and Co. Abby and I are among the pioneers; and the delicate vegetable productions clash their cymbals in private, when the beef-eating young ladies faint away and become superfluous dumb-belles."

2 Louisa's *Journal*, December, 1860, "A quiet Christmas; no presents but apples and flowers. No merry making; for Nan and May are gone, and

between 1858, when they first occupied the Orchard House, and 1868, when good fortune came to them in the success of Louisa's *Little Women*,¹ which was sent Roberts Brothers in July, 1868, and published the following October. She said of it very truly, as she sent it forth: 'We really lived most of this book; and if it succeeds that will be the reason.' From that time forward, *Fortune*,² as Thoreau says, 'was surname to Fortitude,'³ and rich was the long-deferred result of magnanimity in the whole family.⁴

Betty under the snow. But we are used to hard times, and as mother says, 'while there is a famine in Kansas we mustn't ask for sugar plums.' All the philosophy in our house is not in the study; a good deal is in the kitchen, where a fine old lady thinks high thoughts and does kind deeds while she cooks and scrubs." January, 1861, "Father had four talks at Emerson's; good people came, and he enjoyed them much; made \$30. R. W. E. probably put in \$20. He has a sweet way of bestowing gifts on the table under a book or behind a candlestick when he thinks father wants a little money, and which no one will help him earn. A true friend is this tender and illustrious man."

1 "The facts" in her story of *Little Women*, "though often changed as to time and place," are given (Mrs. Cheney's *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott*) in "the author's own statement," as "The early plays and experiences; Beth's death; Jo's literary and Amy's artistic experiences; Meg's happy home; John Brooke and his death; Demi's character. Mr. March did not go to the war, but Jo did. Mrs. March is all true, only not half good enough. Laurie is not an American boy, though every lad I ever knew claims the character. He was a Polish boy, met abroad in 1865. Mr. Lawrence is my grandfather, Colonel Joseph May, Aunt March is no one."

2 Of Louisa Alcott's first trip abroad after the publication of *Little Women*, F. B. Stearns writes in his *Sketches from Concord and Appledore*, "Her journey through Europe was like a triumphal procession. Doors were opened to her everywhere; not the palace of the Rothschilds or the apartments of the ex-Queen of Naples, but those of distinguished artists and literary people. Mr. Healy, the best American painter in Rome, requested permission to paint her portrait. This she consented to and was rather surprised when he afterwards presented it to her."

3 Louisa Alcott readily gave her time and services to help better the conditions of her own town. In her journal of March, 1882, she writes, "Helped start a temperance society; much needed in C. [Concord], a great deal of drinking, not among the Irish, but young American gentlemen, as well as farmers and mill hands. Women anxious to do something, but find no interest beyond a few. Have meetings and try to learn how to work. I was secretary, and wrote records, letters and sent pledges, etc., also articles in *Concord Freeman and Woman's Journal* about the union and town meetings."

4 In the latter part of her life, Louisa Alcott became very much interested in *Woman's Suffrage* and kindred subjects. In her journal of September, 1879, she records, "Paid my first poll-tax. As my head is my most valuable property, I thought \$2 a cheap tax on it. Saw my townswomen about voting, etc. Hard work to stir them up." In the *Concord Freeman*, April 8, 1880, appears the following: "Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in a letter to the *Woman's Journal* about the Concord election, at which women voted for the first time for school committee, thus describes the scene and reports her



THE CONCORD
SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY

Under the impulse given by Louisa's literary success, her father again began to publish books, and towards the end of 1868 copyrighted his *Tablets*.¹ This was followed in 1872 by *Concord Days*. . . . Then came a reprint, in 1874, of Miss Peabody's *Record of A School*; in 1877, just before Mrs. Alcott's death, his *Table Talk*, containing his last published utterances on the *Lapse and Pre-existence*. . . . Early in 1882 he published his *Sonnets and Canzonets*. . . . He had privately printed, in 1881, the first part of his *New Connecticut*, which was afterward published, during his long illness,² but with his full knowledge and approval, in 1887."³ After the privations of their early lives, the comfort that she could bring to the loved ones of her own household through her busy pen was the source of great happiness to Louisa Alcott.⁴ In August, 1873, she records

impression: . . . "The moderator then announced that the ladies would prepare their votes and deposit them before the men did. No one objected, we were ready and filed out in good order dropping our votes and passing back to our seats as quickly and quietly as possible—No bolt fell on our audacious heads, no earthquake shook the town, but a pleasing surprise created a general outbreak of laughter and applause, for scarcely were we seated, when Judge Hoar rose and proposed that the polls be closed. The motion was carried before the laugh subsided, and the polls were closed without a man's voting; a perfectly fair proceeding, we thought, since we were allowed no voice on any other question." In her journal, Louisa writes (March 29, 1880): "Town meeting. Twenty women there and voted first, thanks to Father. Polls closed,—in joke, we thought, as Judge Hoar proposed it; proved to be in earnest and *we* elected a good school committee. Quiet time, no fuss."

1 Louisa's *Journal*, September, 1868. "Father's book [*Tablets*] came out. Very simple outside, wise and beautiful within. Hope it will bring him praise and profit, for he has waited long."

2 Of the paralytic stroke which her father had in 1882, and which finally terminated in his death in 1888, Louisa writes, (*Journal*), "It is sad to see the change one moment makes, turning the hale, handsome old man into this pathetic wreck. The forty sonnets last summer, and the fifty lectures at the School [of Philosophy] last summer, were too much for a man of eighty-three."

3 F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

4 Louisa's *Journal*, November 1872. "Got father off for the West, all neat and comfortable. I enjoyed every penny spent, and had a happy time packing his new trunk with warm flannels, neat shirts, gloves, etc., and seeing the dear man go off in a new suit, overcoat, hat and all like a gentleman.

in her journal, "I had quiet days with Marmee; drove with her, and had the great pleasure of supplying all her needs and fancies." She fitted up her father's library with great taste, had his books and manuscripts bound, and gave him all the ease and comfort money could purchase for him.¹

ABBA MAY ALCOTT.

"May Alcott was a child of Concord and took more delight in the town and its opportunities than her elder sisters or her mother. She studied art before the Orchard House was bought, and continued her studies with little progress at first, for many years. She not only became an excellent artist herself, but inspired the love of art in two Concord sculptors, French and Elwell, who have since distinguished themselves. She published in 1869 a volume of Concord Sketches, made by her from 1860 onward, among which is a fine drawing of the Alcott summer house in Emerson's garden and of the Hawthorne house, as rebuilt in 1861. In England she devoted herself greatly to Turner, and made some of the best copies of his pictures that have been seen in America."² In *Little Women*, Louisa describes Amy, (her sister May),

We both laughed over the pathetic old times with tears in our eyes, and I reminded him of the 'poor as poverty, but serene as heaven' saying."

1 "After the years of teaching he began to preach at last, not in one pulpit, but in many all over the land, diffusing good thoughts now as he had peddled small wares when a boy; still learning as he went, still loving books and studying mankind, still patient, pious, dutiful and tender, a wise and beautiful old man, till at eighty, Eli's education ended." *Eli's Education* by Louisa Alcott.

2 F. B. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott*.

as "a regular snow maiden, with blue eyes and yellow hair, curling on her shoulders, pale and slender, and always carrying herself like a young lady mindful of her manners. . . . 'Don't stop to quirk your little finger and prink over your plate, Amy, cried Jo.' . . . If anybody had asked Amy what the greatest trial of her life was, she would have answered at once, 'my nose.' No one minded it but herself, and it was doing its best to grow; but Amy felt deeply the want of a Grecian nose and drew whole sheets of handsome ones to console herself."¹ Mrs. Alcott, in her diary, says of her daughter May, "She does all things well; her capabilities are much in her eyes and fingers. When a child I observed with what ease and grace she did little things."²

The following entries in Louisa's Journal give a brief account of her sister May's artistic and literary career as viewed from the standpoint of her own family. October, 1855, "May illustrated my book, and tales called Christmas Elves. Better than Flower Fables." 1857, "May did a crayon head of Mother, with Mrs. Murdock; very good likeness. All of us proud as peacocks of our 'little Raphael'."³ April, 1859, "May went home after a happy winter at the school of design [in Boston], where she did finely, and was pronounced full of promise. Mr. T. said good things of her and we were very proud. No doubt now what she is to be, if we can only help

1 Little Women.

2 Quoted in Mrs. Cheney's *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott*.

3 In the Emerson and Sanborn homes in Concord, Mass., are to be seen specimens of May's work in art.

her along." October, 1859, "May did a fine copy of Emerson's *Endymion* for me." [From a bas-relief owned by Mr. Emerson].

May had some experience in teaching art, both at her home in Concord and elsewhere. December, 1860, (Louisa's Journal), "More luck for May. She wanted to go to Syracuse and teach, and Dr. W. sends for her, thanks to Uncle S. J. May. I sew like a steam engine for a week and get her ready. On the 17th go to Boston and see our youngest start on her first little flight alone into the world, full of hope and courage. May all go well with her." May, 1861, "May will not return to S. after her vacation in July; and being a lucky puss, just as she wants something to do, F. B. S. [Mr. Sanborn in Concord] needs a drawing teacher in his school and offers her the place." Through the generosity of a friend May went to Europe in 1870 to study art in London and in Paris, and in 1873 she was sent by Louisa to complete her studies there. In her Journal of January, 1874, Louisa writes, "May still in London painting Turners and doing pretty panels as 'pot-boilers.' They sell well and she is a thrifty child." March, 1874, "May came home with a portfolio full of fine work. Must have worked like a busy bee to have done so much. Very happy in her success; for she has proved her talent, having copied Turner so well that Ruskin (meeting her in the National Gallery at work) told her that she had 'caught Turner's spirit wonderfully.' She has begun to copy nature and

has done well. Lovely sketches of the cloisters in Westminster Abbey, and other charming things."

Louisa sent her sister abroad again in 1876. In April, 1877, Louisa records (Journal), "May, at the request of her teacher, M. Muller, sends a study of still life to the Salon [Paris]. The little picture is accepted, well hung and praised by the judges. No friends at court, and the modest work stood on its own merits. She is very proud to see her six months' hard work bear fruit. A happy girl and all say she deserves the honor." March, 1878, "A happy event—May's marriage to Ernest Nieriker, the 'tender friend' who has consoled her for Marmee's loss, as John consoled Nan for Beth's. He is a Swiss, handsome, cultivated and good; an excellent family living in Baden and E. has a good business. May is old enough to choose for herself and seems so happy in the new relation that we have nothing to say against it." Of her sister May's literary work while abroad, Louisa writes (Journal) September, 1879, "May sent some nice little letters of an 'Artist's Holiday,' and I had them printed; also a book for artists abroad—very useful and well done." The last entry refers to the little book, *Studying Art Abroad and How to Do it Cheaply*.

Mrs. May Alcott Nieriker died in Paris, December, 1879, and was buried near that city. The following from a letter of Louisa to her aunt, Mrs. Bond, tells of the severe blow that had fallen upon the family in the sudden death of the youngest daughter. "Concord, January 1, 1880—Dear

May is dead. Gone to begin the new year with mother, in a world where I hope there is no grief like this. Gone just when she seemed safest and happiest.—My May gave me her little Lulu, and in the spring I hope to get my sweet legacy.” February, 1880, (Journal), “Many letters from friends in France, England and America, full of sympathy for us, and love and pride and gratitude for May, who was always glad to help, forgive and love everyone. . . . Father and I cannot sleep, but he and I make verses, as we did when Marmee died. Our grief seems to flow into words. He writes, Love’s Morrow and [I] Our Madonna.”

“Broken the golden band,
Severed the silken strand,
Ye sisters four.
Still to me two remain
And two have gone before,—
Our loss, her gain,—
And he who gave can all restore,
And yet—Oh, why
My heart doth cry,
Why take her thus away ?”¹

Louisa’s Journal records the arrival of her neice and namesake, Louisa May Nieriker at Boston in the care of her aunt Sophia Nieriker, on September 19, 1880: “As I waited on the wharf while the people came off the ship, I saw several babies, and wondered each time if that was mine. At last the captain appeared, and in his arms a little yellow-haired thing in white, with its hat half off as it looked about with lively blue eyes and babbled prettily. . . . I held out my arms to Lulu, only being able to say her name. She looked at me for a moment, then came

¹ From Earths’ Morrow by Bronson Alcott.

to me, saying, 'Marmar' in a wistful way, and resting close as if she had found her own people and home at last,—as she had, thank Heaven."

Upon Louisa Alcott's death in 1888, Mr. Nieriker visited his daughter in America, and in 1889 her aunt took her to her father's home in Zurich, Switzerland. It was for this niece that Louisa Alcott's Lulu's Library was named. Of Lulu's Library Louisa Alcott writes: "The tales were told at sixteen to May and her playmates; then are related to May's daughter at five."¹

Louisa May Nieriker married Emil Rasim, a native of Innsbruck, and now lives in Zurich, Switzerland. She was a joint heir with her cousins, J. Alcott Pratt and Frederick Pratt (the "Little Men"), to her Aunt Louisa's estate.

"The books written by the Alcott family—including eight or ten published by Mr. Alcott, between twenty-five and thirty published or written by Louisa,² and one or two written by May—fill two

1 From a letter of Louisa to Mrs. Bond.

2 In Louisa Alcott's story of Jack and Jill, the scene of the story is laid in "Harmony Village" (Concord), and many of the names and occurrences are familiar to the people of Concord. Louisa's Journal, 1878. "Home from the seaside refreshed, and go to work on a new serial for St. Nicholas, —Jack and Jill. Have no plan yet, but a boy, a girl and a sled, and an upset to start with, vague idea of working in Concord Young folks and their doings." Later in a letter to Mrs. Dodge, Editor of St. Nicholas, (1879), she writes, "Jack and Jill are right out of our own little circle and the boys and girls are in a twitter to know what is going in; so it will be a truly story 'in the main'." And again, (Journal), of Jack and Jill, "Put in Elly D. as one of my boys. The nearer I keep to nature, the better the work is. Young people much interested in the story and all want to 'go in'. I shall have a hornets' nest about me if all are not angels." In a letter to Mrs. Dodge from Concord, June 3, 1877, Louisa writes as to her story, Under the Lilacs, which she was then writing for St. Nicholas, "I intend to go and simmer an afternoon at Van Amberg's great show, that I may get hints for the further embellishment of Ben and his dog. I have also put in a poem by F. B. S.'s [Sanborn] small son, and that hit will give Mrs. Foote [the illustrator] a good scene with the six year old poet reciting his verses under the lilacs." Francis Sanborn, son of F. B. Sanborn, a child of five or six years, composed this poem, and his brother Victor, nine or ten years old, set it to music.

shelves of the alcove devoted to Concord authors in the library of the town where so many of them were written. Scarcely any family in America has published more volumes, and no portion of our New England literature is more characteristic, or will furnish more material for the future critic, than these books. . . .

But the best writer in the Alcott family was she who never published a book, and perhaps never thought of writing one,—Mrs. Alcott, whose literary gift was greater than that of her famous daughter, or of her more original husband.”¹ On Louisa’s fourteenth birthday, her mother wrote her this sonnet with the gift of a pen. Louisa’s comment upon this poem in 1885 is, “original, I think.”²

“ Oh, may this pen your muse inspire,
When wrapt in pure poetic fire,
To write some sweet, some thrilling verse ;
A song of love or sorrow’s lay,
Or duty’s clear but tedious way
In brighter hope rehearse.
Oh, let your strain be soft and high
Of crosses here, of crowns beyond the sky :
Truth guide your pen, inspire your theme,
And from each note, joy’s music stream.”

In 1882, Louisa writes in her journal, “ Read over and destroyed mother’s diaries, as she wished me to do. A wonderfully interesting record of her life, from her delicate cherished girlhood through her long, hard, romantic married years, old age, and death.”

1 F. E. Sanborn in *Memoir of Bronson Alcott* by F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris.

2 *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa Alcott* by Ednah D. Cheney.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Memoir of her mother which Louisa was unwilling to trust to other hands and which the destruction of her mother's papers and letters has rendered now improbable, was never written. This, in the opinion of those friends of the family who had the privilege of reading Mrs. Alcott's diary and letters, is a distinct loss to literature, and to the history of the times of which they gave so interesting a record.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE¹ AND THE HAWTHORNE FAMILY.

"Hawthorne² has himself drawn the picture of the Old Manse in Concord. He has given it that quiet richness of coloring which ideally belongs to an old country mansion. It seemed so fitting a residence³ for one who loves to explore the twilight of antiquity—and the gloomier the better—that the visitor, among the felicities of whose life was included the freedom of the Manse, could not but fancy that our author's eyes first saw the daylight enchanted by the slumbrous orchard behind the house, or tranquil-

1 Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. Graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825; served in the custom-house at Boston 1833-41; joined the Brook Farm Association in 1841; married Sophia Peabody July, 1842; settled at Concord, Mass., in 1843; was surveyor of the port of Salem 1846-49; United States Consul at Liverpool 1853-57. Returned to the United States in 1861. Published *Fanshawe*, a novel, in 1826, *Twice-Told Tales* (1837 and 1842), *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846), *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), *The Wonder-Book* (1851), *The Blithedale Romance* (1852), *Snow Image* (1852), *Life of Franklin Pierce* (1852), *Tanglewood Tales* (1853), *The Marble Faun* (1860), *The English Edition of Marble Faun, Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni* (1860), *Our Old Home* (1863), *Pansie or the Dolliver Romance* (1864), *Note Books* (1868-72), *Septimius Felton* (1872), *Tales of the White Hills* (1877), *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, (incomplete) (1883).

2 From a sketch of Hawthorne by George William Curtis in *Literary and Social Essays*.

3 "Here in the old gray house whose front we see,
The gentlest man that kindly nature drew,
New England's Chaucer, Hawthorne, fitly lived."
—Channing's *Poems of the Heart*.

lized into twilight by the spacious avenue in front. The character of his imagination and the golden gloom of its blossoming, completely harmonize with the rusty, gable-roofed old house by the river side, and the reader of his books would be sure that his boyhood and youth knew no other friends than the dreaming river and the melancholy meadows and drooping foliage of its vicinity.

Since the reader, however, would greatly mistake if he fancied this, in good sooth, the ancestral halls of the Hawthornes,—the genuine Hathorneden—he will be glad to save the credit of his fancy by learning that it was here our author's bridal tour—which commenced in Boston, then three hours away—ended, and his married life began.¹ Here also his first child was born, and here those sad and silver mosses accumulated upon his fancy, from which he heaped so soft a bed for our dreaming. . . .

It was a pleasant spring day in the year 1843, and as they entered the house, nosegays of fresh flowers, arranged by friendly hands, welcomed them to Concord and to summer. The dark-haired man, who led his wife along the avenue that afternoon, had been recently an officer of the customs in Boston, before which he had led a solitary life in Salem.

¹ Hawthorne had loaned George Ripley at Brook Farm a thousand dollars when the former became a member of that community. "When at the close of the first year, Hawthorne had decided to withdraw from the Association, he naturally hoped to regain a portion of his capital. Mr. Ripley was too deeply involved to accommodate him in that way, and offered instead the rent of the Old Ripley Mansion in Concord, which then happened to be vacant. So Hawthorne and Miss Peabody were happily married with no immediate fund save the rent of an ancient house in the country, and no better expectations than the uncertain income from his pen."—Sketches from Concord and Appledore by Frank Preston Stearns.

"This antique house," says Hawthorne of the Old Manse, "was created by Providence expressly for our use, and at the precise time when we wanted it."

Graduated with Longfellow at Bowdoin College, in Maine, he had lived a hermit in respectable Salem, an absolute recluse even from his own family, walking out by night and writing wild tales by day, most of which were burnt in his bachelor fire, and some of which, in newspapers, magazines, and annuals, led a wandering, uncertain, and almost unnoticed life. Those tales, among this class, which were attainable, he collected into a small volume, and apprising the world that they were 'twice-told,' sent them forth anew to make their own way, in the year 1841. But he piped to the world, and it did not dance. He wept to it, and it did not mourn. . . . 'I was,' he says in the last edition of these tales, 'the most unknown author in America.' Full of glowing wit, of tender satire, of exquisite natural description, of subtle and strange analysis of human life, darkly passionate and weird, they yet floated unhailed books upon the sea of publicity, unhailed, but laden and gleaming at every crevice with the true treasure of Cathay.

Bancroft, then Collector in Boston, prompt to recognize and to honor talent, made the dreaming story-teller a surveyor in the custom house, thus opening to him a new range of experience. . . . He went daily upon the vessels, looked, and listened, and learned; was a favorite of the sailors, as such men always are,—did his work faithfully, and having dreamed his dream upon Long wharf, was married and slipped up to the Old Manse and a new chapter in the romance."

THE OLD MANSE.

"Between¹ two tall gateposts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman,² its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway toward the village burying-ground. The wheel-track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows that lay half asleep between the door of the house and the public highway were a kind of spiritual medium seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of belonging to the material world. Certainly it had little in common with those ordinary abodes which stand so imminent upon the road that every passer-by can thrust his head, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows the figures of passing travelers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman—a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and brightness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored

1 From *Mosses From an Old Manse* by Nathaniel Hawthorne,

2 The Rev. Ezra Ripley.



THE OLD MANSE

parsonages of England in which through many generations a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere.

Nor, in truth, had the Old Manse ever been profaned by a lay-occupant until that memorable summer afternoon when I entered it as my home. . . . The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thought as well as with rustling leaves.

I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue, and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. . . .

In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was in the rear of the house the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote *Nature*, for he was then an inhabitant of the manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. . . . They had all vanished now. A cheerful coat of paint and golden-tinted paper hangings lighted up the small apartment, while the shadow

of a willow tree that swept against the overhanging eaves attempered the cheery western sunshine. In place of the grim prints there was the sweet and lovely head of one of Raphael's Madonnas and two pleasant little pictures of the Lake of Como. The only other decorations were a purple vase of flowers, always fresh, and a bronze one containing graceful ferns. My books (few and by no means choice, for they were chiefly such waifs as chance had thrown in my way) stood in order about the room, seldom to be disturbed.¹

The study had three windows set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western² side looked—or, rather, peeped—between the willow branches down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was

1 Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her mother from the Old Manse, Nov. 19, 1848: ". . . I wish you could see how charmingly my husband's study looks now. As we abandon our drawing-room this winter, I have hung on his walls the two Lake Como and the Loch Lomond pictures, all of which I painted expressly for him, and the little mahogany centre-table stands under the astral lamp, covered with a crimson cloth. . . . On one of the secretaries stands the lovely Ceres, and opposite it Margaret Fuller's bronze vase. In the afternoon, when the sun fills the room and lights up the pictures, it is beautiful."—*Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Julian Hawthorne and his sister Una possessed when children a "big portfolio containing tracings by my mother . . . of Flaxman's *Outlines of the Iliad and Odyssey*, and other classic subjects. We knew by heart," says Julian, "the story of all these mythological personages, and they formed a large part of our life. They also served the important use of suggesting to my father his *Wonder-Book and Tanglewood Stories*."—*Hawthorne and His Circle* by Julian Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne's friends in Concord remember a bedroom suite of furniture at the Old Manse which Mrs. Hawthorne had decorated with appropriate designs from Flaxman's drawings.

2 Upon one of the western windows of the study the Hawthornes wrote with a diamond, "Nath'l Hawthorne. This is his study. 1843. Inscribed by my husband at Sunset, April 3d, 1843, in the Gold Light. S. A. H. Man's accidents are God's purposes. Sophia A. Hawthorne, 1843."

at this window that the clergyman¹ who then dwelt in the manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations. He saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the farther side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; he awaited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came, and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle-smoke around this quiet house. . . .

The Old Manse! We had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit.² Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors—an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend by disposing of the superfluity. . . .

Our garret was an arched hall dimly illuminated through small and dusty windows. It was but a twilight at the best, and there were nooks—or, rather, caverns—of deep obscurity, the secrets of

1 Rev. William Emerson.

2 The apple orchard was planted by Dr. Ripley, who came to the Old Manse in 1778. The house was built by the Rev. Wm. Emerson in 1765 and occupied by him the next year after his marriage to Pheobe, the daughter of the Rev. Daniel Bliss. Its two stories and two chimneys were said to have given the house a distinction not shared by others of the town at the time it was built.

which I never learned, being too reverent of their dust and cobwebs. . . . But on one side there was a little whitewashed apartment which bore the traditional title of 'The Saint's Chamber' because holy men in their youth had slept and studied and prayed there. With its elevated retirement, its one window, its small fireplace and its closet convenient for an oratory, it was the very spot where a young man might inspire himself with solemn enthusiasm and cherish saintly dreams. . . .

Glancing back over what I have written, it seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairyland there is no measurement of time, and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the outbuildings, strewing green grass with pine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbine which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away, and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is



"TWO TALL GATE-POSTS
OF ROUGH-HEWN STONE"

always more sacrilegious than that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room—delicately fragrant tea, an unpurchasable luxury, one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us—and passed forth between the tall stone gateposts as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched.”¹

While an occupant of the Old Manse, Hawthorne, says Curtis in his sketch of Hawthorne,² was “to the inhabitants of Concord as much a phantom and a fable as the old pastor of the parish, dead half a century before. . . . Sometimes, in the forenoon, a darkly clad figure was seen in the little garden plot putting in corn and melon seed and gravely hoeing. It was a brief apparition. . . . Our author occupied the Old Manse for three years. During that time he was not seen probably by more than a dozen of the villagers. His walks could easily avoid the town, and upon the river he was always sure of solitude. It was his favorite habit to bathe every evening in the river, after nightfall, and in that part of it over which the old bridge stood at which the battle

1 Of her stay in the Old Manse, Mrs. Hawthorne writes, “The three years we have spent here will always be to me a blessed memory, because here all my dreams became realities.”

Hawthorne says of his wife at this time, “My wife is, in the strictest sense, my sole companion, and I wish no other. There is no vacancy in my mind, any more than in my heart.”—Julian Hawthorne's *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife*.

Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, was born in Boston, June 22, 1846. He was fitted for College at Concord (Mr. Sanborn's School), and took a four years' course at Harvard. He is the author of *Bressant*, his first novel (1873); *Idolatry* (1874); *Garth* (1877); *Sebastian Strome*, *Noble Blood* (1884); *John Parmelee's Curse* (1886); *Saxon Studies* (1876), etc. Married November 15, 1870, Mary Albertine Amelung. He resides in Yonkers, N. Y. In *Bressant* the author “has attached Concord names to some of his characters.”

2 *Social and Literary Essays*.

was fought. Sometimes, but rarely, his boat accompanied another up the stream. . . .

In Mr. Emerson's house I said it seemed always morning. But Hawthorne's black-ash trees and scraggy apple-boughs shaded

‘A land
In which it seemèd always afternoon.’

I do not doubt that the lotus grew along the grassy marge of the Concord behind his house, and that it was served, subtly concealed, to all his guests. The house, its inmates, and its life, lay dreamlike upon the edge of the little village. You fancied that they all came together, and belonged together, and were glad that at length some idol of your imagination, some poet whose spell held you, and would hold you, forever, was housed as such a poet should be.

During the lapse of the three years since the bridal tour of twenty miles ended at the ‘two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone,’ a little wicker wagon had appeared at intervals upon the avenue, and a placid babe, whose eyes the soft Concord day had touched with the blue of its beauty, lay looking tranquilly up at the grave old trees, which sighed lofty lullabies over her sleep. The tranquility of the golden-haired Una¹ was the living and breathing type

¹ Named after Spenser's heroine in *The Faerie Queene*. "It is said that the first book Hawthorne bought with his own money was *The Faerie Queene*, for which he kept a fondness all his life."—George Parsons Lathrop in *A Study of Hawthorne*.

George Parsons Lathrop was born in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, August 25, 1851. Died April 19, 1898. Educated in New York and Dresden. Studied law in New York. Assistant Editor of *Atlantic Monthly* 1875-1877; afterwards lived in Concord, Mass., and in New York. Founded the American Copyright League, 1833. Published poems, *Rose and Roof Tree*, 1875; *A*

of the dreamy life of the Old Manse. Perhaps, that being attained, it was as well to go. . . . Gathering up his household goods, he passed out of the Old Manse as its heir¹ entered, and before the end of summer was domesticated in the custom-house of his native town of Salem. This was in the year 1846. Upon leaving the Old Manse he published the *Mosses*. . . .

During his life in Salem, of which the Introduction to the *Scarlet Letter* describes the official aspect, he wrote that romance. It is inspired by the spirit of the place. . . . There is no strain in our literature so characteristic or more real than that which Hawthorne had successfully attempted in several of his earlier sketches, and of which the *Scarlet Letter* is the great triumph. It became immediately popular and directly placed the writer of stories for a small circle among the world's masters of romance. . . . Times change and Presidents with them . . . and the Salem collector retired." From Salem and the Collectorship, Hawthorne moved "to the hills of Berkshire. In this retreat he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*.²

Study of Hawthorne and a novel, *Afterglow*, in 1876; a *Masque of Poets* 1877; *An Echo of Passion and In the Distance* in 1892, Edition of Hawthorne's works and biography and *Spanish Vistas*. With his wife he published, in 1894, *Annals of Georgetown Convent* and *A Story of Courage*. He was married to Rose Hawthorne, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 1871.

1 The Rev. Samuel Ripley.

2 In 1850, Hawthorne moved his family from Salem to Lenox, Mass., where he lived until November, 1851. "Lenox was one of those places where a man might be supposed to write because the beauty around him moved him to expression," writes Julian Hawthorne in his *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife*. "The hypothesis as to the identity of the Curwin House [at Salem] with that of the Seven Gables brings to mind a controversy as stale as Egyptian mummy and as interminable as breathing. Did, or did not, the House of the Seven Gables have a prototype? Were, or were not, Zenobia and Margaret Fuller one and the same person? . . . Although

WAYSIDE.

After six years of absence, Hawthorne returned to Concord, where he purchased a small house formerly occupied by Orphic Alcott. When that philosopher came into possession, it was a miserable house of two peaked gables. But the genius which recreated itself in devising graceful summer houses, like that for Mr. Emerson . . . soon smoothed the new residence into some kind of comeliness. . . .

The genius for summer houses has had full play upon the hill behind. Here, upon the homely steppes of Concord, is a strain of Persia. Mr. Alcott built terraces, and arbors, and pavilions, of boughs and rough stems of trees, revealing,—somewhat inadequately, perhaps, the hanging gardens of delight that adorn the Babylon of his Orphic imagination. The hillside is no unapt emblem of his intellectual habit, which garnishes the arid commonplaces of life with a cold poetic aurora. . . . Unhappily, the terraced hillside, like the summer-house upon Mr. Emerson's lawn, 'lacks technical arrangement,' and the wild winds play with these architectural toys of fancy like lions with humming birds. They are gradually falling, shattered, — and disappearing. Fine locust trees shade them, and ornament the hill with perennial beauty. The hanging gardens of Semiramis were not more fragrant than Hawthorne's hillside during the June blossoming

I am in possession of indubitable evidence on both of the above points : . . . the promulgation of which would forever set all conceivable doubts at rest, I shall, for that very reason, forbear to say one word on either side. Let the controversy go on, and the innocent controversialists be happy."

of the locusts.¹ A few young elms, some white pines and young oaks, complete the catalogue of trees. A light breeze constantly fans the brow of the hill, making harps of the tree-tops and singing to our author, who, 'with a book in my hand, or an unwritten book in my thoughts,' lies stretched beneath them in the shade. From the height of the hill the eye courses, unrestrained, over the solitary landscape of Concord, broad and still, broken only by the slight wooded undulations of insignificant hillocks. The river is not visible, nor any gleam of lake. Walden Pond is just behind the wood, in front, and not far away over the meadows sluggishly steals the river. It is the most quiet of prospects. Eight acres of good land lie in front of the house across the road, and in the rear the estate extends a little distance over the brow of the hill.

This latter is not good garden ground, but it yields that other crop which the poet 'gathers in a song.' Perhaps the world will forgive our author that he is not a prize farmer, and makes but an indifferent figure at the annual cattle show. We have seen that he is more nomadic than agricultural. He has wandered from spot to spot, pitching a temporary

1 Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her mother from Wayside, October 24, 1852: "Today we all went into the woods above and behind our house and sat down and wove wreaths of red and russet leaves, and dreamed and mused with a far-off sound of booming waves and splash of sea on smooth beach in the pine trees about us. It was beautiful to see the serene gleam of Una's face, fleckered with sunlight; and Julian with his coronet of curls, sitting quiet in the great place. My husband, at full length on the carpet of withered pine, presented no hindrance to the tides of divine life that are ready to flow through us, if we will." Again she writes, "I am sitting in our acacia [locust] grove on the hill with a few pines near enough to hear their oceanic murmur. . . . I thank heaven we have a hilltop. No amount of plains could compete with the value of this. To look down on the world actually is typical of looking down on the world spiritually, and so it is good."—From *Memories of Hawthorne*.

tent, then striking it for 'fresh fields and pastures new.' It is natural, therefore, that he should call this house The Wayside¹—a bench upon the road where he sits for a while before passing on. If the wayfarer finds him upon that bench he shall have rare pleasure in sitting with him. Yet shudder while he stays. For the pictures of our poet have more than the shadows of Rembrandt. If you listen to his story, the lonely pastures and dull towns of our dear old homely New England shall become suddenly as radiant with grace and terrible with tragedy as any country and any time. The waning afternoon in Concord, in which the blue frocked farmers are reaping and hoeing, shall set in pensive glory. The woods will forever be haunted with strange forms. . . . With The Blithedale Romance, which is dated from Concord, a new interest begins to cluster around The Wayside.

THE VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

I know not how I can more fitly conclude these reminiscences of Concord and Hawthorne, whose own stories have always a saddening close, than by relating an occurrence which blighted to many hearts the beauty of the quiet Concord river, and seemed not inconsistent with its lonely landscape. It has the further fitness of typifying the operation of our

1 "Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the Wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity."—Hawthorne in his prefatory letter to *The Snow Image*.

author's imagination, a tranquil stream, clear and bright with sunny gleams, crowned with lilies and graceful with swaying grass, yet doing terrible deeds inexorably, and therefore forever after of a shadowed beauty.

Martha was the daughter of a plain Concord farmer, a girl of delicate and shy temperament, who excelled so much in study that she was sent to a fine academy in a neighboring town, and won all the honors of the course. She met at the school, and in the society of the place, a refinement and cultivation, a social gayety and grace, which were entirely unknown in the hard life she had led at home. . . . She enjoyed this life to the full. . . . The world was happy, and she was worthy to live in it. . . . But school days ended at last." Upon her return home, she was repelled by "the dreary round of petty details, this incessant drudgery of a poor farmer's household. . . . One summer evening she left her father's house and walked into the fields alone," never to return. A search began, and "Hawthorne, then living in the Old Manse, was summoned and the man whom the villagers had only seen at morning as a musing spectre in his garden, now appeared among them at night to devote his strong arm and steady heart to their service. . . . The boats drifted slowly down the stream—the torches flared strangely upon the black repose of the water, and upon the long, slim grasses that, weeping, fringed the marge. Upon both banks silent and awe-stricken crowds hastened along, eager and dread-

ing to find the slightest trace of what they sought. Suddenly they came upon a few articles of dress, heavy with the night dew. No one spoke, for no one doubted the result. It was clear that Martha had strayed to the river and quietly asked of its stillness the repose she sought. . . . Long intervals of silence ensued, but at length, towards midnight, the sweet face of the dead girl was raised more placidly to the stars than ever it had been to the sun. . . . So ended a village tragedy.

The reader may possibly find in it the original of the thrilling conclusion of the *Blithedale Romance*, and learn anew that dark as is the thread with which Hawthorne weaves his spells, it is no darker than those with which tragedies are spun, even in regions apparently so torpid as Concord."¹

Hawthorne and his family returned to Wayside June, 1860,² after his absence in England as consul at Liverpool and residence on the continent of seven years.³ Julian Hawthorne records⁴ that upon their return, "the larches and Norway pines, several hun-

1 Hawthorne by George William Curtis.

2 Hawthorne's residence in Concord was at *The Old Manse, 1843-1846; The Wayside, 1852-1853; The Wayside, 1860-1864.*

3 "Emerson rose upon us frequently during our early struggles with our new abode, like a milder sun; the children of the two families became acquainted, the surviving son, Edward, two years my elder, falling to my share. But Emerson himself also became my companion, with a humanity which today fills me with grateful wonder. I remember once being taken by him on a long walk through the sacred pine woods, and on another occasion he laid aside the poem or the essay he was writing to entertain Una in his study, whither she had gone alone and of her own initiative to make him a call. Emerson's mind was so catholic, so humble, and so deep, that I doubt not he derived benefit even from child prattle. His wife rivalled him in hospitality. . . . In these first months we were invited to a party where we were fellow guests with all the other children of Concord. There they were, their mothers with them, and everything in sight that a child at a party could require. My new friend Edward mounted me on his pony and his father was at hand to catch me when I fell off."—Hawthorne and his Circle by Julian Hawthorne.

4 *Life of Hawthorne and His Wife.*



SCENE OF
"THE VILLAGE TRAGEDY"

dred of which had been sent out from England, were planted along the paths, and for the most part were doing well." Changes in the house, "the opening up of paths, the cutting down of some trees and the planting of others, were among the last things that engaged Hawthorne's attention in this life. . . . Hawthorne made no alterations [in the house] during his first occupancy, but when he returned from England in 1860, he moved the barn to the other side of the house and connected it with the wing on that side, added another story to the other wing, built in two large rooms behind and surmounted the whole with the tower,¹ in the top of which is the study where *Our Old Home* was written. It was all painted a warm buff color, and looks today almost precisely as it did then. The hill and the surrounding grounds

1 "Hawthorne had always wanted a tower to write in. There was a tower at Montauto [the villa of Montauto near Florence, the prototype of Monte Beni, where Hawthorne and his family spent two months in their tour of Italy], but unfortunately it contained accommodations only for a couple of owls and a ghostly monk. The present tower was a less picturesque and gloomy affair, built of American deal boards, and haunted by nothing but the smell of new wood. A staircase, narrow and steep, ascends through the floor, the opening being covered by a sort of gabled structure, to one end of which a standing desk was affixed; a desk-table was placed against the side. The room was about twenty feet square, with four gables; and the ceiling, instead of being flat, was a four-sided vault, following the conformation of the roof. There were five windows, the southern and eastern ones opening upon a flat tin roof, upon which one might walk or sit in suitable weather. The walls were papered with paper of a pale golden hue, without figures. There was a closet for books on each side of the northern window, which looked out upon the hill. A small fireplace, to which a stove was attached, was placed between the two southern windows. The room was pleasant in autumn and spring, but in winter the stove rendered the air stifling, and in summer the heat of the sun was scarcely endurable. Hawthorne, however, spent several hours each day in his study. . . . But in the afternoon he was in the habit of strolling about the grounds with his wife; and about sunset he generally ascended the hill alone. . . . In the evenings he sat in the library, the room in the western wing, which had formerly been the study. There he either read to himself or aloud to the assembled family."—Julian Hawthorne in Hawthorne and His Wife.

"A story has gone abroad and is widely believed, that on mounting the steep stairs leading to this study [in the tower], he passed through a trap-door and afterwards placed upon it the chair in which he sat, so that intrusion or interruption became physically impossible. It is wholly unfounded. There never was any trap-door, and no precaution of the kind described was ever taken."—*Ibid.*

are, however, somewhat more thickly wooded than in those days, and the old picket fence and thick set hedge, which in some measure protected it from the road, have disappeared. Though never so secluded as the Old Manse, it was enough so for practical purposes, and by ascending the hill, Hawthorne could withdraw himself from approach as completely as if he were in the primitive forests of Maine. Along the ridge of this hill, which ran parallel with the road, it was his custom to walk several hours each day, until a narrow path¹ between two and three hundred yards in length was worn by his footsteps; and traces of it are still visible."²

From his study in the tower "Hawthorne could overlook a good part of his modest domain. . . . The branches of trees rose on all sides as if to embower the house, and birds and bees flew about his casement, through which came the fresh perfume of the woods in summer. In this spot Septimius Felton was written."

Concerning The Wayside, Hawthorne wrote to George William Curtis in 1852, "'I know nothing of the history of the house, except Thoreau's telling me that it was inhabited a generation or two ago by a

1 This path is now marked by a stone tablet.

2 "Yes; there was Septimius treading a path of his own on the hill-top; his feet began only that morning to wear it in his walking to and fro, sheltered from the lower world, except in occasional glimpses, by the birches and locusts that threw up their foliage from the hillside. But many a year thereafter he continued to tread that path, till it was worn deep with his footsteps and trodden down hard; and it was believed by some of his superstitious neighbors that the grass and little shrubs shrunk away from his path and made it wider on that account; because there was something in the broodings that urged him to and fro along the path alien to nature and its productions."—Septimius Felton by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

man who believed he should never die.¹ It was this legendary personage whom he now proceeded to revive and embody as Septimius; and the scene of the story was placed at The Wayside itself and the neighboring house [Orchard House] belonging to Mr. Bronson Alcott. . . . Rose Garfield is mentioned as living 'in a small house the site of which is still indicated by the cavity of a cellar, in which 'I this very summer planted some sunflowers.'² "The cellar site³ remains at this day distinctly visible, near the boundary of the land formerly owned by Hawthorne."⁴

In Concord Days Alcott writes of Hawthorne, "Had he strayed over with William the Conqueror and true to his Norman nature, was the baron still in republican America, secure in his castle, secure in his tower, where he could defy all invasion of curious eyes?"

What neighbor of his ever caught him on the highway,⁵ or ventured to approach his threshold?⁶

1 Hawthorne had proposed prefixing a sketch of Thoreau to Septimius Felton. "With the plan respecting Thoreau he combined the idea of writing an autobiographical preface, wherein The Wayside was to be described after the manner of his Introduction to the Mosses from an Old Manse; but, so far as is known, nothing of this was ever actually committed to paper."—George Parsons Lathrop in Introductory Note to *The Dolliver Romance*.

2 From Septimius Felton by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

3 This was the cellar of the Minot House at the western end of the Larch Path, and adjoining the Orchard House estate. The house was moved from this site to the elevated lot on Lexington Road north of the Emerson home. It has now been replaced on this latter site by a modern home.

4 Introductory note to Septimius Felton by George Parsons Lathrop.

5 Dr. Emerson in a letter to Moncure Conway (*Life of Hawthorne* by Moncure D. Conway), writes of Hawthorne, "When the family returned to Concord after their European sojourn, and we had renewed our acquaintance with the children, one Sunday evening at about half past eight, the door-bell rang, and to our astonishment Mr. Hawthorne was shown in. Father was away and mother was not well, and Edith [Mrs. Forbes, the younger daughter of Emerson] and I sat alone in the parlor. Mr. Hawthorne explained that his call was upon Miss Ellen (of whose virtues he had much from his wife and Una). Ellen [Emerson's eldest daughter], as was her custom, had

Yet if by chance admitted, welcome in a voice that a woman might own for its hesitancy, tenderness, his eyes telling the rest. . . .

During all the time he lived near me, our estates being separated only by a gate and a shaded avenue, I seldom caught sight of him, and when I did, it was but to lose it the moment he suspected he was visible ; oftenest seen on his hilltop, screened behind the shrubbery and disappearing like a hare into the bush when surprised. I remember of his being in my house but twice, and then he was so ill at ease that he found excuse for leaving politely forthwith, 'the stove was so hot,' 'the clock ticked so loud.' . . . A believer in transmitted traits needs but read his pedigree to find the genesis of what characterized him distinctly and made him and his writings their inevitable sequel."

Between the¹ "summer of 1850 and June 1853, Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, *The Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls* and the *Tanglewood Tales*, besides the *Story of the Snow Image* in the volume to which this supplies the title; and his short *Life of Franklin Pierce*.

gone to bed at eight, so there was nothing for it but for Mr. Hawthorne to make the best of it with us. He was, as I always remember him, kindly, but shy as a wild thing from the woods ; and to conceal his embarrassment even with us, children of thirteen and fifteen, took up the stereoscope we had on the table and began looking at the views. He presently asked us of what places they were taken. They represented the Concord Common, the Court House and Town House, and the Milldam, as we call the centre of the town where the stores and post-office are. He evidently asked in good faith and though he walked through these places on his visits to the post-office and railway station, knew as little about them as the fox that might burrow in his hillside did."

6 "I wonder at your lack of recognition of my social propensities. I take so much delight in my friends, that a little intercourse goes a great way, and illuminates my life before and after."—Letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne to John Lothrop Motley.

1. From *A Study of Hawthorne* by George Parsons Lathrop.



THE "MILL DAM"

. . . The industry and energy of this period are the more remarkable because he could seldom accomplish anything in the way of composition during the warm months. . . . In the House of the Seven Gables, Hawthorne attained a connection of parts and a masterly gradation of tones which did not belong, in the same fulness, to the *Scarlet Letter*. There is, besides, a larger range of character, in this second work, and a much more nicely detailed and reticulated portrayal of the individuals." Of the House of the Seven Gables, Hawthorne writes to a friend, "It is more characteristic of the author, and a more natural book for me to write than *The Scarlet Letter*."

Upon his return from abroad "he completed *The Marble Faun*, begun in Italy, and published in 1863, *Our Old Home*,¹ a series of English Sketches, originally contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* as a serial. The group of unfinished stories, *The Ancestral Footsteps*, *Septimius Felton*, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* and *The Dolliver Romance* were all various forms of one work.² Hawthorne writes to his publisher, as to the latter story: 'There is something

1 "After sending forth *Our Old Home*," Hawthorne "had little strength for any employment more arduous than reading or than walking his accustomed path among the pines and sweet fern on the hill behind *The Wayside*, known to his family as *The Mount of Vision*,"—George Parsons Lathrop in *Introductory Note to The Dolliver Romance*.

2 Before Hawthorne's marriage he made "a two months' trip in the mountainous region" about North Adams, which he took "as his headquarters. . . . He was then beginning to revolve one of the two great romance themes that preoccupied his whole after-life, neither of which was he destined to write. This was the idea of the *Unpardonable Sin*; and the other was the conception of the *Deathless Man*. The only essay we have towards the embodiment of the first vision is the short fragment published in *Mosses from an Old Manse*, called *Ethan Brand*. The other was attempted in various forms, of which *Septimius*, *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, and *The Dolliver Romance*, all posthumously published, are the most important."—*Hawthorne and His Circle* by Julian Hawthorne.

preternatural in my reluctance to begin. I linger at the threshold and have a perception of very disagreeable phantoms to be encountered if I enter. . . . There are two or three chapters ready to be written, but I am not robust enough to begin, and I feel as if I should never carry it through. I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book.' "

"The manuscript of the unfinished Dolliver Romance lay upon his coffin during the funeral services at Concord, but contrary to the impression sometimes entertained on this point, was not buried with him. It is preserved in the Concord Public Library. The first chapter was published in the *Atlantic* as an isolated portion, soon after his death; and subsequently the second chapter, which he had been unable to revise, appeared in the same periodical."¹

Of some of his personal characteristics George William Curtis writes: "Such was Hawthorne's simplicity and frugality that when he was left alone for a little time in his Arcadia [at the Old Manse] he would dismiss 'the help,' and with some friend of other days who came to share his loneliness, he cooked the easy meal and washed up the dishes. No picture is clearer in the memory of a certain writer than that of the magician, in whose presence he almost lost his breath, looking at him over a dinner-plate which he was gravely wiping in the kitchen, while the handy friend,² who had been a western settler, scoured the kettle at the door.

¹ George Parsons Lathrop in Introductory note to *The Dolliver Romance*.

² Frank Farley, one of Hawthorne's friends at Brook Farm. He "had been a pioneer in the west, a man of singular experiences and of an original turn, who was subject to mental derangement at times. The latter visited

Strongly formed, of dark poetic gravity of aspect, lighted by the deep, gleaming eyes that recoiled with girlish coyness from contact with your gaze; of rare courtesy and kindness in personal intercourse, yet so sensitive that his look and manner can be suggested by the word 'glimmering,' giving you a sense of restrained impatience to be away; mostly silent in society, and speaking always with an appearance of effort, but with a lambent light of delicate humor playing over all he said in the confidence of familiarity, and firm self-possession under all, as if the glimmering manner were only the tremulous surface of the sea. Hawthorne was personally known to few and intimately to very few."¹

Hawthorne's appearance is described by George Parsons Lathrop² as follows: "He was tall and strongly built, with beautiful and lustrous gray-blue eyes, and luxuriant dark brown hair of great softness, which grew far back from his forehead, as in the early engraved portrait of him. His skin had a peculiar fineness and delicacy, giving unusual softness to his complexion. After his Italian sojourn he altered much, his hair having begun to whiten, and a thick dark mustache being permitted to grow, so that a wit described him as looking like a 'bonded pirate.'

. . . Hawthorne has given a kind of picture of himself in Coverdale, . . . but the essence of the person . . . must be slowly drawn in as a

him at the Old Manse, afterward, when Hawthorne was alone there, and entered actively into his makeshift housekeeping."—*A Study of Hawthorne* by George Parsons Lathrop.

1 George William Curtis in *Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

2 *A Study of Hawthorne*.

pervasive elixir from his works, his letters, his notebooks.

She who knew best his habitual tone through a sympathy such as has rarely been given to any man, who lived with him a life so exquisitely fair and high, that to speak of it publicly is almost irreverent, has written: 'He had the inevitable pensiveness and gravity of a person who possessed what a friend has called "his awful power of insight"; but his mood was always cheerful and equal, and his mind peculiarly healthful, and the very splendor of his wit and humor was the light of his home. He saw too far to be despondent, though his vivid sympathies and shaping imagination often made him sad in behalf of others. He also perceived morbidity wherever it existed instantly, as if by the illumination of his own steady cheer'."

Mrs. Hawthorne, describing a walk with her son, Julian, while living at The Wayside, writes, "'We returned through Sleepy Hollow and walked along a stately broad path¹ which we used to say should be the chariot-road to our castle we would build on the hill to which it leads.' . . . This hill in Sleepy Hollow became the site of Hawthorne's grave, and the chariot-road was the path up which his funeral procession mounted."²

1 Annie Sawyer Downs whose home was in Concord when she was a child, writes of Sleepy Hollow, in 1880, "People who were children in Concord twenty-five years ago, remember it well as a long ridge of low hills covered with pines, where violets and anemones abounded in the spring, where birds and squirrels made merry in their season, and where they themselves ran wild Saturday afternoons winter and summer. Even in those days there was a broad cart road through it, and footpaths in every direction."

2 Julian Hawthorne in *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife*.



HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE

"Hawthorne's family remained at The Wayside until the autumn of 1868, when it was decided to go to Germany. We went first to New York, and after a week's stay there, sailed on a Bremen steamer on the 20th of October. We remained in Dresden until the summer of 1869, when I went back to America for a visit, leaving my mother and sisters in Dresden, whither I proposed to return again before winter. Circumstances, however, prevented this and soon after, the outbreak of the Franco-German war constrained Mrs. Hawthorne to take her daughters to London. Here they dwelt amid a circle of pleasant friends, for two years.

Before leaving America, Mrs. Hawthorne had suffered from a severe attack of typhoid pneumonia, which came near proving fatal; and during the winter of 1870-71, in London, she had a return of the disease, and this time she did not recover. Her daughter, Una, who tended her throughout, has left an account of this last illness."¹ Una writes of her mother's burial, "'On Saturday [1871] we followed her to Kensal Green, and she was laid there on a sunny hillside looking towards the east. We had a head and foot-stone of white marble, with a place for flowers between, and Rose and I planted some ivy there that I had brought from America, and a periwinkle from papa's grave. The inscription is,—Sophia, wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and on the foot-stone, I am the Resurrection and the Life'."²

1 *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife.*

2 "Mrs. Hawthorne belonged to the class of womanhood typified by Shakespeare in Ophelia: a tender-hearted, affectionate nature, too sensitive

After her mother's death, Una "lived in London and devoted herself for several years to the care of orphan and destitute children." While on a visit to her sister Rose¹ (Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop), in New York City, she met and "became affianced" to a young writer of that city, Albert Webster.

His sudden death determined her to become a "district visitor" in the church of England, which she had joined after her mother's death. In the summer of 1877 she died while on a visit to a Protestant Convent at Clewer, near Windsor, England, and was buried by her mother's side in Kensal Green Cemetery.²

THE HAWTHORNE CENTENARY.

On July 4, 1904, the Centenary of Hawthorne's birth was celebrated at Wayside. "The Centenary exercises, as planned and arranged by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, were memorial addresses and reminiscences, with the unveiling of the bronze tablet set in a boulder on the path leading to the hill, where Haw-

for the rough storms of life, and too innocent to recognize the guile in others. It was united, as often happens, with a fine artistic nature and superior intelligence. Her face and manners both gave the impression of a wide and elevated culture. Although she lived by the wayside, she had been accustomed to enter palaces. No one knew better than she the heroism which each day requires."—Frank Preston Stearns quoted by F. B. Sanborn in *A Concord Note Book*, the Critic, April, 1906. Mrs. Hawthorne was an artist of some talent and a graceful writer, but her only published work was her *Notes on Italy*.

1 Rose Hawthorne Lathrop was born at Lenox, Mass., May 20, 1851. In 1870, she studied art in Dresden, Germany, and in London. In the latter city in 1871 she was married to George Parsons Lathrop. Her first book, *Poems, Along the Shore*, was published in 1888; *Memories of Hawthorne* in 1897. She contributed sketches and stories to Scribners, St. Nicholas and various other periodicals. Since 1896 Mrs. Lathrop has devoted herself to work among destitute sufferers from cancer. Through her efforts, a home for cancer patients has been established among the poor of New York City.

2 *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife* by Julian Hawthorne.

thorne daily paced to and fro in solitary communion with his work." These exercises took place on July 4, followed on July 5, 6 and 7 by addresses at the Chapel of the School of Philosophy, and "were given by men and women peculiarly fitted to bring tribute to the great Romancer."¹

MRS. SAMUEL RIPLEY.

One of the long line of distinguished people who occupied the Old Manse was Mrs. Samuel Ripley, whose home it became after the Hawthornes left it.

"²Sarah Alden Bradford was born in Boston July 31, 1793, and was the eldest child of Captain Gama-liel Bradford. . . . Mrs. Ripley was known and revered in the region where she lived, as one who combined rare and living knowledge of literature and science with the household skill and habits of personal labor needful to New England women of limited means, and with the tenderest affection and care for the young brothers and sisters whom her mother's delicate health and death left to her charge, and for the seven children of her own marriage who grew up under her eye in the country personage at Waltham.

To the ordinary cares of her station were added those of assisting her husband in the cares of a boy's boarding school, both in housekeeping and teaching. These claims were met with disinterested devotion.

1 From Preface to *The Hawthorne Centenary*.

2 From a sketch of Mrs. Samuel Ripley by Elizabeth Hoar in *Worthy Women of Our First Century*.

And amid all the activity of her busy life the love and habit of acquiring knowledge, which was the life of her age as of her ardent youth, kept even pace. Mrs. Ripley spent her¹ last days at the Old Manse in Concord, her husband's paternal inheritance, to which they had retired in the spring of 1846, as a paradise of rest in age. . . .

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who in Mrs. Ripley's later years at Concord became very valuable to her as a companion in study, and an affectionate minister to her enjoyment in many offices of friendship, wrote at the time of her death about her early studies thus: 'It should be remembered that in the early part of this century, when Mrs. Ripley laid the foundation of her extensive knowledge of languages, of philosophy and literature, the aids to study were few and imperfect in New England. A good dictionary of Latin or Greek did not exist in English; editions of the ancient authors were rare and often very poor, while of the modern languages, except the French, scarcely anything was known in all this region. But the difficulties in the way did not prevent Mrs. Ripley from acquiring rapidly, and with sufficient correctness, a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages, and subsequently the German, with the literature of all which she became familiar

1 "Cheney took a crayon likeness of her in the year 1845, but he was dissatisfied with it and refused to allow it to go out. It is, however, still in existence."—Mrs. Samuel Ripley by Elizabeth Hoar in *Worthy Women of Our First Century*. This portrait is now in the possession of F. B. Sanborn, to be given eventually to the Concord Public Library. "A face not physically fair nor yet plain, but radiant with intellectual and moral beauty, a constant play of expression, yet charged with intelligence," all these this portrait expresses.

and kept up this familiarity till her failing strength made study, and even reading irksome.’”

In a letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson, “then eleven years old,—beginning with a translation from Virgil, dated 1814, Miss Bradford writes, ‘you love to trifle in rhyme a little now and then ; why will you not continue this versification of the fifth bucolic?’” The challenge was accepted and the young poet sends a poetic translation from the nineteenth to the thirty-fifth line. To Miss Mary Moody Emerson, she writes, “‘Your present shall purchase a Pindar, not a pin-cushion. I have long wanted him to fill a niche on my shelf of classics, but not as a token to remember a friend who has had more power and influence over me than any other being who ever trod this earth or breathed this vital air.’”

In 1817 she writes to the same correspondent, “‘I am on the eve of engaging myself to your brother, your family have probably no idea what trouble they may be entailing on themselves. I make no promises of good behavior, but knowing my tastes and habits they must take the consequences upon themselves.’ . . . In 1818 Miss Bradford was married to the Rev. Samuel Ripley, and for the next twenty-eight years her home was in the parsonage at Waltham. In the midst of the domestic cares that follow, Mrs. Ripley who finds ‘some time to read, yet, but little to think,’ writes to her brother in 1820, ‘Mr. Francis supplies me with German theology.’” Having read Gesenius, “‘I wish I could read Hebrew

and its sister dialects.'” Of her domestic qualities her husband writes to his sister, Mary Moody Emerson, “‘Wife has made the bread for our *small* family twice, and excellent bread it was. Mary is all in all,—never her equal in housewifery. Her mother once said, ‘I never open my eyes in the morning without thanking God for Mary Ripley.’”

In 1849 she writes from her home, the Old Manse, to her life-time friend, Mrs. Francis, “‘I have engaged to prepare two youths for college, and cannot leave them any day but Saturday, when baking and other cares do not prevent, I shall see you, I hope.’ Her devotion to her home, the Old Manse, and her town were unusual. She writes to her daughter in her sixty-eighth year, ‘I wonder if my first experience of a morning in Concord can ever be repeated,—the bright river which I welcomed as my own, the trees covered with chattering black-birds, good as rooks, the feeling that I have at last *a home*. What a home indeed it has been to me, which I would not exchange for all that wealth or art have to offer!’

A tender and appreciative notice of her death in 1867 was written by her friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson. He says of her, ‘at a time when perhaps no other young woman read Greek, she acquired the language with ease and read Plato. . . . She became one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and continued, in her later years, the habit of reading Homer, the tragedians and Plato. But her studies took a wide range in mathematics, in natural

philosophy, in psychology, in theology, as well as in ancient and modern literature.'"¹

ELIZABETH HOAR.

Elizabeth Hoar was the eldest child of Samuel Hoar of Concord. She "died in the city of her birth in 1878, in her sixty-fourth year. Miss Hoar resembled her father in many of her traits, but these were softened and graced by quick sensibilities, a lively fancy, and the deepest sympathy with others. She wrote better than most persons of her own time and country, and her letters would be the treasure of an editor. Yet her only book was a short sketch, published in 1877, of her old friend, Mrs. Ripley, who for years was the companion of her studies. Miss Hoar was one of the first New England women (after Mrs. Ripley) to gain a thorough acquaintance with the Greek authors and with German literature."²

George Frisbie Hoar, in writing of Emerson in his *Autobiography of Seventy Years*, says "The Concord people, like the general public, were slow in coming to know his great genius. . . . He spent his days in study and in solitary walks. Until Mrs. Ripley³ came to the Old Manse, about 1846, Emerson had, I think, no intimate friend outside of his own household, except my sister Elizabeth, who

1 Mrs. Samuel Ripley by Elizabeth Hoar in *Worthy Women of Our Century*.

2 F. B. Sanborn in *Springfield Republican*, 1878.

3 Emerson "was fortunate in having two noble women close by him, Miss Hoar, the betrothed of his brother Charles, and Mrs. Samuel Ripley, the wife of his uncle, a woman of eager interest in all that was good."—*Biographical Sketch of Emerson* by his son, Edward Waldo Emerson.

had been betrothed to his brother Charles,¹ and was a sister to Emerson until her death in 1878. . . . After she died and shortly before his own death, he appeared at my brother's house one day with a manuscript which he handed to the Judge. He had gone over his diary for a great many years and extracted and copied everything which related to her." Of his brother Charles' death, Emerson wrote to his wife from New York, "A soul is gone, so costly and so rare that few persons were capable of knowing its price, and I shall have my sorrow to myself. . . . Elizabeth" [who accompanied him to the bedside of his brother, but both arrived too late to see him alive] is well and the strength and truth of her character appear under this bitter calamity."

"Just before her marriage on July 7, 1842, and her residence in the Old Manse," Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to her friend, Mrs. Caleb Foote of Salem, of their future home in the Old Manse, . . . 'The agent of Heaven in this Concord plan was Elizabeth Hoar; a fit minister on such an errand, for minister means angel of God. Her interest has been very great in every detail.'"²

"E. H. [Elizabeth Hoar], who is much more at home among spirits than among fleshly bodies, came hither a few times merely to welcome us to the

1 "It may be fond exaggeration, but I think he [Charles Emerson] was the most brilliant intellect ever born in Massachusetts. . . . He delivered just before his death a very beautiful and impressive lecture on Socrates. It was long remembered by the people of Concord. It is said that they who heard it never forgot his beautiful figure and glowing countenance as he ended a passage of great eloquence at the close of the lecture with the words, 'God for thee has done his part, Do thine.'"—George F. Hoar in *Autobiography of Seventy Years*.

2 *Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.



EPHRAIM WALES BULL--GRAPEVINE COTTAGE

ethereal world," writes Nathaniel Hawthorne at the Old Manse,¹ "but latterly she has vanished into some other region of infinite space."

In his Concord Note Books² F. B. Sanborn writes, "Another of the women of Concord, of whom the world has heard but knows too little, was Miss Elizabeth Hoar, sister of the Senator and the Judge, an accomplished scholar and at home in any society, but early thrown into retirement by the death of her brilliant lover, Charles Emerson. . . . She became thus a sister of the poet-philosopher and was consulted by him in his literary tasks more than any person perhaps. 'Elizabeth the wise' he once styled her; but her wisdom was of the tenderly feminine kind, more of a Muse than a Minerva. . . . Miss Hoar lived for many years her life of noble talents and humble service. . . . She was in the small circles of Concord for half a century the type of Goethe's 'Ewig Weibliche' such as there are few in the world in any age."

EPHRAIM WALES BULL.

Ephraim Wales Bull, the originator of the Concord Grape, was the son of Epaphous Bull, a silversmith of Bullsville, New York. "In following his trade," Ephraim Bull's father "drifted to Boston, where he met and married Esther Wales of Dorchester . . . whose family were large property holders

1 American Note Books.

2 In *The Critic* of April, 1906.

and prominent people in the mother country. There were born of this union six children of which Ephraim was the oldest.

Ephraim Bull, was born March 4th, 1806, at Boston in a house that stood on Washington Street between Franklin and Milk Streets. This home of the Bulls had an ample yard, and a good garden in the rear, where young Ephraim first learned to plant the seed, pluck the flower, prune the vine, and pick the fruit. . . . He attended the public schools, and must have been an apt and studious pupil, as he won a Franklin medal for scholarship when only eleven years of age. . . .

At an early age Ephraim was apprenticed to Mr. Louis Lauriat, then the only gold-beater in Boston, to learn his trade. . . . During this apprenticeship young Bull was a ravenous reader of standard books. . . .

He worked for Mr. Lauriat for some years, and then went to work for another gold beater in Dorchester. He succeeded to the latter's business early in the year 1826. On September 10, 1826, he was married in Dorchester . . . to Miss Mary Ellen Walker, daughter of John and Mary Johnston Walker." The young couple lived in Dorchester for several years, and from there moved to Boston. Mr. Bull opened a shop on Cornhill where he manufactured and sold gold-leaf.

About 1836, Mr. Bull showed symptoms of lung trouble. His physician advised him in order to regain his health, to leave Boston.

“With that object in view he came to Concord, where his brother, Albert Lawrence, had preceeded him, and was living on the Hawthorne estate.” Mr. Bull purchased of Mr. French the house on Lexington Road now known as Grapevine Cottage, which was afterward to be his home. “Thither he moved in August 1836, after having made extensive alterations and repairs. There were but three trees on the place, namely, the two large elms in front, and a cherry tree in the rear, so the large growth of trees, vines and shrubs, with which we are familiar, were set out or planted by him. For a time he relinquished gold-beating to devote himself more fully to the farm, and to regain his health among the pines and flowers.

. . .

In 1841 he purchased the adjoining farm of Eben Dow, and some years after used the house thereon for a shop.

While the beating of gold was more profitable than farming, Mr. Bull's heart was in the fields and woods he loved so well; he yearned to be among the trees and vines with the blue sky above him, and child of nature that he was, his spirit rebelled against being pent up between the walls of a house, and so he gradually relinquished his trade for his farm. With almost childish enthusiasm he set out trees and planted shrubs and vines. The grape was his passion, and he set his mind and brain to work to see how he could improve it, and perchance discover some new variety that would better withstand our early frosts and severe winters. It was a task requir-

ing great patience and perseverance. Hundreds had tried and failed. . . .

He had planted in his garden the best varieties of grapevines that he could obtain, such as the Diana, the Isabella, and the Catawba, but none of these could be relied upon for a crop, even in favorable seasons. So he made up his mind that a new, hardy grape must be discovered, and he would attempt it.

Wild grapes had always abounded in Concord, and from the seed of such an one, dropped perhaps by a bird, there sprung up in the distant part of his garden a vine that bore a grape of good flavor, with little of the foxy taste of the wild grape. Mr. Bull was much impressed with its flavor, so much so, that he transplanted it to his trellis, and gave it care and cultivation. He gathered the crop and then planted the seeds and watched and waited. Let me use his own words: "I put these grapes whole, into the ground, skin and all, at a depth of two inches, about the first of October, after they had thoroughly ripened, and covered the row with boards. I nursed these seedlings for six years, and of this large number, one only proved worth the saving. On the tenth of September 1849, I was enabled to pick a bunch of grapes, and when I showed them to a neighbor, who tasted them, he at once exclaimed, "Why, this is better than the Isabella!"

After three years of testing, Mr. Bull exhibited it before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, as a seedling from a native grape. It created a sensation



ORIGINAL VINE
OF THE CONCORD GRAPE

at once, and excited the most favorable comments. He gives the following description of the new seedling, which he named the Concord: 'The grape is large, frequently an inch in diameter, and the bunches handsomely shouldered, and sometimes weigh a pound. In color it is a ruddy black, covered with a dense blue bloom, the skin very thin, the juice abundant, with a sweet, aromatic flavor. It has very little pulp. The wood is strong, the foliage large, thick, strongly nerved, with a woolly under surface, and does not mildew or rust. It ripens the 10th of September.'

It was first put on the market in Boston in 1854, and the first year's sales amounted to thirty-two hundred dollars, a very large sum in those days from a new fruit. The next few years found it in the hands of every nurseryman in the country. . . . Thus almost unconsciously it slipped out of the hands of its originator, filling the coffers of others, and bringing but little to his."

In 1855 Mr. Bull was elected a member of the Massachusetts legislature. Because of his reputation as a horticulturist he was made chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. The following year he was elected to the state senate, and was placed upon the same committee in the senate. For twelve years he served as member at large on the state board of agriculture. Secretary Flint states, that Mr. Bull "did more probably than any other man, through the admirable papers which he furnished, to awaken an interest in the cultivation of the grape." He lectured

several times at Harvard College, and was in demand as a speaker at horticultural meetings and agricultural fairs.

"The success of the Concord grape did not deter Mr. Bull from trying to produce one, even better. Year after year he planted grape seeds, and from the thousands of seedlings, he would cull, now and then, one to which he would give closer attention." Among these thus selected four are considered worthy of particular mention, the Rockwood, Cottage, August Rose and Esther. "The Rockwood he named after his lifelong friend, and loyal benefactor, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar. . . . The Esther is a white grape, a medium grower, prolific, berry and bunch large, of fine quality and delicious flavor, earlier than the Concord." Of the Esther Mr. Bull said, that he had long cherished a desire to name the best grape he could raise, after his mother, and he called this one by her name, because he felt that it was as near perfection as he should ever attain. In December 1873, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society honored Mr. Bull with two medals, a gold and silver one. The gold medal, worth sixty dollars, was awarded "for the production of the best hardy seedling grape, the Concord, which has proved, after a thorough trial, so universally adapted to general cultivation throughout the United States, and the most reliable grape for vineyard cultivation in Massachusetts."

The silver medal was awarded to Mr. Bull "for

his labors in improving the grape, and for his exhibition of new seedlings."

The four seedlings mentioned above, "were all worthy of cultivation, and in proper hands would have brought fame and money to their originator, but to Mr. Bull they brought little or nothing. He had grown more and more suspicious and distrustful with advancing years; he was living alone, and solitude was conducive to brooding over troubles and disappointments." To the oft repeated question, "Why don't you put these grapes on the market?" he would reply, "There are no honest nurserymen, I shall be cheated."

In 1873, after a severe attack of pneumonia, he was taken to the Concord Home for the Aged, where he was cared for in his declining years. He died in 1875, after a short illness, and was buried in the family lot in Sleepy Hollow.

Mr. Bull was the father of three children, all of whom were born in Concord, two sons and one daughter, Mrs. George W. Lauriat of Bedford, Massachusetts.

Marshall P. Wilder has said of the Concord grape, "Had Mr. Bull done nothing else for the benefit of mankind, his name would be held in grateful remembrance while the fruit of the vine shall cool the parched tongue, or its juice make glad the heart of man."¹

"Mr. Ephraim Bull, the inventor of the Concord

¹ From The Concord Social Circle Memoir of Ephraim Wales Bull by William Barrett.

grape was a next door neighbor," says Julian Hawthorne in his *Life of Hawthorne and his Wife*, "and his original and virile character had a great attraction for Hawthorne, inasmuch that they had much pleasant converse together."

In his *Hawthorne and his Circle*, Julian Hawthorne writes later of Mr. Bull: "Another neighbor of ours, hardly less known to fame, though in a widely different line of usefulness, makes a very distinct picture in my mind; this was Ephraim Wales Bull, the inventor of the Concord grape. He was as eccentric as his name; but he was a genuine and substantive man, and my father took a great liking to him, which was reciprocated. He was short and powerful, with long arms, and a big head covered with bushy hair and a jungle beard, from which looked out a pair of eyes singularly brilliant and penetrating. He had brains to think with, as well as strong and skilful hands to work with; he personally did three-fourths of the labor on his vineyard, and every grapevine had his separate care. He was married and had three children, amiable but less interesting than himself. . . . He often came over and sat with my father in the summer-house on the hill, and there talked about politics, sociology (though under some other name, probably), morals, and human nature, with an occasional lecture on grape-culture. He permitted my sister and me to climb the fence and eat all the grapes we could hold; it seems to me he could hardly have realized our capacity. During our second summer, he built a

most elaborate fence along the road front of his estate; it must have been three hundred yards long and it was as high as a man could reach; the palings, instead of being upright, were criss-crossed over one another, leaving small diamond-shaped interstices. The whole was painted brilliant white, to match the Lilliputian cottage in which the Bull family contrived (I know not how) to ensconce itself."

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop (Margaret Sidney), owner and occupant of The Wayside, purchased the adjoining twelve-acre estate formerly owned by Mr. Bull. Upon its purchase Grapevine¹ Cottage was restored, memorial mantels, designed by Mrs. Lothrop, placed in the living-room and dining-room, and the rooms arranged so that they should stand as nearly as possible like those within which Mr. Bull had lived.

Upon the completion of the repairs upon this cottage, it was dedicated by a memorial service arranged by Mrs. Lothrop in honor of Mr. Bull.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

"Henry David Thoreau² was the last male descendant of a French ancestor who came to this

1 This cottage was often called by Mr. Bull Rose Cottage from the profusion of roses that grew about the place. Mrs. Hawthorne's diary, under the date of September 9, 1860, records, "Baby had got me some exquisite roses from Mr. Bull's, of various shades from deep crimson to light pink, and I arranged a flat dish full on the Roman mosaic table, and a tall glass on the white marble table."—*Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

2 By Ralph Waldo Emerson in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*,

country from the Isle of Guernsey. His character exhibited occasional traits drawn from this blood, in singular combination with a very strong Saxon genius.

He was born in Concord,¹ Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1817.² He was graduated at Harvard College in 1837, but without any literary distinction. An iconoclast in literature, he seldom thanked colleges for their service to him, holding them in small esteem,³ whilst yet his debt to them was important. After leaving the University, he joined his brother in teaching a private school, which he soon renounced.⁴ His father was a manufacturer of lead pencils,⁵ and Henry applied himself for a time to this craft, believing he could make a better pencil than was then in use.

1 "The old-fashioned house on the Virginia road, its roof nearly reaching to the ground in the rear," is the house where "Henry David Thoreau first saw the light in the eastern-most of its upper chambers. It was the residence of his grandmother, and a perfect piece of our New England style of building, with its gray, unpainted boards, its grassy, unfenced door-yard. The house is somewhat isolate and remote from thoroughfares; the Virginia road, an old-fashioned, winding, at length deserted pathway, the more smiling for its forked orchards, tumbling walls, and mossy banks. About the house are pleasant, sunny meadows, deep with their beds of peat . . . and in front runs a constant stream through the centre of that great tract sometimes called Bedford levels. . . . It was lovely he should draw his first breath in a pure country air, out of crowded towns, amid the pleasant, russet fields."—Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, by William Ellery Channing. This house was afterwards moved to a site further east.

2 "I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too."—Thoreau in Autumn.

3 "Education," Thoreau says, "often makes a straight-cut ditch out of a free, meandering brook."

4 Channing in his Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, says of Thoreau's teaching, "Another early experience was the town school in Concord, which he took after leaving college, announcing that he should not flog, but would talk morals as a punishment instead. A fortnight sped glibly along, when a knowing deacon, one of the school committee, walked in and told Mr. Thoreau that he must flog and use the ferule, or the school would spoil. So he did,—feruling six of his pupils after school, one of whom was the maid-servant in his own house. But it did not suit well with his conscience, and he reported to the committee that he should no longer keep their school, if they interfered with his arrangements; and they could keep it."

5 William Munroe commenced the manufacture of lead pencils in Con-

After completing his experiments, he exhibited his work to chemists and artists in Boston, and having obtained their certificates to its excellence and to its equality with the best London manufacture, he returned home contented. His friends congratulated him that he had now opened his way to fortune. But he replied, that he should never make another pencil. 'Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once.' He resumed his endless walks and miscellaneous studies, making every day some new acquaintance with Nature, though as yet never speaking of zoology or botany, since, though very studious of natural facts, he was incurious of technical and textural science.

At this time, a strong, healthy youth, fresh from college, whilst all his companions were choosing their profession, or eager to begin some lucrative employment, it was inevitable that his thoughts should be exercised on the same question, and it required rare decision to refuse all the accustomed paths and keep his solitary freedom at the cost of disappointing the natural expectations of his family and friends; all the more difficult that he had a perfect probity, was exact in securing his own independence and in holding every man to the like duty. But Thoreau never faltered. He was a born protestant. He declined to give up his large ambition of knowledge and action

cord in 1812. "His method of making them he regards as his own invention, having, he informs me, had no instruction from any one in relation to the subject. 'The lead for the first pencil was ground with the head of a hammer, was mixed in a common spoon, and the pencil sold to Benjamin Andrews in Boston.' . . . John Thoreau and others in the town have also carried on the business extensively, but the profits are now very much reduced."—Shattuck's History of Concord, 1833.

for any narrow craft, aiming at a much more comprehensive calling, the art of living well. If he slighted or defied the opinion of others, it was only that he was more intent to reconcile his practice with his own belief. Never idle or self indulgent, he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labor agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying,¹ or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world. It would cost him less time to supply his wants than another. He was, therefore, secure of his leisure.² . . .

Few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate

1 In a letter to his friend, Mr. Blake of Worcester, (Feb. 27, 1853) Thoreau writes, "I have been almost constantly in the fields surveying of late. It is long since I have spent so many days so profitably in a pecuniary sense; so unprofitably, it seems to me, in a more important sense. I have earned just a dollar a day for seventy-six days past. This is instead of lecturing, which has not offered, to pay for that book which I printed. I have not only cheap hours, but cheap weeks and months . . . weeks of pasturing and browsing, like beeves and deer,—which give me animal health it may be, but create a tough skin over the soul and intellectual part." "That book" which he "printed," refers to *The Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. An edition of one thousand copies had been printed at the author's expense. Very few were disposed of by the publisher, the remaining volumes being returned to the author. "The wares are sent to me at last, and I have an opportunity to examine my purchase. . . . I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself. . . . I can see now what I write for, and the result of my labors. . . . Indeed, I believe that this result is more inspiring and better than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less," writes Thoreau.

2 "Is it not delightful to provide one's self with the necessities of life,—to collect dry wood for the fire when the weather grows cool, or fruits when we grow hungry?—Not till then. And then we have all the time left for thought! Of what use were it, pray, to get a little wood to burn to warm your body this cold weather, if there were not a divine fire kindled at the same time to warm your spirit?"—Letter to Mr. Blake from *Letters of Thoreau* edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely no doubt for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and nature. He had no talent for wealth,¹ and knew how to be poor² without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. . . . He had no temptations to fight against,—no appetites, no passions, no taste for elegant trifles. A fine house, dress, the manners and talk of highly cultivated people were thrown away on him. He much preferred a good Indian, and considered these refinements as impediments to conversation, wishing to meet his companion on the simplest terms. He declined invitations to dinner-parties because there each was in every one's way, and he could not meet the individuals to any purpose. 'They make their pride,' said he, 'in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little.' When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered, 'the nearest.' . . .

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself.³ In his travels, he used the

1 "Perhaps it always costs me more than it comes to to lecture before a promiscuous audience. It is an irreparable injury done to my modesty even,—I become so indurated. . . . The lecturer gets fifty dollars a night, but what becomes of his winter? . . . I should like not to exchange *any* of my life for money."—Letter of Thoreau (Dec. 31, 1856).

"Merely to come into the world the heir of a fortune is not to be born, but to be still-born, rather," says Thoreau.

2 "Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences, you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from every trifle. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul."—Thoreau in Walden.

3 In Walden, Thoreau gives an account of his furniture used there: "My furniture, part of which I made myself, and the rest cost me nothing of which I have not rendered an account, consisted of a bed, a table, a desk,

railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

There was somewhat military in his nature, not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. . .

Yet, hermit¹ and stoic as he was, he was really fond of sympathy, and threw himself heartily and childlike into the company of young people whom he loved,² and whom he delighted to entertain, as he only could, with the varied and endless anecdotes of his experiences by field and river, and he was always

three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, a frying-pan, a dipper, a wash-bowl, two knives and forks, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses and a Japanned lamp. None is so poor that he need sit on a pumpkin. . . Furniture! Thank God, I can sit and I can stand without the aid of a furniture ware-house."

The three chairs in his Walden hut were, he said, "one for solitude, two for friendship and three for society."

1 "As for the dispute about solitude and society, any comparison is impertinent. It is idling down on the plain at the base of a mountain, instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of the song. I love society so much that I swallowed it all at a gulp,—that is, all that came my way. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar, the company grows thinner and thinner till there is none at all."—Thoreau in Letter to Mr. Blake.

2 Thoreau became an inmate of Emerson's home in 1841, and remained there until he accepted the tutorship of Emerson's nephews on Staten Island in 1843. Emerson wrote of Thoreau, "He is to have his board, etc., for what labor he chooses to do, and he is thus far a great benefactor and physician to me, for he is an indefatigable and skilful laborer."

Dr. Emerson says of his father that he was "delighted in being led to the very inner shrines of the wood-god by Thoreau," a man "clear-eyed and true and stern enough to be trusted with their secrets." "He was by no means unsocial, but a kindly and affectionate person, especially to children," writes Dr. Emerson.

ready to lead a huckleberry party¹ or a search for chestnuts or grapes. . . .

He was a speaker and actor of the truth, born such, and was ever running into dramatic situations from this cause. In any circumstance it interested all bystanders to know what part Henry would take, and what he would say; and he did not disappoint expectation, but used an original judgment on each emergency. In 1845 he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labor and study.² This action was quite native and fit for him. No one who knew him would tax him with affectation. He was more unlike his neighbors in his thought than in his action. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it.³ In 1847, [1845]

1 "Have you had the annual berrying party, or sat on the Cliffs a whole day this summer?" asks Thoreau of Mrs. Emerson, in a letter to her from Staten Island, Oct. 16, 1843.

"He was one of those who keep so much of the boy in them that he could never pass a berry without picking it. For huckleberries, wild strawberries, chestnuts, acorns, and wild apples he had a snatch of veneration almost superstitious. I being gifted with a lesser degree of this edible religion, frequently had to leave him in the rear, picking his berry, while I sat looking at the landscape, or admiring my berry-loving lad; nor was I less pleased to see him sometimes cutting off a square of birch-bark, out of which, in five minutes, he would construct a safe and handsome basket for his prize."—Channing in Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.

2 "It is by his two years' encampment on the shore of a small lake in the Walden woods a mile south of Concord village, that Thoreau is best known to the world; and the book which relates how he lived and what he saw there is still, as it always was, the most popular of his writings. Like all his books, it contains much that might as well have been written on any other subject; but it also describes charmingly the scenes and events of his sylvan life,—his days and nights with nature."—Henry D. Thoreau by Frank B. Sanborn.

3 "C. [Channing], you have gained a rare season in your shanty by the pond, [Walden].

T. [Thoreau] I have gained considerable time for study and writing, and proved to my satisfaction that life may be maintained at less cost and labor than by the old social plan. Yet I would not insist upon anyone's trying it who has not a pretty good supply of internal sunshine; otherwise he would have, I judge, to spend too much of his time in fighting with his dark humors. To live alone comfortably, we must have that self-comfort which rays out of nature,—a portion of it at least."—Walks and Talks in Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, by William Ellery Channing.

In reply to the question asked him as to why he left Walden Pond,

not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But, as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist. No opposition or ridicule had any weight with him.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversion from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt.¹

It was said of Plotinus that he was ashamed of his body, and 'tis very likely he had good reason for it,—that his body was a bad servant, and he had not skill in dealing with the material world, as happens

Thoreau said, "I must say I do not know what made me leave the pond, I left it as unaccountably as I went to it. To speak sincerely, I went there because I had got ready to go. I left it for the same reason."

Thoreau's cabin "was only a larger coat and hat to him,—a garment he had left down by Walden, convenient to walk into if it rained or snowed, or was cold; good for night, too, that period sacred to tallow and print,—and a place to eat, store, for imagine meals in. It had no lock to the door, no curtain to the window, and thus belonged to nature as much as to man, for it was not shut out nor obscured by 'too many appliances,' as Henry called human art. . . .

Of the many houses in which he lived (for his was a very moving family) I heard him rarely speak; that one, now torn away, at the corner of the slaughter-house street (Walden Road); another, where the library now stands (the Parkman House), farther towards the railroad; and still another which had been 'fixed over' for more aspiring villagers than the Irish, who succeeded the Thoreau's in the Parkman house. Three of these he passed in his daily walks to the post-office."—William Ellery Channing.

1 "When it is proposed to me to go abroad, rub off some rust, and better my condition in a worldly sense, I fear lest my life would lose some of its homeliness. If these fields, and streams, and woods, the phenomena of nature here, and the simple occupations of the inhabitants should cease to interest and inspire me, no culture or wealth would atone for the loss. I fear the dissipation that traveling, going into society, even the best, the enjoyment of intellectual luxuries, imply.

If Paris is much in your mind, if it is more and more to you, Concord is less and less, and yet it would be a wretched bargain to accept the proudest Paris in exchange for my native village. At best, Paris could only be a school in which to learn to live here, a stepping-stone to Concord, a school in which to fit for this university. . . . The sight of a marsh-hawk in Concord meadows is worth more to me than the entry of the allies into Paris." —Henry Thoreau in Spring.

often to men of abstract intellect. But Mr. Thoreau was equipped with a most adapted and serviceable body. He was of short stature, firmly built, of light complexion, with strong, serious blue eyes, and a grave aspect,—his face covered in the late years with a becoming beard. His senses were acute, his frame well built and hardy, his hands strong and skilful in the use of tools. And there was a wonderful fitness of body and mind. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain. He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes. He could estimate the measure of a tree very well by his eye, he could estimate the weight of a calf or a pig, like a dealer. From a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp. He was a good swimmer, runner, skater, boatman, and would probably outwalk most countrymen in a day's journey. And the relation of body to mind was still finer than we have indicated. He said he wanted every stride his legs made. The length of his walk uniformly made the length of his writing. If shut up in the house he did not write at all.

He had a strong common sense, like that which Rose Flammock, the weaver's daughter in Scott's romance, commends in her father, as resembling a yardstick, which, whilst it measures dowlas and diaper, can equally well measure tapestry and cloth of gold. He had always a new resource. When I

was planting forest trees, and had procured half a peck of acorns, he said that only a small portion of them would be sound, and proceeded to examine them and select sound ones. But finding this took time, he said, 'I think if you put them all into water the good ones will sink'; which experiment we tried with success. He could plan a garden or a house,¹ or a barn; would have been competent to lead a 'Pacific Exploring Expedition'; could give judicious counsel in the gravest private or public affairs.

A very industrious man, and setting like all highly organized men, a high value on his time, he seemed the only man of leisure in town, always ready for any excursion that promised well, or for conversation prolonged into late hours. . . . He liked and used the simplest food, yet, when some one urged a vegetable diet, Thoreau thought all diets a very small matter, saying that 'the man who shoots the buffalo lives better than the man who boards at the Graham House.' He said,— 'You can sleep near the railroad, and never be disturbed: Nature knows very well what sounds are worth attending to, and has made up her mind not to hear the railroad

1 In the year before Thoreau moved to Walden Pond, he assisted his father in building a house in the western part of Concord village called "Texas." Miss Jane Hosmer, one of the daughters of Edmund Hosmer, gives the following interesting explanation of the naming of this section of Concord: "The part of Concord known as 'Texas' was for many years somewhat remote from the more thickly settled section of the town called the village. The Thoreau family and that of Mr. William Robinson (Warrington) lived there. To reach their homes it was necessary to cross the track of the Fitchburg railroad. A train shed which then covered the track at the station had a large star painted white just under the pitch of the roof. Texas had been admitted into the union and the Lone Star State was much talked of in connection with the Mexican War. Hence the Thoreaus and Robinsons dubbed their place of residence 'Texas'."

whistle. But things respect a devout mind, and a mental ecstasy was never interrupted.' He noted what repeatedly befell him, that, after receiving from a distance a rare plant, he would presently find the same in his own haunts. . . . One day, walking with a stranger, who inquired where Indian arrow-heads could be found, he replied, 'everywhere,' and stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground.¹ At Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine, Thoreau had a bad fall, and sprained his foot. As he was in the act of getting up from his fall, he saw for the first time the leaves of the *Arnica mollis*. . . .

There was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets a certain casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. In his youth, he said one day, 'The other world is all my art; my pencils will draw no other; my jack-knife will cut nothing else; I do not use it as a means.' This was the muse and genius that ruled his opinions, conversation, studies, work and course of life. This made him a searching judge of men. At first glance he measured his companion,

¹ He practically "illustrated his faith. . . . how needless to travel for wonders; they lie at your feet; the seeing eye must search intensely. The Wayland bird-stuffer shoots a meadow-hen, a Virginia rail, a *stormy petrel* and the *little auk* in Sudbury meadows."—From Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, by William Ellery Channing.

and, though insensible to some fine traits of culture, could very well report his weight and calibre. And this made the impression of genius which his conversation sometime gave.

He understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes. I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. His own dealing with them was never affectionate, but superior, didactic, scorning their petty ways, —very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own.¹ ‘Would he not walk with them?’ ‘He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company.’ Visits were offered him from respectful parties, but he declined them. Admiring friends offered to carry him at their own cost to the Yellowstone River,—to the West Indies,—to South America. But though nothing could be more grave or considered than his refusals, they remind one, in quite new relations, of that fop Brummel’s reply to the gentleman who offered him his carriage in a shower, ‘But where will *you* ride then?’—and what accusing silences, and what searching and irresistible

¹ In a letter to Mr. Ricketson of New Bedford, Mass., Thoreau writes, “That island lodge, especially for some weeks in a summer, and new explorations in your vicinity, are certainly very alluring; but *such are my engagements to myself*, that I dare not promise to wend your way, but will for the present only heartily thank you for your kind and generous offer.”



HENRY DAVID THOREAU

speeches, battering down all defenses, his companions can remember !

Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans, and to people over the sea. The river on whose banks he was born and died, he knew from its springs to its confluence with the Merrimack.¹ He had made summer and winter observations on it for many years, and at every hour of the day and night. The result of the recent survey of the Water Commissioners appointed by the State of Massachusetts he had reached by his private experiments several years earlier. Every fact which occurs in the bed, on the banks, or in the air over it; the fishes and their spawning and nests, their man-

1 "At length, on Saturday, the last day of August, 1839, we two brothers, and natives of Concord, weighed anchor in this river port ; for Concord, too, lies under the sun, a port of entry and departure for the bodies as well as the souls of men ; one shore at least exempted from all duties but such as an honest man will gladly discharge. . . . Our boat, which had cost us a week's labor in the spring, was in form like a fisherman's dory, fifteen feet long by three and a half in breadth at the widest part, painted green below, with a border of blue, with reference to the two elements in which it was to spend its existence." Thus began the famous journey of Thoreau and his brother described in *Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. Thoreau afterward sold this boat to Hawthorne. It is referred to by Hawthorne in his *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

In his *American Note Books* Hawthorne writes, "Mr. Thoreau dined with us yesterday. . . . He is a keen and delicate observer of nature,—a genuine observer,—which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet ; and nature in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. . . . After dinner (at which we cut the first watermelon and muskmelon that our garden has grown), Mr. Thoreau and I walked up the bank of the river, and at a certain point he shouted for his boat. Forthwith a young man paddled it across and Mr. Thoreau and I voyaged farther up the stream. . . . Mr. Thoreau managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it. He said that, when some Indians visited Concord a few years ago he found that he had acquired, without a teacher, their precise method of propelling and steering a canoe. Nevertheless he was desirous of selling the boat of which he was so fit a pilot, and which was built by his own hands ; so I agreed to take it, and accordingly became possessor of the Musketaquid. I wish I could acquire the aquatic skill of the original owner."

The next day Hawthorne takes a lesson from Thoreau in canoeing, but he was not a very apt pupil. "The boat seemed to be bewitched and turned its

ners, their food; . . . the birds which frequent the stream . . . the turtle, frog, hyla and cricket, which make the banks vocal,—were all known to him, and, as it were, townsmen and fellow-creatures; so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrative of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or a bird in brandy. He liked to speak of the manners of the river, as itself a lawful creature, yet with exactness, and always to an observed fact. As he knew the river, so the ponds in this region.

One of the weapons he used, more important to him than microscope or alcohol-receiver to other investigators, was a whim which grew on him by indulgence, yet appeared in gravest statement, namely, of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored centre for natural observation.¹ He remarked that the Flora of Massachusetts embraced

head to every point of the compass except the right one. . . . I suspect that she has not yet transferred her affections from her old master to her new one. . . . We propose to change her name from Musketaquid . . . to Pond Lily . . . as she will bring home many a cargo of pond lilies from along the river's weedy shore. It is not very likely that I shall make such long voyages in her as Mr. Thoreau has made. He once followed our river down to the Merrimack, and thence, I believe, to Newburyport, in this little craft."

In the September Critic of 1905, F. B. Sanborn writes (A Concord Note Book), "I inherited Thoreau's river boat from Hawthorne, and kept it in repair for some years before it went to pieces."

1 To his mother, Thoreau writes from Staten Island, Aug. 6, 1843, "Me-thinks I should be content to sit at the back-door in Concord, under the poplar tree, henceforth forever. Not that I am homesick at all — for places are strangely indifferent to me — but Concord is still a cynosure to my eyes, and I find it hard to attach it, even in imagination, to the rest of the globe, and tell where the seam is."

Elizabeth Hoar said of Thoreau: "Concord is Thoreau's monument adorned with inscriptions by his hand."

"Henry talks about Nature just as if she'd been born and brought up at Concord," said Madam Hoar of Thoreau.

Thoreau's humorous maxim was *Ne quid quaesiveris extra Concordiamque*.

almost all the important plants of America—most of the oaks, most of the willows, the best pines, the ash, the maple, the beech, the nuts. He returned Kane's Artic Voyage¹ to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark that 'Most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord.' He seemed a little envious of the Pole, for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months; a splendid fact which Annursnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks, and told me that he expected to find the *Victoria regia* in Concord. He was the attorney of the indigenous plants, and owned to a preference of the weeds to the imported plants as of the Indian to the civilized man, and noticed with pleasure that the willow bean-poles of his neighbor had grown more than his beans. 'See these weeds,' he said, 'which have been hoed at by a million farmers all spring and summer, and yet have prevailed, and just now come out triumphant over all lanes, pastures, fields and gardens, such is their vigor. We have insulted them with low names, too,—as Pigweed, Wormwood, Chickweed, Shad-blossom.' He says, 'They have brave names, too,—Ambrosia, Stellaria, Amelanchier, Amaranth, etc.'

I think his fancy for referring everything to the meridian of Concord did not grow out of any ignorance or depreciation of other longitudes or latitudes,

1 "Where is the unexplored land but in our own untried enterprises? To an adventurous spirit any place—London, New York, Worcester, or his own yard—is 'unexplored land,' to seek which Fremont and Kane travel so far. To a sluggish and defeated spirit even the Great Basin and the Polaris are trivial places."—Thoreau.

but was rather a playful expression of his conviction of the indifference of all places, and that the best place for each is where he stands.¹ He expressed it once in this wise: 'I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world.'

The other weapon with which he conquered all obstacles in science was patience. He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him.² He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. One must submit abjectly to such a guide, and the reward was great. Under his arm he carried an old music book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife and twine. He wore a straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave scrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb a

1 "Is not each withered leaf that I see in my walks something which I have travelled to find? — travelled, who can tell how far? What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives!" — Letter of Thoreau.

2 "His habit was to go abroad a portion of each day, to fields or woods or the Concord river. 'I go out,' he said, 'to see what I have caught in my traps which I set for facts' . . . During many years he used the afternoon for walking, and usually set forth about half-past two, returning at half-past five . . . he had time enough to visit all the points of interest in his neighborhood." — Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, by William Ellery Channing.

tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. On the day I speak of he looked for the *Menyanthes*, detected it across the wide pool, and, on examination of the florets, decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his breast-pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The *Cypripedium* not due till tomorrow. He thought that, if waked up from a trance, in this swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. The redstart was flying about, and presently the fine grosbeaks, whose brilliant scarlet 'makes the rash gazer wipe his eye,' and whose fine clear note Thoreau compared to that of a tanager which has got rid of its hoarseness. Presently he heard a note which he called that of the night-warbler, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve years, which always, when he saw it, was in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, and which it was vain to seek; the only bird which sings indifferently by night and by day. I told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, 'What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon, all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey.'

His interest in the flower or the bird lay very deep in his mind, was connected with Nature, — and the

meaning of Nature was never attempted to be defined by him.¹ He would not offer a memoir of his observations to the Natural History Society. 'Why should I? To detach the description from its connections in my mind would make it no longer true or valuable to me: and they do not wish what belongs to it.'² His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.

His determination on Natural History was organic. He confessed that he sometimes felt like a hound or a panther, and, if born among Indians, would have been a fell hunter. But restrained by his Massachusetts culture, he played out the game in this mild form of botany and ichthyology. His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that 'either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. Our naturalist had

1 "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone." — Thoreau in Spring.

2 Thoreau was an honorary member of the Society of Natural History at Boston. To this society he bequeathed his collection of plants, Indian relics, etc.

perfect magnanimity ; he had no secrets ; he would carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp, — possibly knowing that you could never find it again, yet willing to take his risks. . . .

He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity. The farmers who employed him as a surveyor soon discovered his rare accuracy and skill, his knowledge of their lands, of trees, of birds, of Indian remains and the like, which enabled him to tell every farmer more than he knew before of his own farm ; so that he began to feel a little as if Mr. Thoreau had better rights in his land than he. They felt, too, the superiority of character which addressed all men with a native authority.

Indian relics abound in Concord, — arrow-heads, stone chisels, pestles, and fragments of pottery ; and on the river bank, large heaps of clam shells and ashes mark spots which the savages frequented. These, and every circumstance touching the Indians, were important in his eyes. His visits to Maine were chiefly for love of the Indian. He had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of the bark canoe, as well as trying his hand in its management on the rapids. He was inquisitive about the making of the stone arrow-head, and in his last days charged a youth setting out for the Rocky Mountains to find an Indian who could tell him that : ‘ It was well worth a visit to California to learn it.’ Occasionally, a small party of Penobscot Indians would visit Concord, and

pitch their tents for a few weeks in summer on the river bank. He failed not to make acquaintance with the best of them; though he well knew that asking questions of Indians is like catechizing beavers and rabbits. In his last visit to Maine he had great satisfaction from Joseph Polis, an intelligent Indian of Oldtown, who was his guide for some weeks. . . . His eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music.¹ He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestions in the humming of the telegraph wire.²

His poetry might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. . . . He knew the worth of the Imagination for the uplifting and consolation of human life, and liked to throw every thought into a symbol. . . . All readers of

1 "The other evening I was determined . . . that I would walk in various directions and see if there was not to be found any depth of silence around. . . . I left the village and paddled up the river to Fair Haven Pond. . . . The falling dews seemed to strain and purify the air, and I was soothed with an infinite stillness. I got the world, as it were, by the nape of the neck, and held it under in the tide of its own events, till it was drowned, and then I let it go down stream like a dead dog. Vast hollow chambers of silence stretched away on every side, and my being expanded in proportion, and filled them. Then first could I appreciate sound, and find it musical." — Letter of Thoreau to Mr. Blake, Concord, Aug. 8, 1854.

"Anyone who ever heard him sing Tom Bowline will agree, that in tune and in tone, he answered, and went far beyond, all expectation. His favorite songs were . . . the most tender and popular songs. And, oh, how sweetly he played upon his flute!" — Channing in Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.

2 "As I went under the new telegraph wire, I heard it vibrating like a harp overhead; it was as the sound of a far-off glorious life; a supernal life which came down to us, and vibrated the lattice-work of this life of ours, — an Æolian harp. . . . As I was entering the Deep Cut [of the Fitchburg Railroad, towards Lincoln], the wind, which was conveying a message to me from Heaven, dropt it on the wire of the telegraph, which it vibrated as it past. I instantly sat down on a stone at the foot of the telegraph pole, and attended to the communication. It merely said: 'Bear in mind, Child, and never for an instant forget, that there are higher planes, infinitely higher planes of life than this thou art now travelling on. Know that the goal is distant and is upward, and is worthy all your life's efforts to attain to.' And then it ceased; and tho' I sat some minutes longer I heard nothing more." — Thoreau's Journal, Sept. 3, 1851.

Walden will remember his mythical record of his disappointments — ‘I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle-dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves.’ . . .

His biography is in his verses.¹ His habitual thought makes all his poetry a hymn to the Cause of causes, the Spirit which vivifies and controls his own.

Whilst he used in his writings a certain petulance of remark in reference to churches² or churchmen, he was a person of a rare, tender and absolute religion, a person incapable of any profanation, by act or by thought. . . .

Thoreau was sincerity itself, and might fortify the convictions of prophets in the ethical laws by his holy living. . . . A physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and

1 The best of Thoreau's early verse was contributed to the Dial, which he helped to edit when Emerson took charge of this journal.

2 “In his later years Dr. Ripley was much distressed by a schism in his church, which drew off to a Trinitarian congregation several of his oldest friends and parishioners. . . . Thoreau seceded, later, but not to the ‘Orthodox’ church, — as much against the wish of Dr. Ripley, however, as if he had. In later years, Thoreau's church (of the Sunday Walkers) was recognized in the village gossip; so that when I first spent Sunday in Concord, and asked my landlord what churches there were, he replied, ‘The Unitarian, the Orthodox, and the Walden Pond Association.’” — F. B. Sanborn in Henry D. Thoreau.

knew the deep value of his mind and great heart.¹ He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished. . . .

The habit of a realist to find things the reverse of their appearance inclined him to put every statement in a paradox. A certain habit of antagonism defaced his earlier writings, — a trick of rhetoric not quite outgrown in his later, of substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical opposite. He praised wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air, in snow and ice he would find sultriness, and commended the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. 'It was so dry, that you might call it wet.'

The tendency to magnify² the moment, to read all the laws of nature in the one object or one combination under your eye, is of course comic to those who do not share the philosopher's perception of identity.³ To him there was no such thing as size. The pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic a large Walden Pond. . . . He found out that the *savans* had neglected to discriminate a particular botanical variety, and failed to describe the seeds or count the sepals. 'That is to say,' we replied, 'the blockheads

1 In Bronson Alcott's diary of 1857, he writes of a visit to Daniel Ricketson at New Bedford. "Thoreau and Ricketson treating of nature and the wild. Thoreau has visited Ricketson before and won him as a disciple, though not in the absolute way he has Blake of Worcester, whose love for his genius partakes of the exceeding tenderness of woman."

2 "I trust that you realize what an exaggerator I am, — that I lay myself out to exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity, — pile Pelion upon Ossa, to reach heaven so. Expect no trivial truth from me, unless I am on the witness-stand." — Letter of Thoreau to Mr. Blake.

3 The "picturesque and suggestive" quality of his style is seen in the following illustration: "Speaking one day to G. F. Hoar of the shortness of time since the date fixed for the creation, measured by human lives, 'Why,' he said, 'sixty old women like Nabby Kettle' (a very old woman in Concord) taking hold of hands, would span the whole of it." — Autobiography of Seventy Years by Senator Hoar.

were not born in Concord ; but who said they were ? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome ; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-acre Corner, or Becky Stow's Swamp ; besides, what were you sent into the world for, but to add this observation ?'

Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enterprise and for command ; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days ; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans !¹

But these foibles, real or apparent, were fast vanishing in the incessant growth of a spirit so robust and wise, and which effaced its defeats with new triumphs. His study of Nature was a perpetual ornament to him, and inspired his friends with curiosity to see the world through his eyes, and to hear his adventures. They possessed every kind of interest.

He had many elegances of his own, whilst he

¹ Says Thoreau, "I feel that my life is very homely, my pleasures very cheap. Joy and sorrow, success and failure, grandeur and meanness, and indeed most words in the English language, do not mean for me what they do for my neighbors. I see that my neighbors look with compassion on me, that they think it is a mean and unfortunate destiny which makes me to walk in these fields and woods so much, and sail on this river alone. But so long as I find here the only real elysium, I cannot hesitate in my choice. My work is writing, and I do not hesitate though I know that no subject is too trivial for me, tried by ordinary standards ; for, ye fools, the theme is nothing, the life is everything."

In Walden, Thoreau says, "I came to love my rows of beans. . . . They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antaeus."

scoffed at conventional elegance. Thus, he could not bear to hear the sound of his own steps, the grit of gravel ; and therefore never willingly walked in the road, but in the grass,¹ on mountains and in woods. His senses were acute. . . He liked the pure fragrance of melilot. He honored certain plants with special regard, and over all, the pond lily, — then, the gentian, and the *Mikania scandens*, and life-everlasting, and a bass-tree which he visited every year when it bloomed, in the middle of July. . . He delighted in echoes, and said they were almost the only kind of kindred voices that he heard. He loved Nature so well, was so happy in her solitude, that he became very jealous of cities and the sad work which their refinements and artifices made with man and his dwelling.² The axe was always destroying his forest. ‘Thank God,’ he said, ‘they cannot cut down the clouds!’ ‘All kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint.’ . . .

There is a flower known to botanists . . . which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains. . . It is called . . . by the Swiss

1. “The dry grass yields a crisped sound to my feet ; the corn-stalks, standing in stacks in long rows along the edges of the corn-fields, remind me of stacks of muskets. As soon as berries are gone, grapes come. The flowers of the meadow-beauty are literally little reddish chalices now, though many still have petals, — little cream pitchers. There was a man in a boat, in the sun, just disappearing in the distance around a bend, lifting high his arms, and dipping his paddles, as if he were a vision bound to the land of the blessed, far off as in a picture. When I see Concord to purpose, I see it as if it were not real, but painted ; and what wonder if I do not speak to *thee* ?” — Thoreau.

2. “The only room in Boston which I visit with alacrity, is the Gentlemen’s Room at the Fitchburg Depot, where I wait for the cars, sometimes for two hours in order to get out of town. It is a paradise to the Parker House, for no smoking is allowed, and there is far more retirement.

A large and respectable club of us hire it (Town and Country Club), and I am pretty sure to find some one there whose face is set the same way as my own.” — Letter of Thoreau.

Edelweisse, which signifies Noble Purity. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance.¹ The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task which none else can finish, a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that he should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he, at least, is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."²

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

"We sighing said, 'Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost.'

1 Thoreau died in the Thoreau-Alcott house at Concord, May 6, 1862. Channing in his Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist, says: "In December, 1860, he took a severe cold by exposing himself while counting the rings on trees and when there was snow on the ground. This brought on a bronchial affection, which he much increased by lecturing at Waterbury; and although he used prudence after this, and indeed went a-journeying with his friend, Horace Mann, Jr., into Minnesota, this trouble with the bronchia continued. . . . With an unfaltering trust in God's mercies and never deserted by his good genius, he most bravely and unsparingly passed down the inclined plane of a terrible malady, pulmonary consumption. . . . The last sentence he incompletely spoke contained but two distinct words, 'Moose' and 'Indians'."

2 "My greatest skill," says Thoreau, "has been to want but little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall delight to be buried in it."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
 There came a low, harmonious breath :
 ' For such as he there is no death : —
 His life the eternal life commands ;
 Above man's aims his nature rose.
 The wisdom of a just content
 Made one small spot a continent,
 And tuned to poetry life's prose.

Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
 Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
 To him grew human or divine, —
 Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
 Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
 And yearly on the coverlid
 ' Neath which her darling lieth hid
 Will write his name in violets.

To him no vain regrets belong
 Whose soul, that finer instrument,
 Gave to the world no poor lament,
 But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.
 O lonely friend, he still will be
 A potent presence, though unseen, —
 Steadfast, sagacious, and serene ;
 Seek not for him — he is with thee.' "

— Louisa Alcott.

Among Thoreau's works are *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* (1849); *Walden* (1854); *Excursions in Field and Forest* (1863 with a Memoir by Emerson); *The Maine Woods* (1864); *Cape Cod* (1865); *Letters to Various Persons* edited by Emerson (1865); *A Yankee in Canada* (1866).

"Thoreau left 'a vast amount of manuscript,' in the words of his sister, who was his literary executor until her death in 1876, when she committed her trust to his Worcester friend, Mr. Harrison Blake.

She was aided in the revision and publication of the *Excursions*, *Maine Woods*, *Letters*, and other volumes which she issued from 1862 to 1866, by Mr. Emerson, Mr. Channing, and other friends."¹

In 1837 Thoreau began writing a regular series of diaries in which he systematically noted his daily walks and reflections. From these journals he drew his materials for his poems and lectures. Portions of the journals were edited by Mr. Blake, under the titles of *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, *Summer*, *Autumn* and *Winter*. Since Mr. Blake's death arrangements have been made to publish the journals of Thoreau entire.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

"William Ellery Channing² was born in Bedford street, Boston, a few rods from the birthplace of Waldo Emerson, November 29, 1818. He was the son of Dr. Walter Channing, an eminent Boston physician, and of his first wife, Barbara Perkins. . . His mother dying early, Ellery was brought up for some years by his great-aunt, Mrs. Bennett Forbes of Milton. . . At an age earlier than boys usually go to such a school he was sent a hundred miles from home to the famous Round Hill School of Dr. Cogswell and George Bancroft (the future historian). . . He completed his preparation for Harvard at the Boston schools. . . Entering at Harvard in

¹ Henry D. Thoreau, by Frank B. Sanborn.

² From *Memoir of William Ellery Channing*, by F. B. Sanborn in his edition of *Channing's Poems of Sixty-five Years*.

the summer of 1834, a year after Henry Thoreau, and in the same class with James Russell Lowell. . . Ellery Channing remained only a few months, and never rejoined his class. . .

His earliest poem came out in the *New England Magazine* of October, 1835, before he was seventeen years old, and without his knowledge, having been sent by a friend to Park Benjamin, then editing that Boston monthly. This poem, *The Spider*, . . appeared in Channing's first series of poems in 1843. . . As the work of a boy this poem is remarkable, and has a finish and melody which many of Channing's later verses lack :

Habitant of castle gray,
Creeping thing in sober way,
Visible sage mechanician
Skilfulest arithmetician;¹

. . The success of this early poem seems to have fixed Ellery Channing's determination to devote himself to literature in the poetic form. In 1847, when, without an outward vocation, a place was offered him as journalist in a well-established Boston newspaper, he declined it without hesitation, saying to a friend in Concord: 'I told them that, by the grace of God, I would never desert the Muse any more, place or no place, poor or rich ; that I would stick fast to her ; and that there should be at least one professional poet left. Twelve years it has cost me to get here, and what remains shall go the same road.' By this calculation he had begun to count himself a professional poet as early as 1835. . .

1 From *The Spider* by W. Ellery Channing.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

It may have been the mere restlessness of youth, and the moods of a character essentially capricious, which first kept him from settling down to any of the customary pursuits of Bostonians in his inherited station of life ; but it was a poetic instinct which drew him to the wild and lovely aspects of Nature and the abodes of unconventional men. As a youth he was familiar with the mountain scenery of New Hampshire, and with the solitudes of the sea-coast and the capes ; and he spent whole days and nights in places remote from the haunts of men. . . . Traces of this outdoor-life appear everywhere in his verse, as does his early bent towards the life of a painter, — a tendency encouraged by his intimacy with Washington Allston, who had married his aunt, Miss Channing.”

Channing “migrated to Northern Illinois in 1839. . . . After testing the solitude of the country, he bought a hundred and sixty acres of land . . . four miles from the present city of Woodstock.” Soon after this purchase, “the poet took up his abode in Cincinnati, where his maternal uncle, Rev. James H. Perkins, had a parish for a few years. There Mr. Channing taught pupils and studied law — the latter in a desultory way, as he had studied medicine with his father in Boston. . . . There he fell in love with Ellen Fuller, a younger sister of Margaret the sibylline, and married her in the autumn of 1842 — having in the meantime become one of the regular contributors of the Dial. . . . Naturally, therefore, when he returned to the east he sought, after a brief residence in Cambridge . . . to establish himself

in the vicinity of Emerson. Writing to him years afterwards, Ellery Channing said: 'I have but one reason for settling in one place in America: it is because you are there. I not only have no preference for any place, but I do not know that I should be able to settle upon any place if you were not living. I come to Concord attracted by you, because your mind, your talents, your cultivation, are superior to those of any man I know, living or dead. I incline to go where the man is, or where the men are, just as naturally as I should sit by the fire in the winter. The men are the fire in this great winter of humanity.'

At his first residence in Concord, where he had visited Emerson before, Ellery Channing established himself in a cottage on the turnpike,¹ almost adjoining the estate of Emerson, and there he was living when his intimate friend Ward assumed the cost of printing his first volume of poems, in the spring or summer of 1843. . . .

Before July, 1840, when the first quarterly number of the *Dial* was issued, his friends had placed in

1 "Ellery Channing and E. [Ellen Fuller Channing, his wife,] live in a little red cottage on the road, with one acre attached, upon which Ellery has worked very hard. E. keeps a small school for little children. They are very happy, and Ellery is a very charming companion." — Letter of Mrs. Hawthorne to her friend, Mrs. Foote, from Concord, Aug. 1843, in "Memories of Hawthorne by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop."

Mr. Sanborn writes: "Afterwards, in 1843, Mr. Channing removed to a hill-top some miles away" [on Punkatasset hill].

"In my small cottage on the lonely hill
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,
Surrounded by a landscape lying still
All seasons through as in the Winter's prime."

— From *New England* by Ellery Channing.

Finally Channing moved "to a house on the main street of the village, opposite the last residence of the Thoreau family [the Thoreau-Alcott house], where Henry lived from 1850 to 1862. In the garden of Mr. Channing's house, which lay on the river, Thoreau kept his boat under a group of willows, and from that friendly harbor all his later voyages were made. At times they talked of occupying this house together." — F. B. Sanborn in *Henry D. Thoreau*.

Emerson's hands a collection of Channing's early poems." After reading these poems in manuscript, Emerson wrote an essay for the October *Dial* (1840) on New Poetry, in which he published several of Channing's pieces, expressing high appreciation of their merit.

"A whole generation later, in 1871, when I carried him the manuscript of Channing's *Wanderer*, whose title I had suggested, and procured from Emerson a preface to this fifth volume of his friend's poetry, he confirmed his early verdict with even stronger praise, saying: 'Here is Hamlet in the fields with never a thought to waste even on Horatio's opinion of his sallies. . . . This book requires a good reader, a lover and inquirer of nature; and such a one will find himself rewarded. If there is neglect of conventional ornament and correct finish which even looks a little studied, — as if the poet crippled his pentameters to challenge notice of a subtler melody — yet here are strokes of skill which recall the great masters. . . . He will write, — as he has ever written, — whether he has readers or not. But his poems have to me and others an exceptional value for this reason; we have not been considered in their composition, but either defied or forgotten; and therefore we consult them freely as photographs.'

. . . In 1847 Channing published a second series of poems; in 1849, a third, entitled *The Woodman*; in 1858 a single poem, precursor of *The Wanderer*, which he called *Near Home*, though it described two of his dearest haunts — the Concord woods and river-

meadows, and the Atlantic sea-coast of Massachusetts; and at intervals occasional poems for special events — the consecration of the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the funeral of Henry Thoreau, the Centenary of Bronson Alcott's native town in Connecticut, and the birthdays and weddings of his near friends. In 1873 he revised and enlarged an earlier-written biography of Thoreau, and published it with Memorial Verses annexed. To most of these volumes and brochures the public paid very slight attention; the copies were returned on his hands unsold, like the greater part of Thoreau's first edition of *The Week*; nor did he attempt, as Thoreau did, to amend their sale by dealing in them himself. On the contrary, he philosophically cut up the unbound sheets of his *Conversations in Rome* (1847) and upon their spaces wrote those remarkable poems describing Cape Cod, and afterwards his life of Thoreau. . . .

Quite as varied were his worldly experiences. In 1844 he was induced to go to New York and help Horace Greeley, George Ripley and Margaret Fuller edit the *Tribune*; in 1845 he crossed the Atlantic in a Mediterranean packet and spent a few months in France and Italy. In the years following his unsuccessful volumes of verse he tried his fortune at lecturing in half a dozen New England cities and towns.¹ . . . He joined Thoreau in some of his tours. . . . Earlier, during Hawthorne's abode in

¹ Thoreau says of a lecture of Channing's delivered at Concord: "It was a bushel of nuts, perhaps the most original lecture I ever heard; ever so unexpected, not to be foretold, and so sententious that you could not look at him and take his thoughts at the same time . . . it was all genius, no talent." — (Winter.)



HOME OF F. B. SANBORN

the Old Manse,¹ . . . Channing took him on excursions in Thoreau's Merrimac boat upon the Concord and Assabet rivers, and in many a walk to scenes of picturesque beauty.

Thoreau himself had early become intimate with his new neighbor, read the poems of 1843 with appreciation, and wrote from Staten Island to Emerson in May of that year: 'Tell Channing I saw a man buy a copy at Little & Brown's; he may have been a virtuoso, but we will give him the credit.' And again in July: 'Tell him to remain at least long enough to establish Concord's right and interest in him. I was beginning to know the man.' Indeed, Channing did remain in Concord, with occasional absences, until he had seen the funerals of all his literary friends of the earlier period. . . .

Thoreau, who had quoted his verses in *The Week*, and again in *Walden* (in 1854) had this to say of Channing in that most popular of his volumes: 'The one who comes farthest to my lodge, through deepest snows and most dismal tempests, was a poet. A farmer, a hunter, a soldier, a reporter, even a philosopher, may be daunted, but nothing can deter a poet, for he is actuated by pure love.' . . .

1 In a letter of Mrs. Hawthorne to her mother, from the Old Manse, 1843, she writes: "This morning we awoke to a mighty snowstorm. The trees stood white-armed all around us. In the afternoon some one knocked at the front door. I was amazed, supposing no one could overcome the roads, and thought it must be a government officer. As the door opened, I heard a voice say, 'Where is the man?' It was Ellery Channing, who exclaimed, as he appeared at the study, where we were, that it was the very time to come—he liked the snow. He looked like a shaggy bear: but his face was quite shining, as usual. He brought some novels and reviews, which Queen Margaret [Fuller] had sent to Ellen Channing to read. We had to leave him while we dined, at three. He would not join us, and made his exit while we were in the dining-room."—From *Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

Between Emerson's return home in 1848 and my arrival in Concord early in 1855, a plan had been formed for a combined series of walks and talks, in which Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, and perhaps Alcott, were to take part, and a volume made up from them which Channing was to edit. . . . The plan was never carried out; but a dozen years later . . . when printing his life of Thoreau, Channing inserted therein some pages from this manuscript, including passages from Emerson's and Thoreau's journals, and even a few verses of Emerson's which had not elsewhere been printed at that time. Few of our authors have ever written so persistently with so little evidence of popular approval. His only really popular book was his life of Thoreau. . . .

In Emerson's diary occurs this passage — one of several in which he praises the social gifts of Ellery Channing: 'Another walk with Ellery Channing, well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what he saw. . . . In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man.'

These walks were with many friends, and were long continued. They began in Concord, with Emerson, as early as 1841; with Thoreau and Hawthorne a little later; with all three they ended only with their lifetime, or the enfeebled health that preceded death. . . . For myself, I have rambled thousands of miles with Channing during the nearly forty-seven years of our friendship, and he has made me acquainted with every nook of picturesque beauty,

and every wide-reaching view in this lovely region. . . . Along with this artist-eye and poets' imagination went a mingling of intellectual and moral traits hard to define. Conscience and whim, duty and caprice, were strangely intermixed and transfused. . . .

Failure and success indeed came to him in his long and by no means idle life. . . . He bore them both with a real fortitude which was only the more pronounced because of the superficial petulance and impatience he so often displayed. . . .

His true friends were those who did not exact or even expect from him what might be required of an ordinary acquaintance. In the years that I have known him familiarly¹ . . . I have ever found him worthy of friendship. . . .

Ellery Channing was frugally supported in the latter half of his long life by a modest inherited income, which he sometimes increased by literary work, and from which he gave freely, in his own way, to those who needed aid or whose studies he chose to assist. Simple almost to asceticism in his own habits, living often on one meal a day, and making his wardrobe last beyond the hopes of his friends, he yet had the feelings and the principles of a man of fortune, along with the austere geniality of an ancient philosopher. Next to fields and woods, skies and landscapes, his delight was in theatres and libraries; and

¹ Channing found a safe and happy refuge from "the sharp changes and reverses of life" in the home of F. B. Sanborn the last nine or ten years of his life. The book-lined walls of his rooms are still seen in this hospitable home, where "from his windows overlooking the river-meadows and the moorland around Nashawtuc, . . . he daily watched the landscape, and nightly observed the silent march of the stars."

few could discuss better the stage of two centuries, or the famous collections of scholars and artists. . . . This made his conversation delightful when his darker moods or physical ills did not keep him silent.

His last illness was brief and with little acute suffering, and he died quietly, at early morning, December 23, 1901—the last of the illustrious Concord brotherhood.

A few of his contemporaries, and the children and grandchildren of himself and his friends, assembled in the village church of Concord, the day after Christmas, to pay their last tribute of affection and neighborly regard to one of the oldest citizens of Concord, who made the town his residence from choice, and not by the accident of birth. . . . His life was quiet and almost unknown to the mass of his townfolks . . . He chose a recluse life, not from misanthropy, but because his constitution admitted no other. . . .

What must strike every good reader of Channing's verse is the ease and grace with which he rises into great rhythms or sinks into pretty trifles and the very simplicity of fanciful childhood.¹ . . . Channing had all the defects of his qualities. The poetic temperament, almost ignored or forgotten in this age, when everybody writes verse and few write it well, ran in him to its most capricious and traditional extremes. He would have been more appreciated in

¹ Hawthorne writes of Channing's poetic talent: "Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamped it with the mint-mark that alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit and he the fame."

the era of Drayton and Spenser ; like them, he was a poet's poet,

And such fine madness he did still retain
As rightly should possess a poet's brain."

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn was born in Hampton Falls, N. H., Dec. 15, 1831. . . " " Like his father-in-law,' says Mr. Sanborn, ' who was the Democratic party leader in that region, my father was an active Democrat, and, under Jackson, his party controlled the little town of Hampton Falls ; he was therefore chosen Town Clerk. One of his duties was to record the names of new-born children ; and while my grandfather gave me his own Scripture name, and my grandmother Leavitt added the favorite middle name of Franklin in honor of the great doctor,—father, knowing that his son would be called Frank, vowed he should not go by his middle name. He therefore reversed on the record the usual order, and entered me as Franklin Benjamin,—a whim that has occasioned some trifling mistakes ever since.' . . .

With the instruction of his brother Charles and the ministers, in addition to the youths who taught winter schools, Mr. Sanborn had picked up, before fifteen, much miscellaneous learning. . . . He began to write verses at sixteen, and thought himself skillful that way before he was nineteen,—even printing a few. . . . He says, ' I was also making

my first experiments in love, without forming any serious connection, until, in my nineteenth year, it was my good fortune to meet the person who had the most inspiring influence on that portion of my life which preceded my acquaintance with Emerson and John Brown. This was Miss Ariana Smith Walker, a grand-neice of Webster's witty friend, Judge Smith of Exeter. I met her in the summer of 1850, and between us a quick and inspiring affection grew up, changing my course of thought. This continued my chief interest for four years, and until her death in August, 1854. It was her wish that we should be married, when her death was seen to be near; and we were united in name, as we had been in spirit almost from our first sight of each other, but a short week before her death, which occurred at her father's house in Peterborough, New Hampshire, . . . where her maternal relatives had settled in the middle of the last century.

Mr. Sanborn entered Harvard college in July, 1852. . . . Though actually at Cambridge a little more than two years, his greater age and miscellaneous reading gave him good rank. Mr. Emerson, who had known him in college, selected him as the tutor of his children, and by his influence secured him a flourishing school in Concord, which he carried on for eight years, from March, 1855, to March, 1863.¹

¹ "The life of Concord, at the time of which we write, was not its celebrated people so much as Mr. Frank B. Sanborn's school for youth of both sexes. There were not young people enough in the town to make a dance or a picnic out of, and this school introduced an element from the outside world which was both useful and improving. . . . Mr. Sanborn himself, (after-

Mr. Sanborn became active in the colonization and defence of Kansas in 1855-'56-'57. This brought him into friendship with John Brown, to whose cause and apparently hopeless undertaking in Virginia Mr. Sanborn gave time and money in 1858-'59. The story of this period is told in his *Life and Letters of Brown*, and *Life of Dr. Howe*.

These outside interests interfered with the success of his school, and the outbreak of the war so reduced the pupils that in the winter of 1862-'63 Mr. Sanborn accepted an offer from the friends of emancipation to edit their weekly newspaper, the *Boston Commonwealth*, only remaining in that capacity seven months, however, when Governor Andrew called him to be the first secretary of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities (Oct. 1, 1863). This was the first organization of the kind in the country, and became the model after which other state boards were fashioned.

. . . At the end of five years' service as secretary, he accepted the invitation of Samuel Bowles to become a resident editor of the *Springfield Republican*. He was for a few months managing editor of the

wards for more than twenty years the efficient inspector of our state charities) was the most genial and good-humored of schoolmasters. He enjoyed teaching, and wished his scholars to enjoy learning. He liked to see the bright young faces about him, and it was their own fault if he was not liked by his pupils. He was impartial, frank, and perfectly sincere; knew how to keep discipline without being a martinet. . . . Mr. Sanborn's ideal of his profession was a high one, and but for his interest in the larger field of philanthropy he might have succeeded in realizing it. . . . There was a yearly nutting excursion in October to Estabrook farm where there were tall chestnut trees, flying squirrels and a plenty of wood for a bonfire. May-day was usually celebrated at Conantum, — a pine-clad hill on the south side of Fairhaven Bay, opposite the Cliffs. As soon as winter came committees were chosen to provide dancing or theatricals for every Friday evening; but the climax of pleasure was a half-holiday for a skating carnival on Walden Pond, — where Thoreau was sure to be present, and also a Miss Caroline Moore, daughter of the deputy sheriff, and afterwards widely known in Europe and America as the skatorial queen." — *Sketches from Concord and Appledore* by Frank Preston Stearns.

Republican in 1871, and helped organize the successful opposition to General Butler's ambitious attempt to become Governor as the Republican candidate.

Mr. Sanborn married in Boston, Aug. 16, 1862, his second wife, Louisa Augusta Leavitt of Woburn. They lived for a winter in Cambridge, and one spring with Mrs. Sarah Ripley, in the Old Manse at Concord.

After resigning his secretaryship in 1868, Mr. Sanborn had been appointed a member of the state board of charities in 1870, and in 1874 succeeded Dr. Howe as its chairman for two years, originating or co-operating in legislation or administration affecting public charity throughout the country."

Mr. Sanborn was one of the founders of the National Prison Association and of the American Social Science Association, of which latter organization he was an officer for nearly thirty-three years. He assisted, in 1879, in a second reorganization of the charities and prisons of Massachusetts, and was selected for the place of general inspector of charities, a position which he held from July, 1879, to November, 1888. "'In all,' says Mr. Sanborn, 'my official service to Massachusetts was about twenty-five years, and I have continued since 1888, as a private citizen and publicist, to aid in the promotion of better systems in my own and other states.' . . .

In 1879, Mr. Sanborn aided his neighbor, Bronson Alcott, to carry out a long-cherished plan of Alcott and Emerson,—the opening of a summer school of philosophy and literature at Concord, the Concord



FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN

School of Philosophy. He was made secretary and treasurer of the faculty, and also lectured at the school several times each summer.

His first work appeared in 1882, the life of his neighbor and friend, Henry Thoreau, in the Boston Series of American authors. The same year he edited for Mr. Alcott a volume of Sonnets and Canzonets, and in 1887 Mr. Alcott's poetical autobiography, entitled *New Connecticut*. These were followed, in 1893, by Alcott's *Memoirs* in two volumes, edited in concert with Dr. Harris. In 1885 Mr. Sanborn published, after long preparation, the authentic *Life and Letters of John Brown*. . . .

For the School of Philosophy he edited its two volumes of lectures delivered there; in 1885, *The Genius of Emerson*, and in 1886, *The Life and Genius of Goethe*, to which he contributed chapters. In 1891, after a visit to Greece, he published in a New York biographical series, a *Life of Dr. S. G. Howe*, in which many of the facts concerning his connection with John Brown were first made public. . . . He has now completed the *Memoirs of Pliny Earle*, with whom he was long associated in the improvement of the treatment and care of the American insane. In preparation for this task Mr. Sanborn visited many European asylums for the insane in 1890 and 1893. . . .

As a vignette to this biographical sketch, the following extract from *Time and the Hour* (Boston, 1897) may show a contemporary idea of Mr. Sanborn's

personality : 'Under the beautiful leafy aisle of Concord Main Street there moves no more remarkable figure than that of F. B. Sanborn. As you meet him on the diurnal walk from the little post-office (where everybody meets everybody, and everybody bows to everybody, and perhaps, as in Gavarni's French village, "everybody backbites everybody"), book-laden, reading as he walks, he will cast a quick, searching glance at you from under his broad-brimmed hat. What a pungent look ! And what an Emersonian face ! In a certain sense — did you ever think of it ? — that face was, however, a typical New England one — so kind, so sympathetic and sympathy-craving ; yet so keen. Mr. Sanborn's smile is a benediction, yet there is a rapier thrust latent in it. His eye twinkles and gleams at once. His lips are wreathed with lines of gentleness, yet they have adaptability for a sardonic twist.

To you who know the man, the core of the man, and come to him in sympathy, — if you hated slavery, 'doughfaces,' red tape, and General Butler, — there is only the happiest hour in prospect if you are asked to end his walk with him and are received in the hospitable home-like red house down in the bend of the Sudbury. Vine-clad and umbrageous, it is caressed by the gentle fingers of the mist, with a most peaceful outlook on the curves of the river and low embracing hills, from whose sides a few scattered trees are limned upon the sky. Within, books and books and books. Some furniture, of course. You will probably recall a dinner-table, glass, china, and

comestibles; but books and talk, and that mobile, quaint, bitter-sweet flashing face, the well-considered, finished speech, full of wisdom and wit — these will be your memories. The house-place in which you sit has its associations with the romance of its master's life, and what you know of it and of him weaves its interior accompaniment to the flow of speech, as is the manner when we talk with famous men. To think and act for himself, — that self of a product of two hundred year's fine New England stock, grafted from the Hampton Falls homestead . . . to the Concord life in its prime.'"¹

As the sympathetic biographer of that famous band of Concord poets and philosophers, of which he was himself a distinguished member, American literature has been placed under lasting obligation to Mr. Sanborn. He is the last member of the brotherhood left, but he worthily represents their kindly spirit of welcome and aid to all those agencies that tend to the spiritual uplifting of the race.

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Margaret Sidney).

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop was born in New Haven, Conn., the daughter of Sidney M. and Harriett Mulford Stone. She is descended from the Rev. Thomas Hooker, from several Colonial Governors, and has also Mayflower ancestry. She was educated at Grove Hall Seminary at New Haven. She

1 From the *Life of Franklin Benjamin Sanborn in Genealogy of the Family of Samborne or Sanborn in England and America, 1194-1893*, by his son, Victor C. Sanborn, U. S. A. Privately printed for the author in 1899.

married in 1881 Daniel Lothrop, the eminent publisher and founder of the D. Lothrop Co. publishing house. In 1892, after the death of her husband, she founded the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, of which Society she was president until 1899.

Mrs. Lothrop's home is at The Wayside, which, with the adjoining properties of the Orchard House and Grapevine Cottage, have been kept by Mrs. Lothrop as memorials of the former owners of these estates.

She is the author of the famous Five Little Peppers Series ; The Little Maid of Concord Town, the scene of which is laid in Concord during the Revolutionary War, and at Grapevine Cottage ; The Pettibone Name, a novel of New England Life ; The Golden West ; Old Concord : Her Highways and Byways ; Whittier With the Children ; The Minute Man ; Two Little Friends in Norway, and many other books.

OTHER NOTEWORTHY MEN AND WOMEN OF CONCORD.

*George William Curtis*¹ and his brother Burrill, two years older, his "inseparable companion," spent some time in Concord. The brothers came under the influence of Emerson in 1835. Burrill says of Emerson, "My enthusiastic admiration of him and his writings soon mounted to a high and intense hero-worship." They attended school at Brook Farm and

¹ Born at Providence, R. I., Feb. 24, 1824 ; died on Staten Island, Aug. 31, 1892.



MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP
(MARGARET SIDNEY)

became leaders in the social life of that community. In 1844 they went to live in Concord. They considered an acquaintance with practical affairs a necessary part of their education.¹ Burrill writes, "At Concord we first took up our residence in the family of an elderly farmer² recommended by Mr. Emerson. We gave up half the day (except in hay-time, when we gave the whole day) to sharing the farm work indiscriminately with the farm laborers. The rest of the day we devoted to other pursuits, or to social intercourse or correspondence; and we had a flat-bottomed rowing-boat built for us, in which we spent very many afternoons on the pretty little river.

For our second season we removed to another farm and farmer's house near Mr. Emerson and Walden Pond,³ where we occupied only a single room, making our own beds, and living in the very simplest and most primitive style. A small piece of ground, which we hired of the farmer, we cultivated for ourselves, raising vegetables only and selling the superfluous product."

George William Curtis in his letters to his

1 "The habit of living in the presence of these invitations of natural wealth . . . has given a strong direction to the wishes and aims of active young men to withdraw from cities and cultivate the soil." — Emerson in *The Young American*.

2 This farmer was Captain Nathan Barrett, whose home was a mile north of Concord and west of the river. He was a Captain of the Light Infantry of the town. Captain Barrett "became a thoroughly skilled practical farmer. . . . His apples were not deaconed, his seeds were sure and reliable, and his milk was never watered." — From *Memoirs of Members of the Concord Social Circle* by Judge John S. Keyes.

3 The second home of the Curtis brothers was the farm of Edmund Hosmer, about one-half a mile east of Emerson's and about the same distance from Walden Pond and The Wayside [see map]. Thoreau says in his *Walden* that he was assisted in building his house by some of his friends, "rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from necessity." These neighbors were Emerson, Alcott, the Curtis brothers, William Ellery Channing, and Edmund Hosmer and his sons John, Edmund and Andrew.

friend, John S. Dwight of Brook farm, writes from Concord, "The people here who are worth knowing, I find live very quietly and retired. In the country friendship seems not to be of that consuming, absorbing character that city circumstances give it." Again he writes, "I want to drink this cup of farming to the bottom and taste not only the morning froth but the afternoon and evening strength of dregs and bitterness, if there be any."

Upon his return to Concord, Curtis writes, "I come back more charmed than ever with Concord, which hides under a quiet surface most precious scenes. . . I have found that one of the best things of living in Concord is that we have here types of classes of men, and in society generally only the members of the class." On the third return of George and Burrill Curtis to Concord in 1846, they made their home with Minott Pratt.

George Curtis afterward wrote to Hawthorne that the memory of Concord, "our old home," was "very placid and beautiful," and he assures Mrs. Hawthorne that no "smallest token of her frequent courtesy in the Concord days" is forgotten.

Edmund Hosmer, "the son of John Hosmer, was born in Concord in 1778 or 1779. He went some voyages at sea in his early life, but he was not destined to be a sailor, and went back to farming. When I first knew him he owned a cultivated farm on the Lincoln road nearest to the town line, an

eighth to a fourth of a mile from the Cambridge turnpike. He was in the habit of reading much and thinking more, and talked freely. He was much of a philosopher and was very suggestive in his conversation. He was retiring, hardly a public-spirited man. He never sought office, but the town sought him for a school committee man. He was a good manager of his own affairs and prosperous. He bought the farm of the late Humphrey Hunt in 1852, and lived there until his death in 1881."¹ Mr. Hosmer's two daughters still occupy this place. In the Dial Emerson writes of Hosmer: "In an afternoon in April, after a long walk, I traversed an orchard where boys were grafting apple trees, and found the farmer in his cornfield. He was holding the plough, and his son driving the oxen. This man always impresses me with respect, he is so manly, so sweet-tempered, so faithful, so disdainful of all appearances — excellent and reverable in his old weather-worn cap and blue frock bedaubed with the soil of the field; so honest, withal, that he always needs to be watched lest he should cheat himself."

"Said Saadi, 'when I stood before
Hassan the camel-driver's door,
I scorned the fame of Timour brave;
Timour to Hassan was a slave.
In every glance of Hassan's eye
I read great years of victory.'"²

¹ From Houses and People of Concord, Massachusetts, 1810-1820, by Edward Jarvis.

² Emerson in The Poet and the Poetic Gift.

Ellery Channing in his New England, says of Hosmer :

“ This man takes pleasure o’er the crackling fire,
His glittering axe subdued the monarch oak ;
He earned the cheerful blaze by something higher
Than pensioned blows — he owned the tree he stroke.”

This “spicy farming sage”¹ was also a friend of Thoreau. Thoreau says in *Walden* : “ On a Sunday afternoon, if I chanced to be at home, I heard the cronching of the snow made by the step of a long-headed farmer, who from far through the woods sought my house, to have a social ‘crack’; one of the few of his vocation, who are men on their farms.” In Thoreau’s journal he writes, “human life may be transitory and full of trouble, but the perennial mind whose survey extends from that spring to this, from Columella to Hosmer, is superior to change.” Alcott found a home with Hosmer after the failure of his experiment at Fruitlands, and was treated in the kindest and most hospitable manner by both Hosmer and his wife. In the Brook Farm community, George William Curtis says there was “one figure, the practical farmer, an honest neighbor, who was not drawn to the enterprise by any spiritual attraction, but was hired at good wages to superintend the work, and

1 On a walk to Walden Pond accompanied by Emerson and his friend George Hillard, Hawthorne describes Edmund Hosmer, whom they found “walking in his fields, a short and stalwart and sturdy personage of middle age, with a face of shrewd and kind expression, and manners of natural courtesy. He had a very free flow of talk; for, with a little induction from Mr. Emerson, he began to discourse about the state of the nation, agriculture, and business in general, uttering thoughts that had come to him at the plough, and which had a sort of flavor of the fresh earth about them. His views were sensible and characteristic and had grown in the soil where we found them. . . . After leaving Mr. — [Hosmer], we proceeded through wood paths to Walden Pond, picking blackberries of enormous size along the way.” — *American Note Books*.

who always seemed to be regarding the whole affair with the most good-natured wonder as a prodigious masquerade." It must have been some such office as that of the "practical farmer" that Edmund Hosmer performed among the band of the Concord transcendentalists.

Captain Abel Moore. "Near the small farm of Edmund Hosmer . . . lay a larger farm, which, about the beginning of Thoreau's active life, was brought from neglect and barrenness into high cultivation by Captain Abel Moore, another Concord farmer, and one of the first, in this part of the country, to appreciate the value of our bog-meadows for cultivation by ditching and top-dressing with the sand which nature had so thoughtfully ridged up in hills close by. Under the name of 'Captain Hardy,' Thoreau celebrated this achievement of his townsman. . . : 'Look across the fence into Captain Hardy's land. There's a musician for you who knows how to make men dance for him in all weathers — all sorts of men — Paddies, felons, farmers, carpenters, painters, — yes, and trees and grapes and ice and stone, — hot days, cold days. . . . He knows how to make trees bear fruit God never gave them and foreign grapes yield juices of France and Spain, on his south side.'"¹

Capt. John B. Moore, son of Capt. Abel Moore, was an eminent horticulturist; a member of the

1 F. B. Sanborn in *Henry D. Thoreau*.

state board of agriculture. He paid special attention to the propagation of seedlings and originated many new varieties of fruits, among them Moore's Early Grape. He also made a specialty of the cultivation of roses. His son, John H. Moore, now lives in the old homestead on the estate adjoining the Orchard House property on the west.

Minott Pratt. "After the breaking up of the celebrated Brook Farm community two high-minded members, who, as workers and not as drones, had sunk much of their property in the venture, settled in Concord and lived the rest of their days on a farm there. These were Minott Pratt and his wife. Their son, a bright and kindly young man, had acted with Anna Alcott in 'The Loan of a Lover,' a charming little play, but known to lead to serious results to one who takes the part of the lover, a slow, Dutch peasant, if the leading lady's part is well acted. It was so in this case, and led to a very happy marriage.¹ Mr. Pratt, Senior, should long be remembered for the beautiful service he secretly did to this town. It was this: Whenever he could spare a day from the farm, he went afoot or in his wagon to some town where grew a flower which we had not, and set it out in some out-of-the-way spot in Concord wood or meadow. It is said that he increased our flora by some hundred varieties by this original beneficence.

One beautiful evening under the September

¹ Louisa Alcott writes in her journal, November, 1871: "Thanksgiving dinner at Pratt farm. All well and all together. Much to give thanks for."

moon, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt summoned the Concord young people to their farm [on Punkatasset Hill] for a husking. We worked gayly at the piles of bleached gold leaves and stalks to get out the livelier gold within — the lanterns shining above, and the cows beside us creaking their stanchions. After an hour we passed across the moon-lit yard, under the most beautiful elm in Middlesex¹ into the house where we washed our hands and brushed our clothes and were then invited into the kitchen to a supper by our hostess. There was a long table with a white cloth. In the centre, in a shining milk pan, was a mountain of white-blossomed pop-corn, flanked by candles placed in sockets cut in the small ends of huge orange carrots. Next were baskets of apples, crimson and yellow and green, round towers of brown bread and fragrant soft gingerbread, with fresh cheese near by. There were candelabras made of inverted multiplex rutabagas, and here and there gleamed the tanned, yellow faces of pumpkin pies. The room was decorated with autumn leaves, probably scarlet and yellow maple, and blue gentians and asters."²

Minott Pratt was a printer by trade. He wrote frequently for the papers on agricultural subjects, and made a special study of the flora of Concord. A manuscript work of his on the plants and flowers

1 Thoreau describes this elm as follows: "At Pratt's, the stupendous boughy, branching elm, like vast thunderbolts stereotyped upon the sky, heaven-defying, sending back dark, vegetable bolts, as if flowing back in the channel of the lightning." ~ Winter.

2 When Louisa Alcott was a Girl by Edward W. Emerson in *Ladies' Home Journal*, December, 1898.

of Concord is preserved in the Concord Public Library.

"For several years Pratt was in the habit of gathering on the lawn in front of his house, under a large elm tree, a picnic of such of his Brook Farm associates as he could bring together. Emerson, Phillips, Thoreau, Curtis, George Bradford and others of note, often attended. The gathering was a delightful one, and it was made an occasion of happy reminiscences and a renewal of old personal ties and affections."¹

Marianne Ripley, "a fellow-worker with her brother," George Ripley, in the establishment of the Brook Farm Association, moved to Concord after the dissolution of this community and established a school for small children on Punkatasset hill near the home of Minott Pratt.

George P. Bradford, a teacher of literature at Brook Farm, became a tutor at Concord. Hawthorne, writing from the Old Manse to Margaret Fuller, says: "I have thought of receiving a personal friend into my household, and have taken a step towards that object. But in doing so I was influenced far less by what Mr. Bradford is than by what he is not, or rather his negative qualities seem to take away his personality, and leave his excellent characteristics to be fully and freely enjoyed. I doubt whether he be not precisely the rarest man in the world."

1 George William Curtis in a letter to John S. Dwight.

Mrs. Hawthorne writes of Mr. Bradford, "his beautiful character makes him perennial in interest." George William Curtis in his *Easy Chair* said of him: "However wide and various and delightful your acquaintance may have been, if you knew George Bradford, you knew a man unlike all others. His individuality was entirely unobtrusive, but it was absolute. He was a graduate of Harvard and was educated to be a clergyman, but made teaching his profession instead. He was a brother of Mrs. Samuel Ripley, one of the most accomplished women in New England. Mr. Emerson had no friend who was a more welcome or frequent guest than George Bradford, who came to look after the vegetable garden and to trim the trees, and in long walks to Walden Pond and Fairhaven Hill to discuss with his host philosophy and poetry and life."

Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, another member of the Brook Farm community, came to Concord to be under the tutorship of George Bradford. He lived while in Concord at the home of Thoreau's mother. After a vain attempt to convert Thoreau and the Curtis brothers to Catholicism, and to persuade Thoreau to make a journey on foot with him through Europe, he went to Holland where he studied for the priesthood, and "then entered upon his life work."

Mary Moody Emerson, daughter of the Rev. William Emerson, who lived in the Old Manse

in her infancy, exerted a "potent influence" over the lives of her nephews Ralph Waldo, Edward and William Emerson. In his journal of 1837 Emerson wrote blessing his star "which rained on me influences of ancestral religion. The depth of the religious sentiment which I knew in my aunt Mary, imbuing all her genius . . . from so many godly lives and godly deaths of sainted kindred . . . was itself a culture, an education."¹

"When I read Dante the other day," says Emerson, "and his paraphrases to signify with more adequateness Christ or Jehovah, whom do you think I was reminded of? Whom but Mary Emerson and her theology?" In his Biographical Sketch of Mary Moody Emerson, Emerson says: "She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood; a blessing which nothing else in education could supply." Mrs. Samuel Ripley, in a letter from Waltham (Oct. 6, 1844,) to Elizabeth Hoar writes: "Mary Emerson, a sister of Mr. Ripley, came at evening and has been with us today. She is seventy years old, and still retains all the oddities and enthusiasms of her youth,—a person at war with society as to all its decorums; she eats and drinks what others do not, and when they do not; dresses in a white robe such days as these; enters into conversation with everybody, and talks on every subject; is sharp as a razor in her satire, and sees you through and through in a moment. She has

1 Note in Edward W. Emerson's edition of his father's works.

read, all her life, in the most miscellaneous way, and her appetite for metaphysics is insatiable. Alas for the victim in whose intellect she sees any promise ! Descartes and his vortices, Leibnitz and his monads . . . will prove it to the very core. But, notwithstanding all this, her power over the minds of her young friends was once almost despotic. She heard of me when I was sixteen years old as a person devoted to books and a sick mother, sought me out in my garret without any introduction, and though received at first with sufficient coldness, she did not give up till she had enchained me entirely in her magic circle.”¹

“Miss Mary Emerson is here,” writes Thoreau to his friend, H. G. O. Blake (Dec., 1855,) — “the youngest person in Concord, though about eighty, — and the most apprehensive of a genuine thought ; earnest to know of your inner life ; most stimulating society ; and exceedingly witty withal. She says they called her old when she was young, and she has never grown any older. I wish you could see her.”²

Duncan Ingraham. A three-story dwelling on Walden street in Concord was for a long time noted as the only three-story building in town. This house was built by Duncan Ingraham. He was “a retired sea captain, who had enriched himself in the Surinam trade, long lived in Concord, before and after the Revolution, and one of his grand-children was Captain Marryatt, the English novelist ; another was the American naval captain, Ingraham, who brought away

1 In *Life of Mrs. Samuel Ripley* by Elizabeth Hoar.

2 From *Letters of Thoreau*, edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Martin Kosta, a Hungarian refugee, from the clutches of the Austrian government. While Duncan Ingraham was living in Concord, a hundred years ago, a lad from that town, *Joseph Perry*, who had gone to sea with Paul Jones, became a high naval officer in the service of Catherine of Russia."¹

Ebenezer Hubbard, whose house was removed to "give place to Hubbard Street, inherited this estate from his father of the same name, who died in 1807, aged 84. Ebenezer, the son, did not marry: he was odd, retiring, but little seen abroad. . . . He died in 1871, at the age of 89. He left a good fortune and gave the town \$1000 to rebuild the old north bridge, at the place of the battle on the 19th of April, 1775, and a monument on the bank at the north end of the bridge, which have been done in accordance with the will."²

Thomas Parker Sanborn, son of Frank B. Sanborn, was a poet of much promise. "He was born in Concord, February 23, 1865, within gunshot of the famous battle-ground, and close beside the river Musketaquid. Except a summer in Ashfield and four years in Springfield during his early childhood, his home was beside the river, until he entered college; and the scenery of no region was so familiar or so dear to him as our meadows, hills and groves."³ He died in 1889.

1 F. B. Sanborn in *Life of Henry D. Thoreau*.

2 Edward Jarvis in *Houses and People of Concord*.

3 From *Sketch of his life* by F. B. Sanborn.

Horace Mann, Jr.,¹ "who died comparatively early, was an enthusiastic naturalist, and received the unstinted praise and confidence of the great Agassiz."² While living in Concord, Horace Mann made a herbarium of Concord plants, and presented the collection to the Concord Public Library.

Mrs. Horace Mann, sister of Mrs. Hawthorne and Elizabeth Peabody, a writer of "force and vigor of expression on kindergarten and other educational themes," lived in Concord several years after her husband's death.³ Her life of her husband, Horace Mann, was written while she lived in Concord, and takes high rank as a biography.

Mrs. John B. Tileston (born 1843, died 1898), lived a number of years on Punkatasset Hill at the residence now owned by the Rev. Wm. Hutchins. She was the author of *Quiet Hours*, a collection of poems (1874), and edited *Hymns, Ballads and Nursery Rhymes, Prayers Ancient and Modern*, and a number of other works of similar character. These volumes have been placed in the Concord Alcove in the Concord Public Library.

Rev. Mr. Folsom, author of *Translations of the Four Gospels*, was a teacher in Concord in 1862, and resided in the town a number of years.

1 In Thoreau's trip to Minnesota in search of health a short time before his death he was accompanied by "young Horace Mann, eldest son of the school-reformer and statesman of that name, a silent, earnest, devoted naturalist, who died early." — *Familiar Letters of Thoreau* edited by F. B. Sanborn.

2 From *Hawthorne and his Circle* by Julian Hawthorne.

3 Mrs. Mann purchased and remodeled the Titcomb place, on Sudbury Road, where she made her home.

John A. Stone, author of the drama *Metamoru* (1828) and *The Ancient Briton*, bought and presented on the stage by Edwin Forest, was a resident at one time of Concord,¹ as were *William Leighton, Jr.*, poet, author of *The Sons of Godwin*, *At the Court of King Edwin*, *Change*, *The Whisper of the Sphinx*; *Julia R. Anagnos*, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, author of *Philosophiæ Quæstor*, or *Days in Concord*, a *Sketch of two of the sessions of the Concord School of Philosophy*,² and *George Horatio Derby* (born in 1823, died in 1861), author of *Phoenixiana* (1860), *Sketches and Burlesques* and the *Squibob Papers*.

Annie Sawyer Downs lived in her early childhood in Concord, where "the formative years of her life were spent." Channing, in his *Thoreau, The Poet-Naturalist*, writes: "Much fresh enjoyment Thoreau would have felt in the observing wisdom of that admirably endowed flower-writer, Annie S. Downs, a child of Concord (the naturalist's heaven), full of useful knowledge, and with an outdoor heart like his; a constant friend to flowers, ferns and mosses, with an affectionate sympathy, and a taste fine and unerring, reflected by the exquisite beings she justly celebrates. . . . Annie Downs and Alfred B.

1 Mr. Stone lived on the corner of Main and Walden Streets.

2 The following is the key to the characters of the book:

Harmony	Concord
The Academe	School of Philosophy
Botolphsborough	Boston
Venerabilis	Mr. Alcott
Nestoria	Miss Elizabeth Peabody
The Root and Branch Men	The Radical Club
Transponton	Cambridge

Streeter were *native American* writers in the original packages, not extended by the critics, — writers, under the providence of God, to be a blessing to those who love His works, like Thorau ! ”

Rev. Charles Lewis Hutchins, born at Concord, N. H., 1838, “is one of the best known Episcopal clergymen in New England. Since retiring from the rectorship of Grace Church, Medford, he has lived quietly at his beautiful Concord estate on Monument Road” [Punkatasset Hill]. The Rev. Mr. Hutchins was editor of the Church Hymnal 1870, 1872, 1880, 1894; Sunday School Hymnal; Annotations of the Hymnal; Sunday School Hymnal and Service Book; Voices of Praise; 100 Short and Easy Anthems; Parish Choir Psalter; Chant and Service Book; Morning and Evening Canticles and Psalter; Church Psalter; Pointed Prayer Book; 22 vols. of Parish Choir Weekly.

Helen Dawes Brown, was born in Concord, Mass., 1857. She graduated at Vassar College in 1878, and is the author of *Two College Girls* (1886); *The Petrie Estate* (1893); *Little Miss Phoebe Gay* (1895); *Civilian Attaché* (1899); *Her Sixteenth Birthday* (1901).

William H. Bradley, whose home is on Lexington Road adjoining on the north the former estate of Ephraim Bull, is an artist, architect and a writer and illustrator of children's stories. He is also known

as an acceptable lecturer to typographical unions and has raised the level of the art of printing through his artistic type. Mr. Bradley illustrated and designed the type of his recent child's book, *Peter Poodle, Toy-maker to the King*.

Miss L. S. W. Perkins, on Lowell Road, prominent as a club woman, is a student of political and sociological subjects. She has built on Lexington Road a model tenement house.

Mrs. W. E. Haskell, on Lexington Road, is a writer of children's stories and poems.

In his article on the Women of Concord,¹ F. B. Sanborn mentions as Concord women of character and talent "*Mrs. Jane Goodwin Austin*,² and her mother . . . both excellent writers, and the daughter (a cousin of Professor Goodwin) a successful novelist and good friend of the Alcotts; *Mrs. Brooks*, the leader for thirty years of the Anti-Slavery Society of Concord women, upon whose suggestion Emerson wrote his appeal to President Van Buren in 1837, in behalf of the Cherokees, . . . and *Miss Prudence Ward*, an inmate of the Thoreau household for years, and an aunt of Ellen Sewall, with whom both John and Henry Thoreau were deeply in love."

Of the many famous men and women who have visited Concord, some names have been more intimately associated with the town than others.

¹ The Critic, April, 1906.

² Mrs. Jane Austin was born in Worcester, Mass., 1831; died in Boston March 30, 1894. She was married to Loring H. Austin in 1850.

"*Margaret Fuller* used to visit Concord a good deal,¹ and at one time boarded in the village for several months," writes Senator George F. Hoar in his *Autobiography of Seventy Years*. As Mrs. Hawthorne² says: "Her personality never ceased to hover about Concord, even after her death."³

Daniel Webster was a frequent visitor in Concord. He tried there in the county court the Wyman case "long famous in local traditions, Webster and Choate being both engaged in the case."⁴ . . . Mr. Webster was attached to Concord—as most persons are who have ever spent pleasant days there—and used to compliment his friend⁵ on his house and garden by the river side. Looking out upon his great trees from the dining-room window, he once said: "I am in the terrestrial paradise, and I will prove it to you by this. America is the finest continent on the globe, the United States the finest country

1 Emerson in his *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* says of her: "She had other friends in this town, besides those in my house. . . . In 1842 Nathaniel Hawthorne . . . came to live in Concord in the Old Manse with his wife, who was herself an artist. With these welcomed persons Margaret formed a strict and happy acquaintance. She liked their old house, and the taste which had filled it with new articles of beautiful form, and yet harmonized with the antique furniture left by the former proprietors. She liked, too, the pleasing walks and rides and boatings which that neighborhood commanded. In 1842 William Ellery Channing, whose wife was her sister, built a house in Concord, and this circumstance made a new tie and another home for Margaret."

Of her visits at the Emerson home, Margaret Fuller writes: "Beneath this roof of peace, beneficence and intellectual activity, I find just the alternation of repose and satisfying pleasure that I need."

2 *Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

3 This is true today. In spite of the fact that Margaret Fuller never lived in Concord, the guides still point out the "Margaret Fuller House."

4 The boulder near the old boat-house at The Old Manse is pointed out as the rostrum from which Webster made one of his famous speeches at Concord.

5 John M. Cheney, "whose garden was a lovely plot, ornamented with great elm trees, on the banks of the Musketaquid." Mr. Cheney's home was on Main Street.

in America, Massachusetts the best state in the Union, Concord the best town in Massachusetts, and my friend Cheney's field the best acre in Concord.'"¹

Dr. Charles Lowell, father of the poet, says of Concord: "'I can recall with peculiar pleasure a vacation passed in Concord in my senior year which Loammi Baldwin, Lemuel Shaw, Washington Allston and myself spent with Rufus Hosmer at his father's house. . . . There was a charming circle of young people then living in Concord, and we boys enjoyed this very much; but we liked best to stay at home and listen to the Major's stories.' . . . Forty years afterward, in 1838, Dr. Lowell's son, *James Russell Lowell*, coming under college discipline, was sent to Concord to spend a similar summer vacation, and write his class poem in that town."

David A. Wasson "went to Concord in 1859 intending to make it his permanent abode, but the offer of a philanthropic gentleman, who wished to take him into his own house for a year and care for him, as Mr. Badams of Manchester entertained Carlyle, induced him to migrate again. He continued, however, in friendly communication with the literary people there, often visited them, and now lies buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, so that he deserves to be classed among them, rather than with any other group of literary men."³

¹ F. B. Sanborn in *Life of Henry D. Thoreau*.

² F. B. Sanborn in *Life of Henry D. Thoreau*.

³ *Sketches from Concord and Appledore* by Frank Preston Stearns.

"When *Theodore Parker*, in his career of scholarship and reform, began to look outward from his father's Lexington farm, it was towards Concord as well as towards Boston that he turned his eyes; he taught a district school in Concord, and preached in its pulpit as a candidate to stand beside Dr. Ripley, the pastor of the Old Manse."¹

"*Elizabeth Peabody*," says F. B. Sanborn,² "became a resident of Concord for some years after 1856, — sometimes with Mrs. Hawthorne, sometimes with another sister, Mrs. Horace Mann, or with her brother, Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. She had been a frequent visitor there before and was a member of the inner circle of the Transcendentalists. During the Concord School of Philosophy she was constantly in attendance, reading lectures and almost daily taking part in the discussions." Miss Peabody did much to introduce the kindergarten in America and wrote the *Record of Alcott's school at the Masonic Temple*. She is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

¹ Concord by F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England* edited by Lyman Powell. Mr. Sanborn adds: "When Theodore Parker left Divinity Hall at Cambridge in 1836, and began to preach in Unitarian pulpits, he fixed his hopes on Concord as a parish, chiefly because Emerson was living there. It is said he might have been called as a colleague for Dr. Ripley, if it had not been thought his sermons were too learned for the Christians of the Nine Acre Corner and other outlying hamlets of the town."

² In *Concord Note-Book* April, 1906.



THE MINUTE MAN

CONCORD IN ART.

Eminent in the world of art are two sculptors and two painters whose names are associated with Concord as the place of their birth and early education or of their adoption: Daniel Chester French, Frank Edwin Elwell, Edward Emerson Simmons and Stacy Tolman.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

Daniel Chester French was born in Exeter, N. H., April 20, 1850. He was educated at Exeter and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and studied art in Boston and in Florence, Italy. From 1878 to 1887 he had his studio in Boston and Concord, Mass.; from 1887 to 1900 in New York. His best known works are the Minute Man of Concord; Dr. Gallaudet and His First Deaf-mute Pupil; the Milmore Memorial (Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor); The colossal statue of the Republic at the Chicago Exposition; the John Boyle O'Reilly Monument in the Back Bay Fens at Boston; Alma Mater for Columbia University, New York City, and a number of portrait busts, as of Emerson¹ and Lieut.-Governor

¹ Mr. French wrote to Mr. Cabot in regard to his bust of Emerson: "I think it is very seldom that a face combines such vigor and strength in the general form and plan with such exceeding delicacy and sensitiveness in the details. Henry James somewhere speaks of the 'over-modelled American face.' No face was ever *more* modelled than was Mr. Emerson's; there was nothing slurred, nothing accidental; but it was like the perfection of detail in great sculpture; it did not interfere with the grand scheme, neither did it interfere with an almost child-like mobility that admitted of an infinite

Simon Brown;¹ the two latter to be seen in the Concord Public Library.²

The discovery of Daniel French's talent for art was made in a sudden and very unexpected manner. In 1868 his father and his family were living on their farm near Concord. Daniel French's sister tells the story: "Late in December of that year Dan came into the house whittling away most industriously upon a raw turnip. After adding a few finishing touches, he held the work up to view. A most excited applause followed, as the family recognized a frog dressed in man's clothing, skillfully carved out of the hard vegetable. His father advised him to use some less perishable material. Clay and modelling tools were furnished him by Miss May Alcott, and that evening he modelled a spirited dog's head. . . . A few days

variety of expression, and made possible that wonderful 'lighting up' of the face, so often spoken of by those who knew him. It was the attempt to catch that glorifying expression that made me despair of my bust. At the time I made it, as you know, Mr. Emerson had failed somewhat, and it was only now and then that I could see, even for an instant, the expression I sought. . . . When the bust was approaching completion, he looked at it after one of the sittings, and said: 'The trouble is, the more it resembles me, the worse it looks.'" — Quoted in Cabot's *Life of Emerson*.

"Great men or men of great gifts you shall easily find, but symmetrical men never." — Emerson in *Nominalist and Realist*. In his note on the above, Edward W. Emerson says: "This is true in the body also, and notably in the face. Mr. Emerson's head furnishes a marked example. The sculptors who made good portraits of him — Daniel Chester French, whose fine bust represents him in his serene age, and Sidney H. Morse, who made an excellent statuette bust of him in his prime — recognized this. In the work of both the face has a very different expression according to the side looked at, one representing Emerson the thinker and speaker, the other Emerson among his friends."

1 A resident at one time of Concord.

2 "There were in Concord in my boyhood three writers who afterward became very famous indeed — Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. Mr. Lowell said that these three names shine among all others in American Literature as the three blazing stars in the belt of Orion shine in the sky.

The town is represented in the beautiful building of the Congressional Library at Washington by busts of Emerson and Hawthorne on the outside front of the building; by Emerson's name on the mosaic ceiling in the entrance pavilion, and by three sentences from his writings inscribed on the walls. These are two out of eight such busts. It is also represented by two figures, a symbolic statue of History and a bronze statue of Herodotus, both by Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, a Concord man." — George F. Hoar in *Autobiography of Seventy Years*.

later he produced a wounded deer that had especially appealed to his mother. She took this figure to the Cobb brothers, architects and architectural sculptors of Boston, who said upon seeing the model, 'No one in Boston could have done this, and only one man in New York.' " On December 20, 1868, the father of Daniel French wrote to a friend: "Dan has taken to 'sculpin' and really shows great genius. He has modelled a panther and dog's head in clay which do us credit. Miss Alcott gave him the clay."

The first important commission given to Daniel French was the Minute Man at his own home in Concord, Mass. The beauty and appropriateness of the model submitted by the sculptor, and his generous offer to make the statue in plaster of heroic size, if the small sum for the expense incurred be defrayed, were appreciated by the town, and Daniel French secured the commission for the statue.¹ It is said that his sole model was a large cast of the Apollo Belvedere. Mr. French is thought by competent critics never to have excelled the Minute Man in emotional expression in any of his subsequent works.

At the unveiling of the Minute Man² April 19, 1875, Emerson and Curtis³ delivered addresses, and

1 "Through the influence of Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, then representative in Congress, ten pieces of condemned brass cannon were granted to the town and sent to Chicopee, Mass., where the statue was cast from the model prepared by Mr. French."—William M. Wheildon in *New Chapter of the Concord Fight*.

2 Ebenezer Hubbard, upon whose inherited land the British troops had committed depredations during Concord Fight, bequeathed the money for the statue of the Minute Man, and Stedman Buttrick, a descendant of the Major John Buttrick who commanded the Americans to fire upon the British forces, provided the site.

3 "The Minute Man of the American Revolution — who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plough in the

James Russell Lowell read a poem. A large and distinguished body of invited guests was present, among whom was the President of the United States.

The Rev. Loren B. McDonald,¹ pastor of the First Parish Church of Concord, delivered an impressive sermon on the Minute Man.² The sermon was printed and forms a valuable record of the universal interest felt in this statue by the town.

Margaret Sidney (Mrs. Daniel Lothrop) in *Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways*, gives the following description of the former studio of Daniel C. French in Concord: "Down shadowy Sudbury Street we pass quietly, across the railroad track, between sweet-scented, smiling meadows, follow the curve for a short distance till we reach a gray cottage with lattice windows and broad porch, half concealed under spreading apple boughs. Off to the right stretch fertile fields; in front is the ancestral home. . . . Here was the Minute Man breathed into the clay,

furrow and the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die — or be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country. . . . This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall today; him, in your manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children." — From Address of George William Curtis at the Unveiling of the Minute Man.

1 The Rev. Loren B. McDonald is the thirteenth pastor of the First Parish Church of Concord. In the twelfth pastorate of the parish a tablet was erected in the church with the names and dates of the twelve pastors inscribed in order, beginning with that of the Rev. Peter Buckeley. The name of the present pastor has been added to the list.

2 "The Minute Man speaks not to Americans only, but he speaks to the whole race of men in all times and all places. He stands there as the universal embodiment of human freedom. He represents the everlasting protest of mankind against tyranny and oppression. If those mute lips and that heroic attitude say anything, they say this, which, in feeble and less articulate tones, men have been trying to say throughout all the ages, the individual life, he says, is God-given and inviolate." — From Sermon on The Minute Man by Rev. Loren B. McDonald.

until the rough block spoke the story of our father's struggle for a home and country."¹

Opposite the Minute Man, on the other side of the bridge stands the Battle Monument, erected July 4, 1837.

"In 1825, the corner-stone of a monument was laid in the centre of the village to commemorate the Concord Fight,² and Edward Everett, in the freshness of his eloquence, delivered one of his splendid orations, which thrilled the heart of every patriot. On the expiration of the next decade . . . a plain monument, with an inscription³ not to be surpassed in brevity and beauty, was erected on the west bank⁴ of the Concord River, at the historic spot where the old North Bridge crossed. . . . On the inauguration of this modest monument the surviving children and grand-children of the brave farmers who periled their lives on that memorable morning of 1775, gathered around this memorial of the deeds of their ancestors,"⁵ and sang the following hymn⁶ composed for the occasion by Ralph Waldo Emerson, the

1 Quoted by permission of the author.

2 Of the site of the Battle Monument erected in 1837, Wm. Wheildon says: "It was proposed to lay the corner-stone of this monument on the 19th of April, 1825, the semi-centennial anniversary; . . . but owing to a disagreement on the question of location, the work was delayed ten years. It was thought by many persons that the monument should be erected where the minute men fell, and not where the British regulars fell. The erection of the Minute Man on the opposite side of the river, in 1875, has forever settled this controversy, and it was for this purpose that Mr. Hubbard left his bequest."

3 Composed by Dr. Edward Jarvis.

4 On those

"Loved banks, whose oak-boughs bold
Root in the blood of heroes old."

— From Emerson's *In Memoriam*.

5 The Concord Fight by Frederic Hudson in *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1875.

6 Sung to the tune of Old Hundred.

first stanza of which was afterwards inscribed on the base of the Minute Man :

CONCORD HYMN.

July 4, 1837.

“ By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone ;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.”

FRANK EDWIN ELWELL.

Frank Edwin Elwell was born in Concord, Mass., June 15, 1858. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was reared by his grandfather, a descendant of one of the early settlers of the town.

He was educated at the Concord public schools, his first instruction in art being received from May Alcott. He studied under Daniel C. French in Concord, and later at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. Mr. Elwell was the first American sculptor to model a statue that was erected in Europe.

His best known works are his Death of Strength

in the Cathedral garden at Edam, Holland; bust of Mr. Peter Esselmont, Lord Provost of Aberdeen, Aberdeen, Scotland; Diana and the Lion, Art Institute of Chicago; Egypt Awakening, bought at the Paris Salon of 1896 by M. Gabriel Goupillat of Paris; Dickens and Little Nell, bought by the Fairmount Park Art Association of Philadelphia, Penn.; New Life, Lowell Cemetery, Lowell, Mass.; Aqua Viva, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City; the fountains, Kronos and Ceres at the Pan-American Exposition. In the Concord Public Library is seen a life-sized photograph of Elwell's bronze relief of Edwin Booth on the latter's monument at Mt. Auburn. He has been Curator of the Department of Ancient and Modern Statuary at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art since 1902.

In the Spooner Library of Lawrence, Kansas, is a bust of Louisa Alcott, the work and gift of this sculptor. This gift was presented in 1900, "as a loving tribute to the memory of a grand woman whose friendship was so helpful and whose writings have tended to ennoble and elevate the lives of thousands of American boys and girls." "Miss Alcott was so much my friend," says Mr. Elwell, "and had so much to do in forming my character that I would have been most ungrateful had I not sought to honor her memory when the opportunity was afforded, as it came in an invitation to furnish a bust for the University of Kansas." Mr. Elwell is said to have been the original of Ralph Evans in Louisa Alcott's story of Jack and Jill.

The Kansas bust of Louisa Alcott is not a replica of the bust of her by Mr. Elwell in the Concord Public Library, but is an original work. Of this bust of Louisa Alcott, F. B. Sanborn writes in a letter to the University of Kansas upon the unveiling of the bust: "This noble bust of Louisa Alcott, which you owe to the generous recollection of one of her Concord friends, Elwell, the sculptor, (whose first encouragement in the pathway of art came from the Alcott family) exhibits her, not in the youthful period . . . but when a mature woman, she could look back on a long course of duties performed, independence achieved, fame acquired, and knew herself held in loving remembrance by myriads of young readers. . . . She looks out from this gracious similitude with the cheery smile which betokened her true nature. Here is not the pathetic head which glances with aspiration from the alcove of our Concord library — recalling her father's lofty visions of human perfectibility, here is rather the serene, common and hearty benevolence of her mother. . . . Of the many presentations of Louisa that have been made at different periods of her life, this bust of Elwell best combines the traits of expression which no portrait ever fully reveals."

EDWARD EMERSON SIMMONS.

Edward Emerson Simmons, son of the Rev. George F. Simmons, was born in Concord in 1852, in the house which his paternal grandmother had built



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CONCORD ALCOVE—
PUBLIC LIBRARY

on the estate across the Battle Ground from the Old Manse.¹ His mother, Mary Emerson Ripley, was the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley, and related to Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet. Edward Simmons was educated in the schools of Concord, Mass., and graduated at Harvard College in 1874. His training in art was received in the art school of the Boston Museum, and afterwards in Paris as the pupil of Léfèvre and Boulanger. His first mural decorations, in which work he has since excelled, were for the Liberal Arts Building at the Chicago Exposition in 1893. His next commission was the decoration of the Criminal Court buildings of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer in New York City. Mr. Simmons is perhaps best known by his mural decorations in the Congressional Library in Washington City, the Astor ball-room in New York and various ceilings for New York private residences and hotels. A Harvard memorial window of the class to which he belonged was designed by Mr. Simmons.

"Bred of a race of preachers and seers . . . he reproduces in his own field of pictorial art their persistent characteristics," says a recent critic of Mr. Simmons' art. "The product of old-time dogma and imagination, his work today is earnestly inspired by sentiment and purpose. He is too much of a Puritan and too deeply imbued with the traditions of his New England blood to allow his pictures to be

1 After the death of the Rev. George Simmons, "his wife and children lived with Mrs. Ripley in the Manse, the declining health of the elder Mrs. Simmons requiring quiet and freedom from the noisy life of young children. In a few years Mrs. Simmons died. After this the younger Mrs. Simmons removed to the house which her children inherited from their grand-mother."
— Elizabeth Hoar in *Life of Mrs. Samuel Ripley*.

only beautiful and meaningless in their moral or intellectual significance."

In the Concord Public Library may be seen Mr. Simmons' painting, *Criticism*, presented to the Library by Hon. E. R. Hoar.

STACY TOLMAN.

Stacy Tolman, a native of Concord, was educated at the Concord public schools, receiving his art instruction at the Boston Art Museum and in Paris. At the beginning of his art career he opened a studio with E. C. Potter, the eminent animal sculptor, at Concord. He earned an enviable reputation as a portrait painter, and became chief instructor in face and portrait painting at the Rhode Island School of Design, a position he still holds. Among his early works are crayon portraits of Emerson and of Louisa Alcott. The Hemlocks (on North Branch of Concord River), by this artist, hangs in the Concord Public Library.

WALTON RICKETSON.

Walton Ricketson, a native of New Bedford, Mass., (born May 27, 1839,) a son of Daniel Ricketson, whose hospitable home was so frequently the resort of Thoreau and of Channing, had a studio in Concord for some time. His notable works are portrait busts of George William Curtis, Amos Bronson Alcott, Thoreau and Louisa Alcott,¹ the last three to be seen in the Con-

¹ The portrait bust of Louisa Alcott by Walton Ricketson (No. 29) was presented to the Library by her sister, Mrs. Pratt. "The likeness is remarkable," says a friend of Louisa Alcott of this bust, "the spirit of the subject portrayed with a delicate perception of her fine qualities, and is the result of years of intimate friendship and close study of her character."

cord Public Library. The portrait of Louisa Alcott in her Lulu's Library is taken from a medallion bas-relief made of her by Walton Ricketson.¹

Mr. Ricketson's intaglios of Dawn and Twilight and his bas-reliefs of Mendelssohn and Thoreau are of artistic merit.

The Concord Public Library owns an excellent nucleus for an art collection. Besides the works of the artists already mentioned, a water color by Eugène Fromentin; a landscape by Washington Allston; a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson by David Scott² of Edinburgh, 1848, presented to the Library by E. R. Hoar, Elizabeth Hoar and R. N. Rice; a crayon portrait of Henry David Thoreau by Samuel Worcester Rowse; Wreck on Coffin's Beach by Edward Waldo Emerson, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson; a bust of Nathaniel Hawthorne by Louisa Lander;³ a portrait bust of Ephraim Wales Bull by Anna M. Holland, and a number of portraits, portrait busts and copies of the masters are found there.

In many of the homes of Concord are also to be found valuable collections of art, one of the most

1 To her publishers Louisa writes in 1886: "Sorry you don't like the bas-relief; I do. A portrait, if bright and comely, wouldn't be me, and if like me would disappoint the children; so we had better let them imagine Aunt Jo young and beautiful with her hair 'in two tails down her back,' as the little girl said."

2 While in Scotland Emerson gave several sittings for his portrait to this painter. He writes to his wife from Edinburgh (1848): "I found David Scott, the painter, a sort of Bronson Alcott with easel and brushes, a sincere great man, grave, silent, contemplative and plain."

3 A singular occurrence in regard to Miss Lander's bust of Hawthorne is related by Julian Hawthorne in his life of his father. "The bust, in its present state, looks like a combination of Daniel Webster and George Washington," says Julian Hawthorne. An American gentleman of culture visiting the studio where the mechanical cutting of the bust was proceeding, noticing "what he thought were some errors in the modeling of the lower part of the face," directed "the marble cutters to make certain alterations for which he accepted the responsibility."

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interesting being the family portraits owned by Miss A. M. Gourgas on Monument Street.

CONCORD IN SCIENCE.

HARRISON GRAY DYAR.

Harrison Gray Dyar of Concord "erected the first real line and despatched the first message over it by electricity ever sent by such means in America. This may seem strange to most of our readers," says Alfred Munroe in his *Concord and the Telegraph*,¹ "as the credit of this great discovery has been generally conceded to Prof. Morse," but the latter deserves credit only "for combining and applying the discoveries of others. . . .

Among the earliest of 'those others' was a young man once a resident of this town. . . . At least eighteen years before the actual materialization of the first Morse telegraph line, a message had been transmitted over half a mile of wire in Concord by means that in many respects are identical with those employed by Morse."

Two brothers, Joseph and Harrison Gray Dyar, employees of a Concord watchmaker, lived in Concord from 1818 to 1825. Harrison Gray Dyar "became greatly interested in the study of electricity and conceived the idea of transmitting a message over a wire by means of the electric fluid. . . . He finally concluded that he had made the discovery as to how it could be done, and proved it by a successful experiment along the 'Causeway,' now the Lowell Road."

1 Published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

Mr. Dyar went to New York for financial aid in his undertakings and erected a telegraph line "at the race-course on Long Island in 1826, — six years before Morse began his investigation of the subject, ten years before the latter began to talk about it, and eighteen years before he and others put up their experimental line between Washington and Baltimore in 1844. . . . Shortly after Mr. Dyar had made this experiment on Long Island, he proposed to erect a telegraph line between New York and Philadelphia, and applied to the Legislature of New Jersey for the necessary powers to pass through that state. This request was not only unceremoniously refused, but Mr. Dyar was denounced as a wizard and a dangerous person to be permitted in the community. Vexed, disappointed and almost disheartened, the original projector found refuge in Europe." Mr. Dyar continued his scientific experiments and through valuable chemical discoveries acquired a large fortune while living abroad.

After the telegraph came into practical use, Col. Whiting of Concord "was very fond of telling that the whole thing was 'no more than that Dyar boy had done here long ago.' He describes the line as having been hung from the trees on the Red Bridge road, with apothecaries' glass phials for insulators . . . and that the words transmitted over the line were legibly recorded. . . .

Among the many projects of Dyar was a scheme for a universal language, and he devised a comprehensive and logical system to that end."

WILLIAM MUNROE.

“In¹ the line of the decidedly practical and useful, Concord . . . manufactured the first lead pencils made in this country. Credit for this enterprise has been repeatedly claimed by various places and many people, but this does not disturb the fact, that in 1812, William Munroe, then a young cabinet maker, whose business, because of the war then waging, was in a sorry plight, turned an inventive mind to the actual needs of the community ; to the study of those foreign productions that non-importation, non-intercourse and the embargo laws then existing, made scarce and invaluable to our people. So he studied the lead pencil and after experimental work covering a period of several months, he succeeded in producing a really superior article so that, as is recorded, ‘on the second of July, 1812, he was able to proceed to Boston with a modest sample of about thirty lead pencils, the first of American make. These he sold to Benjamin Andrews, a hardware dealer on Union Street, who encouraged him greatly by contracting to take all he could manufacture up to a certain time.’

By this same William Munroe . . . were made many articles that had previously been obtainable only in Europe, and his genius did much to establish an excellent reputation for Concord.”

1 From Concord Authors at Home by Albert Lane.



WALDEN POND—
THOREAU'S COVE

VI.

ENVIRONS OF CONCORD.¹

“Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plough unburies,
Here in pine houses built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell.
Traveller, to thee, perchance, a tedious road,
Or, it may be, a picture.”

— Emerson.

WALDEN POND.

IN Man the Reformer, Emerson writes in 1841 :
“Parched corn and a house with one apartment,
that I may be free of all perturbation, that I may
be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak,
and quit and road-ready for the honest mission of
knowledge or good will, is frugality for gods and
heroes.”

“Somewhat of this and higher laws
Once brought a hermit to the bank
Of one of these poor ponds that glaze our fields,
Where for a season he might quaff the wine
Of nature in full piquancy.”³

In 1845 Thoreau began that “hermitage” at
Walden which lasted for two years and two months.

¹ In Concord

“Dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade
Are touched with genius.”

— Emerson in *Musketaquid*.

² *Musketaquid*.

³ From Channing's *Wanderer*.

"The localities of Concord which Thoreau immortalized were chiefly those in the neighborhood of some lake or stream . . . Walden or White Pond, . . . Bateman's Pond, the Mill Brook,¹ the Sanguinetto,² the Nut-Meadow, or the Second Division Brook. . . . He gave beauty and dignity to obscure places by his mention of them; and it is curious that the neighborhood of Walden, — now the most romantic and poetical region of Concord, associated in every mind with this tender lover of nature . . . was anciently a place of dark repute, the home of pariahs and lawless characters, such as fringed the sober garment of many a New England village in Puritanic times."³

"To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust. It is to solve some of the problems of life, not only theoretically, but practically."⁴ It was to solve some of the problems of life⁵ that Thoreau went to live in Walden woods.

"Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreea-

1 "The waters of the mill brook, augmented by a ditch leading from the westerly end of Flint's pond, were stemmed at the place still known as the Milldam, and formed a pond between Walden Street and the common. The old ditch that first conducted Flint's pond water through our village was easily identified in 1874, and the town water pipe is laid in it for some distance," — Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

"The mill brook was crossed by Potter's Bridge (on Heywood Street) and by Fox's Bridge (near Wayside)." — Ibid.

2 The Sanguinetto was "a name given by Mr. Emerson to the little brook running under the railroad and to Baker Farm, from his woodland meadow and swamp." — Note in Channing's Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.

3 F. B. Sanborn in Life of Henry D. Thoreau.

4 Thoreau in Walden.

5 "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach." — Thoreau in Walden.

ble method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half of light and sandy soil near it chiefly with beans, but also a small part with potatoes, corn, peas and turnips. The whole lot contains eleven acres, mostly growing up to pines and hickories, and were sold [to Emerson] the preceding season for eight dollars and eight cents an acre. . . .

The scenery of Walden is on a humble scale, and, though very beautiful, does not approach to grandeur, nor can it much concern one who has not long frequented it or lived by its shore ; yet this pond is so remarkable for its depth and purity¹ as to merit a particular description. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long and a mile and three quarters in circumference, and contains about sixty-one and a half acres ; a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods, without any visible inlet or outlet except by the clouds and evaporation. . . . Successive nations perchance have drank at, admired, and fathomed it, and passed away, and still its water is green and pellucid as ever. . . . Perhaps on that spring morning when Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden, Walden Pond was already in existence. . . . Even then it had commenced to rise and fall, and had clarified its waters and colored them of the hue they now wear, and obtained a patent of Heaven to be the only Walden Pond in the world and distiller of celes-

1

"Thrice happy art thou, Walden ! in thyself,
Such purity is in thy limpid springs,
In those green shores which do reflect in thee,
And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
A holy man within a Hermitage."

— Channing's Walden.

tial dews. . . . It is a gem of the first water which Concord wears in her coronet. . . .

The pond rises and falls, but whether regularly or not, and within what period, nobody knows. . . . It is commonly higher in the winter and lower in the summer, though not corresponding to the general wet and dryness. . . . Some have been puzzled to tell how the shore became so regularly paved. My townsmen have all heard the tradition . . . that anciently the Indians were holding a pow-wow upon a hill here, which rose as high into the heavens as the pond now sinks deep into the earth, and they used much profanity, as the story goes, . . . and while they were thus engaged the hill shook and suddenly sank, and only one old squaw, named Walden, escaped, and from her the pond was named. It has been conjectured that when the hill shook these stones rolled down its side and became the present shore. . . . If the name was not derived from that of some English locality, — Saffron Walden,¹ for instance, — one might suppose that it was called originally *Walled-in Pond*. . . .

Of all the characters I have known, perhaps Walden wears best, and best preserves its purity. . . . It is perennially young. . . . Why, here is Walden,

1 "Dec. 2, 1857, I find that according to the deed of Duncan Ingraham to John Richardson in 1797, my old bean-field at Walden Pond then belonged to George Minott. . . . He was directly descended from Thomas Minott, who, according to Shattuck was secretary of the abbott of Walden (!) in Essex, and whose son George was born at Saffron Walden (!) and was afterwards one of the early settlers of Dorchester." — Thoreau in Autumn.

"June 4, 1853, Looked over the earliest town records at the clerk's office this evening, the old book containing grants of land. Am surprised to find such names as Walden Pond and Fair Haven, as early as 1653, and apparently '52; also under the first date, at least, 2d Division, the rivers North and South (not Assabet at that date) . . . and Mr. Flint's Pond. . . . It is pleasing to read these evergreen wilderness names." — Thoreau's Journal in Summer.

the same woodland lake that I discovered so many years ago . . . it is the same liquid joy and happiness to itself and its Maker, ay and it *may* be to me. It is the work of a brave man surely, in whom there was no guile! He rounded this water with his hand, deepened and clarified it in his thought, and in his will bequeathed it to Concord. . . .

White Pond and Walden are great crystals on the surface of the earth, Lakes of Light. If they were permanently congealed, and small enough to be clutched, they would, perchance, be carried off by slaves, like precious stones, to adorn the heads of emperors; but being liquid, and ample, and secured to us and our successors forever, we disregard them, and run after the diamond of Kohinoor. . . .

I have said that Walden has no visible inlet or outlet, but it is on the one hand distantly and indirectly related to Flint's Pond, which is more elevated, by a chain of small ponds coming from that quarter, and on the other directly and manifestly to Concord River, which is lower, by a similar chain of ponds through which in some other geological period it may have flowed. . . .

Flint's or Sandy Pond, in Lincoln, our greatest lake and inland sea, lies about a mile east of Walden.¹ It is much larger, being said to contain one hundred

1 "In addition to his Walden woodlots, Mr. Emerson bought one on the edge of Lincoln, for the sake of a miniature water-fall in a little brook, the outlet of Flint's Pond. Mr. Thoreau showed him additional charms, certain shrubs and flowers not plentiful in Concord that grew on its banks — veratrum with its tropical growth, trillium, jack-in-the-pulpit, yellow violets, and the hornbeam, arrow-wood, and a bush of mountain laurel. It was a wonderful resort for the various kinds of thrushes." — Note in Edward W. Emerson's edition of Emerson's Works.

and ninety-seven acres, and is more fertile in fish; but it is comparatively shallow.¹ . . .

Goose Pond, of small extent, is on my way to Flint's; Fair Haven, an expansion of Concord River, said to contain some seventy acres, is a mile southwest; and White Pond,² of about forty acres, is a mile and a half beyond Fair Haven. This is my lake country. These, with Concord River, are my water privileges; and night and day, year in year out, they grind such grist as I carry to them. . . .

As I was desirous to recover the long lost bottom³ of Walden Pond, I surveyed it carefully, before the ice broke up, early in '46, with compass and chain and sounding line. . . . Many have believed that Walden reached quite through to the other side of the globe. . . . The greatest depth was exactly one hundred and two feet; to which may be added the five feet which it has risen since, making one hundred and seven. . . .

We can never have enough of nature. . . . Our

1 Flint's or Sandy Pond furnishes the present water supply for the town of Concord.

2 "Another walk with Ellery Channing. . . . We went to White Pond, a pretty little Indian bath, lonely now as Walden once was; we could almost see the sachem in his canoe in a shadowy cove. Making the circuit of the lake, on the shore, we came at last to see some marvellous reflections of the colored woods in the water, of such singular beauty and novelty that they held us fast to the spot, almost to the going down of the sun. The water was very slightly rippled, which took their proper character from the pines, birches and few oaks which composed the grove; and the submarine wood seemed all made of Lombardy poplar, with such delicious green, stained by gleams of mahogany from the oaks, and streaks of white from the birches,—every moment growing more excellent. It was a world seen through a prism, and set Ellery on wonderful Lucretian theories of law and design. For how many ages of lonely days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine, — shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossings of these loose threads, which in the water, have such momentary elegance." — Emerson's Journal.

3 "I am thankful that this pond was made deep and pure for a symbol. While men believe in the infinite, some ponds will be thought bottomless!" — Thoreau in Walden.

village would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness."

In answer to the question, why he left Walden, Thoreau replied: "I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. . . I learned this, at least, by my experiment; that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. . . In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex; and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness."¹

"Yesterday afternoon," writes Hawthorne in his *American Notes*, October 5, "I took a solitary walk to Walden Pond. It was a cool, windy day, with heavy clouds rolling and tumbling about the sky, but still a prevalence of genial autumn sunshine. . . Walden Pond was clear and beautiful as usual. It tempted me to bathe, and though the water was thrillingly cold, it was like the thrill of a happy death. Never was there such transparent water as this. I threw sticks into it, and saw them float suspended on an almost invisible medium. It seemed as if the pure air were beneath them, as well as above."

Dr. Edward W. Emerson in his edition of his father's works, writes of Emerson: "The garden at

1 Thoreau in Walden.

home did not prove always helpful to thought, therefore he bought the beautiful pines that he had often looked wistfully to while weeding his 'Sacred Grove' on the shore of Walden. It was there that his young friend, Henry Thoreau, built his cabin next year, and lived for a time. Two years later, Mr. Emerson wrote to Carlyle of his 'new plaything, the best I ever had,' which was the high wood-circled Walden Ledge on the farther shore of the pond [the Lincoln side]. Of this he wrote: 'In these May days, when maples, poplars, oaks, birches, walnut and pine are in their spring glory, I go thither every afternoon,¹ and cut with my hatchet an Indian path through the thicket all along the bold shore, and open the finest pictures.' The poem, *My Garden*,² describes this spot, and what its owner found there. It was close to the new Fitchburg railroad, and later he wrote how his woods reproached him as he passed by in the train to Boston."

In his poem on Walden Emerson writes :

" In my garden three ways meet,
Thrice the spot is blest ;
Hermit-thrush comes there to build,
Carrier-doves to nest.

¹ Dr. Emerson says in his Memoir of his father : " Strangers wish to see his study. The woods were his best study among the years of his greatest spiritual activity, and the study, so called at home, was rather his library and writing room."

² " If I could put my woods in song
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my garden throng
And leave the cities void.

.

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound ;
The banks slope down to the blue lake edge,
Then plunge to depths profound."

—From Emerson's *My Garden*.



THOREAU'S CAIRN

Self-sown my stately garden grows ;
 The winds and wind-blown seed,
 Cold April rain and colder snows
 My hedges plant and feed.

.

What need I holier dew
 Than Walden's haunted wave,
 Distilled from heaven's alembic blue
 Steeped in each forest cave ?"

"In the woods, we return to reason and faith," says Emerson (Nature). "Standing on the bare ground . . . my head bathed by the blithe air and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean egotism vanishes."

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
 They talk in the shaken pine,

.

And the poet who overhears
 Some random word they say
 Is the fated man of men
 Whom the ages must obey."¹

"The stately white pine of New England was Emerson's favorite tree. . . . The pine grove by Walden, still standing, though injured by time and fire, was one of his most valued possessions. He questioned whether he should not name his book *Forest Essays*, for he said 'I have scarce a day-dream in which the breath of the pine has not blown and their shadow moved.'"²

¹ The poet by Emerson.

² Note in Dr. Emerson's edition of his father's works.

“ Not for a regiment’s parade,
 Nor evil laws or rulers made,
 Blue Walden rolls its cannonade,
 But for a lofty sign
 Which the Zodiac threw,
 That the bondage-days are told,
 And waters free as winds shall flow.”¹

On the spot where Thoreau lived at Walden there is now a cairn of stones yearly visited by hundreds, and growing in height as each friend of his muse adds a stone from the shore of the fair water he loved so well. ²

The cabin which he occupied “was sold to a gardener and afterwards became the property of a farmer in the northwest corner of Concord, three or four miles from its original site. There it stood, not far from Estabrook Farm . . . until, by neglect and decay, it fell in pieces soon after Thoreau’s death.”³

FAIRYLAND.

Mrs. Hawthorne, in her Journal of April 29, 1852,⁴ writes: “Mr. Emerson and Ellery Channing passed along; and Mr. Emerson asked Julian to go with the children to Fairy Land (in Walden Woods). He went, in a state of ecstatic bliss. He brought me home, in a basket, cowslips, anemones and violets.”

Of Fairyland and its miniature lake, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop writes⁵: “Ebby Hubbard owned it, and it was

1 *May-Day* by Emerson.

2 F. B. Sanborn in *Life of Henry D. Thoreau*.

3 F. B. Sanborn in *Emerson and His Friends in Concord*.

4 *Memories of Hawthorne* by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

5 *Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways*.

afterward sold to a public-spirited citizen who spent much time and thought and money on it. It was a large tract of rough, unpromising land, your beautiful pond had to be evolved by the generous hand that has thrown this spot open to whomever cared to enter in. . . .

O, Sylvan Lake! with thy veil of delicate tree-twigs drawn before thy face, like the tracery of a fairy dream that only half reveals the mystic beauty of a longed-for Paradise — sweet be thy borders shut in by interlacing boughs of Nature's most prodigal forest growth. . . . It is as if the gentlest of hands had soothingly passed over thy shining face, that was thenceforth to image only the reflection of the Divine content, expressed at the birth-throe of creation — 'and God saw that it was good.' "

"Emerson's youngest daughter¹ purchased Fairyland several years ago, in order to save its trees from the woodman's axe. This romantic spot may be called a suburb of Walden, as it is only separated by the width of a country road from Walden woods. Fairyland has a pretty pond, embowered in trees, and a delicious spring, cool and clear enough to have been patronized by the fairies. It has always been a favorite haunt for the children of the village, and many of the school children have often used it as a play and picnic ground. Some thirty years ago, the pupils of a well known school used to hold fairy masques and costume parties there, and if a wayfarer had strayed in, he would have been surprised to

1 Mrs. Willam H. Forbes.

find himself in the centre of a fairy ring or gypsy carnival. Now quiet citizens use it as a pleasant place for a summer stroll; and berrying parties in the summer, and nutting excursions in the autumn often visit it and return with abundant harvests. Climbing up its steep path by the spring, the visitor soon enters Walden woods, and threading his way through the straight lines of pine trees which compose Thoreau's orchard [recently burned to the ground], he can cross the patch which was cultivated with six miles of beans by the Walden hermit."¹

THE CONCORD RIVER.

“ Would you know what joy is hid
In our green Musketaquid,
And for travelled eyes what charms
Draw us to these meadow farms,
Come and I will show you all
Makes each day a festival.
Stand upon this pasture hill,
Face the eastern star until
The slow eye of heaven shall show
The world above, the world below.”²

— Emerson.

“The Musketaquid, or grass-ground river, though probably as old as the Nile or Euphrates, did not begin to have a place in civilized history until the fame of its grassy meadows and its fish attracted settlers out of England in 1635, when it received the other but kindred name of Concord from its planta-

1 From the Concord Guide Book by George B. Bartlett.

2 Poem on Nature:



EGG ROCK

tion on its banks. . . . It will be grass-ground river as long as grass grows and water runs here; it will be Concord River only while men lead peaceable lives on its banks."¹

Emerson's River, dated at Concord, June, 1827, was "evidently written in the beautiful orchard running down to the Concord River behind the Manse:"

"And I beheld once more
My old familiar haunts; here, the blue river,
The same blue wonder that my enfant eye
Admired, sage doubting whence the traveller came, —
Whence brought his sunny bubbles ere he washed
The fragrant flag-roots in my father's field."²

The Assabet and Sudbury rivers unite at egg rock to form the Concord river. In his Mosses from an Old Manse Hawthorne gives a poetic description of the Concord and Assabet. The poet Channing was his companion on the following "fishing excursion" commemorated: "Strange³ and happy times were those when we cast aside all irksome forms and straightlaced habitudes and delivered ourselves up to the free air to live like the Indians or any less conventional race during one bright semi-circle of the sun. . . .

We stood now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord — the river of peace and quietness — for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly

1 Thoreau in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*.

2 The River by Emerson.

3 Mosses from an Old Manse.

toward its eternity the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature the stream is, happily, incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free mountain-torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty without turning a solitary spindle or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies kissing the long meadow-grass, and bathes the over-hanging boughs of elder bushes and willows or the roots of elms and ash trees and clumps of maples. . . .

Rowing our boat against the current between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lonely stream than this for a mile above its junction with the Concord has never flowed on earth — nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from the breeze by woods and a hillside; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flow-

ing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes, the river sleeps along its course and dreams of the sky and of the clustering foliage, amid which fall showers of broken sun-light, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene the slumbering river had a dream-picture in its bosom."

In his Journal, June, 1841,¹ Emerson enters this record:

"The good river-god has taken the form of my valiant Henry Thoreau here, and introduced me to the riches of his shadowy, starlit, moonlit stream, —a lovely new world lying as close, and yet as unknown, to this vulgar trite one of streets and shops, as death to life, or poetry to prose. Through one field we went to the boat, and then left all time, all science, all history behind us, and entered into nature with one stroke of a paddle. 'Take care, good friend!' I said, as I looked west into the sunset overhead and underneath, and he, with his face towards me rowed toward it. — 'Take care; you know not what you do, dipping your wooden oar into this enchanted liquid, painted with all reds and purples and yellows, which glows under and behind you.' Presently this glory faded, and the stars came and said, Here are we. These beguiling stars, sooth-

1 Quoted by Dr. Emerson in the life of his father.

saying, flattering, persuading, who, though their promise was never yet made good in human experience, are not to be contradicted, not to be insulted, nay, not even to be disbelieved by us. All experience is against them, yet their word is Hope, and shall still forever leave experience a liar."

"The sluggish Concord River used to overflow its banks and cover the broad meadows for miles, where we found excellent skating, and where the water would be only a foot or two in depth," writes Senator Hoar in his *Autobiography of Seventy Years*. "The boys could skate for ten miles to Billerica and ten miles back, hardly going over deep water, except at the bridges, the whole way."

Along this icy stream "Thoreau's Worcester friends, Blake and Brown, used to come skating in the winter, accompanied by him on their return trip."¹

"When winter binds the river bright
With hard and gleaming ice, — a swift-forged chain, —
Even in that chill season 'tis delight
To roam across that broad and glittering plain,
Or skim its surface, as the short days wane,
Gliding along with swift and steel-bound feet :—
Truly the changes of the year are sweet."²

Of the bridges that cross the Concord, George William Curtis says in his *Emerson*: "Near the town the river is crossed by three or four bridges. One is a massive structure to help the railroad over. The stern, strong pile readily betrays that it is part

¹ From *Emerson and his Friends in Concord* by F. B. Sanborn.

² Thomas Parker Sanborn in *Poem, Concord River*.



NASHAWTUC BRIDGE

of good solid stock owned in the right quarter. Close by it is a little arched stone bridge, auxiliary to a great road leading to some vague region of the world called Acton upon guide-posts and on maps. Just beyond these bridges the river bends and forgets the railroad, but is grateful to the graceful arch of the little stone bridge for making its curve more picturesque; and as it muses toward the Old Manse, listlessly brushing the lilies, it wonders if Ellery Channing, who lives beyond, upon a hillside sloping to the shore, wrote his poem of *The Bridge* to that particular one." Nashawtuc Bridge, a handsome new stone bridge, was a gift of C. H. Hurd to the town. The present North Bridge was rebuilt with a bequest of Ebenezer Hubbard.

"The story is current . . . though I believe that strict history will not bear it out that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch of the Concord river, within the limits of the town, was driven up stream by the wind. . . . The sluggish artery of the Concord meadows steals thus unobserved through the town without a murmur or a pulse-beat, its general course from south-west to north-east, and its length about fifty miles."¹

The space beyond the river which rises into a little hill a short distance from the Old North Bridge bears the name of Battle Lawn. On the crest of this hill "The minute men and militia formed before marching down to the front at the bridge."

1 Thoreau in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*.

THE HILLS OF CONCORD.

" With frontier strength ye stand your ground,
 With grand content ye circle round,
 (Tumultuous silence for all sound),
 Ye distant nursery rills,
 Monadnoc and the Peterboro hills.

.

But special I remember thee,
 Wachusett,¹ who like me,
 Standest alone without society ;
 Thy far blue eye
 A remnant of the sky."

— Thoreau.

Shattuck, in his History of Concord, says of the scenery of Concord : " A few small hills only appear to beautify the scene and relieve the eye from a uniform prospect. Among these may be mentioned Ponkawtasset, or Barrett's, in the northeast ; Annurnuck, in the northwest ; Nawshawtuck, or Lee's, near the centre ; Fairhaven, in the south ; and Rocky Hills, near Walden Pond, partly in Lincoln. There is also a sandy hill, apparently of secondary formation, extending about a mile in length, easterly of the village."

George William Curtis writes to his friend, John S. Dwight : " Our farm² lies on one of the three hills of Concord. They call it Punkatasset. Before us, at the foot of the hill, is the river, and the slope

1 "It was pleasant to make a trip to Wachusett with Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Bradford. We had soft, warm weather, and a beautiful country to pass. From the mountain the prospect was very grand. It is not too high to make the landscape indistinct, but enough so to throw the line of the level country on the east into the misty horizon. . . . To the north was Monadnock lonely and grim and cold. A solitary lover he seemed, of the rough Bersekir sort, of the round and virgin-delicate Wachusett." — Letter of George Curtis to John S. Dwight.

2 This farm is now owned and occupied by the Rev. Charles Hutchins.

between holds a large part of the Captain's [Nathan Barrett] orchard. Among the hills at one side we see the town, about a mile away; and a wide horizon all around, which Elizabeth Hoar tells me she has learned is the charm of Concord scenery. The summit of the hill on which we are is crowned with woods, and from a clearing commands a grand prospect. Wachusett rises alone upon the distance, and takes the place of the ocean in the landscape."

From his "small cottage on the lonely hill," "in this upraised seclusion from the race," the poet could note in the village below "the tavern with its rusted sign creak in the blast." And now

"The cottage lamp gleams forth, ere on the hill
Our daylight flits, or the first tearful stars
Have dallied o'er Wachusett."¹

"Thoreau visited more than once the principal mountains in his prospect. It was like looking off on a series of old homes."² He writes in his journal (Summer): "Four A. M. To Nashawtuck. I go to the river in a fog. . . I ascend Nashawtuck from the north side. I am aware that I yield to the same influence which inspire the birds and cockerels, whose hoarse courage I hear now vaunted. . . Now I have reached the hill-top above the fog at a quarter to five, about sunrise, and all around me is a sea of fog, level and white, reaching nearly to the top of this hill, only the tops of a few hills appearing as distant islands in the main.

1 Channing's Wanderer.

2 Channing in Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.

Wachusett is a more distant and larger island, an Atlantis in the west. . . You can get here the impression which the ocean makes, without ever going to the shore. . . How grand where it rolls off Ball's Hill,¹ like a glorious ocean after a storm, just lit by the rising sun. . . Men will go further and pay more to see a tawdry picture on canvas, a poor, painted scene, than to behold the fairest or grandest scene that nature ever displays in their immediate vicinity, although they may never have seen it in their lives."

The "Hogpen Walke" near Annursnuc, is a historic walk. In early colonial days, "while the crops were in the ground, swine were herded on a large tract of land near Annursnack Hill, known for a long time as the Hog Pens," says Walcott in his Concord in the Colonial Period. "Mention is made in the Town Records . . . under date of 1654, of 'the Hogpen Walke about Annursnake.' . . There is some propriety in calling such a tract a walk, methinks, from the habit which hogs have of walking about with an independent air, and pausing from time to time to look about from under their flopping ears and snuff the air."²

Rev. Grindall Reynolds in his Story of a Concord Farm and Its Owners, has made famous the

¹ "Ball's Hill has been purchased by Mr. William Brewster of Cambridge, who has taken measures to preserve its wildness, in order to furnish a safe asylum for the birds and animals." — George B. Bartlett in Concord Guide Book.

"Ball's Hill appears in the strong light, at the verge of this undulating blue plain, like some gloriously newly-created island of the spring, just sprung up from the bottom in the midst of the blue waters." — Thoreau in Spring.

² Thoreau's Journal in Summer.

“beautifully rounded little eminence filling the triangle made by the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet Rivers. One point of this triangle ends in a miniature promontory known to children of our generation as Egg Rock. The hill itself was called by the early settlers plain North Hill. Since their day it has been variously termed Lee’s Hill, Barrett’s Hill and Hurd’s Hill, while in recent times a not very successful effort has been made to restore the Indian name, Nawshawtuck.

This little hill, the woodlands, meadows and arable land attached to it, make a tract of about four hundred acres, bounded chiefly by the two branches of the Concord River. It constitutes one of the few farms in Concord which very nearly retain their original character. . . . In the bulk of it, the farm is what it was when, in the second division of the lands, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago, it fell to the lot of Major Simon Willard.”

The narrator begins with the first owners, the Indians, with Squaw Sachem, who succeeding to the authority of her husband, was “the first perhaps in Massachusetts,” who “practically asserted and maintained woman’s rights.” When King Phillip’s war broke out, “by order of the general court these Indians, (now reduced to a feeble band), were removed back to Concord. Only one man, John Hoar, rose above the prejudice and fear of the hour. (I presume that his place was on Lexington street, where Mr. Alcott’s house stands). He per-

mitted the poor exiles to put their wigwams on his grounds, took charge of them, employed them.

The first white owner of the farm was Major Simon Willard. Not unlikely three-quarters of Concord born people now living do not know who Simon Willard was. Then it is time they did know. For infant Concord owed more to him, perhaps, than to any other single person. He it was who selected the spot on which the town stands, and by his influence with the natives promoted its peaceable possession. He was one of the little band who made that painful march through thickets and watery swamps and unknown woods, which the old Puritan annalist so graphically describes. . . . Probably in all those early years he was its chief selectman. Certainly for eighteen years he was its clerk, and for fifteen years its Deputy at the General Court. From the beginning he was the military commander; and with two others made the legal tribunal before which all cases between man and man of moderate importance were tried. Last but not least, to him was intrusted the delicate office of selling strong water. For, however strange it may look to us, rum selling was then committed to men in high standing, and was itself almost a certificate of good character. . . .

Joseph Lee, third of the name in Concord, physician, Tory, had by the middle of the century, become an owner of the farm. . . . In the Revolution, the doctor, having much to lose, shrank from civil war, upheld the existing powers, in short, was a Tory. This was natural, and perhaps might have been excused.

But that he stole down to Cambridge and betrayed secrets to the enemy could not be overlooked. To this he pleaded guilty. For this he was confined fourteen months to his farm, glad, no doubt, to escape with so light a penalty.¹ It was while Dr. Lee was confined to his farm that one of the most interesting episodes in Concord history took place. I refer to the sojourn of Harvard College. When we consider how, sooner or later, everything seems to appear in this ancient town; that it first sheltered the Provincial Congress; that in 1786 it ran a narrow chance of being itself the state capital; that for the space of a few months, it was, six years later, actually that; that in our own day it has been the home of two such opposites as the State prison [the Reformatory] and the School of Philosophy, it may seem to be in the order of events that our great institution of learning should sojourn awhile amid its tranquil scenery. At any rate, it happened that when, by the siege of Boston, Cambridge became one armed camp, Harvard College was transported to Concord. The professors and students were scattered through the village, twelve of the latter finding shelter in the venerable mansion of Dr. Lee.² . . . All the students did not escape the fascinations of the place, for Dr. Ripley, for sixty-three years minister of Concord, Dr. Hurd for fifty-five years its physician, and Jonathan Fay, for thirty-three years

¹ See *Little Maid of Concord Town* by Margaret Sidney.

² "The recitations were at the court house and the meeting-house."—Shattuck.

its lawyer, were all members of the College in the year of its wandering."¹

In a note to his story the Rev. Mr. Reynolds states that "an old merchant of Boston, but who spent his boyhood and youth in Concord, used to assert that every timber of which the Constitution was built was cut from Lee's Hill, and that his own father teamed it to Charlestown."

Says Mr. Reynolds, "No one would be likely to attempt to depict the social and business life of Concord between 1800 and 1850, and omit from his picture the stalwart form and marked mental physiognomy of the twelfth owner of Lee's farm, Squire Joe Barrett," who was elected Treasurer and Receiver General of the state in 1844 and filled the office until his death in 1848. The Lee house and barn were burned in 1856. "A modern house and barn of grand proportions have now replaced them."

As to the derivation of the names of these hills, "the late Samuel Davis, Esq., of Plymouth, conjectured that Annursnuck . . . has the same meaning as Quunosnuck, signifying a *pestle*, from the circumstance that rocks, out of which the natives made their mortars and pestles, were to be found here."² Adams Tolman³ says: "Nashawtuc . . . means simply 'between the rivers.' . . . Annursnuc, the secure hill. Annursnuc, as the highest hill or elevation in the neighborhood, was particularly a

¹ Story of a Concord Farm, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, in *Historical Sketches*, edited by Alice Reynolds Keyes

² Shattuck in *History of Concord*.

³ *Indian Relics in Concord*, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.



NASHAWTUC HILL

place of security, for its summit affords a view of a wide stretch of country in all directions, so that the approach of an enemy could be seen afar off, and the hill itself could be easily defended. The late Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, . . . considered this the true derivation and meaning of the word. . . I should hazard, 'a high place that widens,' that is to say, a broad-topped hill, as the definition for Ponkatasset."

LOVERS' LANE — WILD FLOWERS IN CONCORD.

Along Lover's Lane, the banks of the little Mill Brook, and in the adjacent woods may be seen in spring and summer most of the wild flowers loved by the Concord writers.

"In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora¹ in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."²

1 "No spot in the township, however uncultured, can be ignored. In this dry swamp, it may be, Emerson saw the Rhodora; on that bend in the river, perhaps, Thoreau watched the withered leaves floating down the Merrimac, at this corner of the prosaic Main Street, noted the elms spreading their 'yellow parasols' over the houses." — Miss H. R. Holland, a resident at one time of Concord, in Concord Books (Harpers Magazine, June, 1875).

"Within little more than a fortnight the woods, from bare twigs, have become a sea of verdure, and young shoots have contended with one another in the race. . . . Myriads of little parasols are suddenly spread all the country over to shield the earth and the roots of the trees from the parching heat, and they begin to flutter out and rustle in the breeze." — Thoreau in Summer.

2 From the Rhodora by Emerson.

Lovers' Lane and Walden Woods are not for those

"young scholars, who invade our hills,
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,
And travelling often in the cut he makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names;"¹

but for those who know and love

"the simples of the wood,
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain and agrimony,
Blue vetch² and trillium, hawkweed and sassafras,
Milkweeds and murky brakes, quaint pipes and sundew."³

The Brunella or Prunella (Self-heal),⁴ of which an old French proverb says: "No one wants a surgeon who keeps Prunella," is found along Lover's Lane from June to October, and on each side

"clovers bright,
And veiny hawkweeds, and soft, drooping ferns;
And down the brook the wild cress moving free."⁵

The humblebee whose

"drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,"
sees here naught "unsavory or unclean,"

"But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,

¹ From Blight by Emerson.

² "July 16, 1852. From the lane [Lover's Lane] in front of Hawthorne's, I see dense beds of tufted vetch, *vicia cracca* for some time, taking the place of the grass in the low grounds, blue inclining in spots to lilac like the lupines. . . . In selecting a site in the country, let a lane near your house, grass-grown, cross a sizable brook where is a watering place." — Thoreau in Summer.

³ From Blight by Emerson.

⁴ "All the wide fields of the earth grow the prunella or self-heal. Every foolish day we sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours." — Emerson in Nature.

⁵ Channing in The Wanderer.

Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among."¹

The Mill Brook, "rocked in a cradle of sanded stone," "on whose banks the feather-ferns cling," could lead us, if we would follow it, to meadows

"where berries grew,
Sweet flag-root and gentian blue."²

In his trip up the Concord and Merrimack rivers, Thoreau notes that "the bright blue flowers of the soap-wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which Proserpine had dropped, and still further in the fields, or higher on the bank, were seen the purple *Gerardia*, the Virginian *rhoxia* and drooping *neottia*, ladies tresses."

On the last day of August, he writes: "The rose-colored polygonum raised its head proudly above the water on either hand, and flowering at this season and in these localities, in front of dense fields of the white species, which skirted the sides of the stream, its little streak of red looked very rare and precious. The pure white blossoms of the arrow-head stood in the shallower parts, and a few cardinals on the margin still proudly surveyed themselves reflected in the water, though the latter, as well as the pickerel-weed was now nearly out of blossom. The snake-head (*chelone glabra*), grew close to the shore, while a kind of coreopsis, turning its brazen face to the

1 Emerson's Humble-Bee.

2 Channing in The Mill-Brook.

sun, full and rank, and a tall, dull red flower, (*eupatorium purpureum*), or trumpet weed, formed the rear of the fluvial array."

"In July," writes Emerson (Nature), "the blue pontederia or pickerel-weed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this group of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament."

Channing bids us not to

"Slight the pickerel-weed, whose violet shaft
Completes the tall reed's beauty and endows
With a contrasted harmony the shore."¹

In late September the fringed gentian appears, of whose color Thoreau says: "It is such a dark blue! surpassing that of the male blue-bird's back."

In his Dirge Emerson writes:

"I touch this flower of silken leaf,
Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
Whose balsam never grew."

"The flower of 'silken leaf' was the humble lespedeza [Japanese clover], which, in after years, Mr. Emerson seldom passed without a tender word for it to his children," says his son, Dr. Emerson.

"There ought to be record of the flower garden and of the procession of the wild flowers," says Hawthorne in his American Note Books. "Above all noting of the appearance of the first roses should

1 Near Home.



LOVER'S LANE

not be omitted; nor of the arethusa, one of the delicatest, gracefulest and in every manner, sweetest of the whole race of flowers. For a fortnight [at The Old Manse, June 23], I have found it in the swampy meadows, growing up to its chin in heaps of wet moss. Its hue is a delicate pink, of various depths of shade, and somewhat in the form of a Grecian helmet."

"The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which make the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer,"¹ says Emerson in *Nature*.

In Spring at Concord

" April cold with dropping rain
Willows and lilacs brings again.
.
.
.
The bitter sweet, the haunting air
Creepeth, bloweth everywhere."²

Later the "humble fields and lowly stooping hills," are

"Yellow with johnswort, bright with blue-eyed grass."³

With what joy Thoreau saw the hibiscus late in summer as he was "floating through the last familiar meadows," on his river journey, "its large and con-

1 "The first of June, when the lady's slipper and the wild pink have come out in sunny places on the hill-sides, then the summer is begun according to the clock of the seasons."

June 9, 1854. "Find the great fringed orchis out apparently two or three days, two are almost fully out, two or three only budded; a large spike of peculiarly delicate, pale purple flowers growing in the luxuriant and shady swamp, amid hellebores, ferns, golden senecio, etc. It is remarkable that this, one of the fairest of all our flowers, should also be one of the rarest, for the most part, not seen at all. . . . The village belle never sees this more delicate belle of the swamp." — Thoreau in *Summer*.

2 Emerson in *May Day*.

3 Channing in *Near Home*.

spicuous flowers . . . covering the dwarf willows . . . mingled with the leaves of the grape."¹

Hawthorne changes the name of Thoreau's boat from Musketaquid to Pond Lily because it would carry home to the mistress of the Old Manse so many cargoes of this flower. Thoreau in his trip up the Concord, "misses the white water lily, which is the queen of river flowers, its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water clock who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit our Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when, at length, the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me, as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays."

PETER'S FIELD, BAKER FARM, ETC.

" ' Knows he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit its acres yield
At midnight and at morn ? ' "²

This ³field was on the South bank of Concord River, a short half mile below the Old Manse as far beyond that eastern 'hilltop over against my house' from which Emerson saw 'the spectacle of morning

¹ A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.

² From Peter's Field by Emerson.

³ F. B. Sanborn in Emerson and His Friends (New England Magazine, Dec., 1890).

from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share.' It was called 'Peter's Field,' from its dusky occupant, one Peter, who had succeeded to Cæsar Robbins — that other African who gave his name to the neighboring wood. Along this river bank above the great meadows, and through the wood, in the rear of the pine-crowned ridge where his grave is now seen, Emerson had one of his favorite walks — extending as far eastward as to 'Copan,' a small peninsula thrust out into the meadow on which grew oak trees in fantastic forms that suggested to Ellery Channing the idols of Palenque and Copan in Central America. This region was one of the earliest frequented by Emerson, when his four brothers, William, Edward, Bulkeley and Charles, 'came with him to the wood.'

Two of these dear brothers, and the most brilliant, Edward and Charles, had died before 1838, when that pathetic poem, *The Dirge*,¹ was written. They were the earliest of Emerson's Concord friends, and those for whom his attachment was the strongest; they gave to the plain and homely landscape a tinge of romance which it had not before and which it never has lost. . . .

1

" In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts;
I wandered up, I wandered down
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago
Came with me to the wood.

.

They took this valley for their toy,
They played with it in every mood;
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy, —
They treated Nature as they would."

— From the *Dirge* written by Emerson in 1838.

The farms which make up the town, are now but a small part of that demesne of the mind which goes by the name of Concord. All at once their 'sitfast acres' as Emerson called them, began to yield poets and philosophers—or, as our poet said to the farmers about him :

‘ One harvest from your field
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;
A second crop those acres yield
Which I gather in a song.’

It seems that the Transcendentalists, like the Zoroastrians worshipped on the hilltops.¹ . . Thoreau, in his long rambles, had many hilltops for his worship. One of these, (whimsically called Conantum² by Channing, because it was part of the large farm of Eben Conant) looks down upon Fairhaven Bay and Baker Farm.”³

One of the first walks Mr. Sanborn took with

1 Emerson writes in his journal: “Sunday evening I went at sun-down to the top of Dr. Ripley’s hill, and renewed my vows to the genius of that place. Somewhat of awe, somewhat grand and solemn, mingles with the beauty that shines afar around. In the west, where the sun was sinking behind clouds, one pit of splendor lay as a desert of space, — a deposit of still light, not radiant. Then I beheld the river like God’s love journeying out of the gray past into the green future.”

The path on this hill leads to Peter’s Field. Hawthorne writes to his wife (American Note Books): “Leo [the dog] and I attended divine service this morning in a temple not made with hands. We went to the farthest extremity of Peter’s path and lay there together under an oak, on the verge of the broad meadow.”

2 “I talked of buying Conantum once, but for want of money we did not come to terms. But I have farmed it, in my own fashion, every year since.” — Thoreau in Days and Nights in Concord.

In imagination, Thoreau says in Walden, he had bought all the farms in succession near Concord. “The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place . . . but before the owner gave me a deed of it, his wife — every man has such a wife — changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him.”

3 “Men are so careless about their really good side. James Baker does not imagine that he is a rich man, yet he keeps from year to year that lordly park of his, by Fairhaven Pond, lying idly open to all comers, without crop or rent, like another Lord Breadalbane, with its hedges of Arcady, its sumptuous lawns and slopes, its orchard and grapevines, the mirror at its foot, and the terraces of Hollowell on the opposite bank.” — Channing in Walks and Talks in Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist.



PETER'S FIELD AND CÆSAR'S WOOD

Emerson, after the former came to live in Concord in 1855, was to "Baker Farm, beyond Walden, a tract of meadow, upland, orchard and woodland, lying on the northeast side of Fairhaven Bay, opposite Conantum, and running down, with a fair lawn, along a brook, to that lovely water. It is much changed now, the 'trivial cabin,' where Thoreau found the Irish family of John Field, has long since gone to destruction, and a great brick and stone villa, with a high terrace in front, and huge stables on the ridge behind, now looks out upon Fairhaven, and the scene that was so lovely in Thoreau's and Channing's time.

.
 ' In thy insidious marsh,
 In thy cold, opaque wood,
 Thy artless meadows,
 And forked orchards' writhing mood,
 Still Baker Farm,
 There lies in thee a fourfold charm.

.
 And here a poet builded
 In the completed years, —
 For behold, a trivial cabin
 That to destruction steers,
 And west trends blue Fairhaven bay,
 O'er whose stained rocks the white pines sway ;
 And south slopes Nobscot grave,
 And north the still cliffs stand.

.
 Pan of unwrinkled cream,
 May some poet dash thee in his churn,
 And with thy beauty mad,
 Verse thee in rhymes that burn, —
 Thy beauty — the beauty of Baker Farm —

Still Baker Farm,
So fair a lesson thou dost set,

Lesson no one may forget :

Value that cannot be spent,
Volume that cannot be lent,

For Heaven thou art meant.¹

The places already mentioned were those which Emerson and his friends most frequented, but there were others—the Cliffs² and Nashautuc, overlooking the river, along which, oftentimes their path was the wake of their boat; the Walden woods and the Hill of Three Friends³—Emerson, Channing and Thoreau—rising above the Pond; the Great Meadows,⁴ the Estabrook country,⁵ Mason's pasture, Flint's Pond,⁶ Bateman's Pond, the banks of the Assabet, and the hill Annursnac."

1 From Baker Farm by Channing.

2 The Cliffs were a favorite resort of Thoreau. Charles Lane, in writing to Thoreau of the farm near Harvard (Fruitlands) where Mr. Alcott's community settlement had been made, says: "Just before we heard of this place [Fruitlands] Mr. Alcott had projected a settlement at The Cliffs on the Concord River, cutting down wood and building a cottage; but so many more facilities were presented here that we quitted the old classic town for one which is to be not less renowned."

3 "The Hill of Three Friends (When shall we three meet again?)"—Channing.

4 The Great Meadows Thoreau called "A broad moccasin print" which has "leveled a fertile and juicy place in nature."

5 "Delicious summer stroll through the pastures of Barrett, Buttrick, Estabrook farms. The glory of summer; what magnificence! Yet none to see it; one night of frost will kill it all. On the steep park of Conantum I have the old regret,—is all this beauty to perish? Shall none awake this sun and wind; the sky blue river, the river blue sky; the yellow meadow, spotted with sacks and sheets of cranberry gatherers; the red bushes; the iron-gray houses, just the color of the granite rocks; the wild orchard? We think of the old benefactors who have conquered these fields; the old Abel, who has absorbed such volumes of sunshine, like a huge melon or pumpkin in the sun."—Emerson's Journal quoted in Cabot's Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

6 (July 27, 1852.) "Came round by Flint's Pond, in which I both swam and waded,—the latter delicious on account of the grateful warmth of the

shallow water above pure white sand. I then enjoyed our old view from the Pond Hill, and have now got across to Bear Hill, a good place for a sunset view. Bemis' house handsome with its shadows. This hill commands a wide view of woodland, meadows and the village of Lincoln with its white churches; a wide and excellent sunset view. Pretty corner at the foot of Bear Lane, where the road turns with its alders, apple-trees, turfy road, close-shorn meadow and its cocks of hay. Walden at sunset exhibited a fine picture of the Softly Beautiful.

(28) White Pond exceedingly beautiful, and specially its green ban with the pines. This is one of our finest ponds." — From the unpublished Journal of Ellery Channing by kind permission of F. B. Sanborn, literary executor.

VII.

CEMETERIES OF CONCORD.

"To the zealous antiquary, and especially to the genealogist who is so often obliged to 'seek the living among the dead,' the most interesting spots in all our older towns are those wherein

' Each in his narrow cell forever laid

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'"¹

—George Tolman.

BETWEEN the road into the settlement along the ridge from Meriam's corner; and the road out of the settlement, "where they ran for a few hundred yards parallel to each other, in the exact centre of the six miles square which formed the Township, was reserved a plot of ground devoted to public uses, on which were planted the meeting house, the burying place, the stocks and the whipping post,² those universally necessary instruments for caring for the souls and disciplining the bodies of the colonists."³

1 From *Graves and Worms and Epitaphs*, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

2 The old elm on the square "was the whipping post from 1790 to 1820," says Judge John S. Keyes, "and the iron staple, 8 feet above ground, was in plain sight in my boyhood, on the street in front of the tree. To that staple the culprits were tied up and given the 39 lashes, the law being 40 as a maximum for petty offences. The bark has grown over the staple, and almost even the memory of it. This Elm was planted there April 19, 1776, on the first Anniversary of Concord Fight by John Richardson, the baker and hotel-keeper of the town."

3 *Wright's Tavern* by George Tolman, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

HILL BURYING GROUND — MAIN STREET BURYING
GROUND.

“In the two oldest burying grounds of Concord, in both of which interments virtually ceased more than sixty years ago, there are now only about 700 grave-stones, of course commemorating but a fraction of those who died here. In fact, for more than forty years after the settlement of the Town, no grave-stone was erected, or if there were any they have long ago vanished. In those early years such things were expensive, being all imported from England and not easily obtained by the pioneers who were located away out here in the wilderness. These earliest monuments are short and chunky in shape, and of a fine, dense Welsh slate that weathers well, and it is to these qualities that their long preservation is due. Later stones are of native slate, of a brittle quality. . . The chunky little block with its rudely cut inscription that marks the grave of Joseph Meriam (the second of that name) who died in 1677, aged 47 years, was the first grave-stone erected here. . . This is in the Hill burying ground;¹ the oldest stone in the Main Street ground is that of Thomas Harts-horn, who died in 1693, aged 14 years, though within the last fifteen years a stone has been set up in this ground in memory of Nathaniel Billing, who died in 1673, and was probably buried there. . . The probability, I think, is . . . that the Hill was the older place of burial. It was close to the meeting-

¹ “In the old Hill Burying Ground . . . it is supposed some of the British soldiers were buried.” — New Chapter of the History of the Concord Fight by William M. Wheildon.

house, and our puritan ancestors had not yet grown out of the English custom of interring their dead in the church-yard. Fourteen out of the fifteen oldest stones are there . . . and more than two-thirds of all the monuments bearing the family names of the original proprietors of Concord are to be found inside its enclosure. . . . The Rev. Daniel Bliss is buried under an altar tomb near the crown of the hill. His epitaph was undoubtedly written by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Emerson. Close by the grave of Mr. Bliss is a memorial tablet to the memory of the Rev. William Emerson (whose body lies elsewhere). . . . The Rev. Ezra Ripley . . . was entombed in one of the row of tombs nearest the Catholic church . . . Peter Wright . . . Hugh Cargill . . . Dr. Cuming . . . and John Beaton were buried in this cemetery. Col. James Barrett and Col. John Buttrick of Revolutionary fame, lie here. The epitaphs of Dr. Cuming and John Beaton show unmistakably the hand of Dr. Ripley. Another of our 19th of April heroes was John Hosmer, whose granite monument, in the Main Street burial ground, declares that 'although in arms at the battle of Concord, and a soldier in the Continental army, he was, all his life after, a man of peace.' It is to be regretted that the original epitaph prepared for his monument by Ralph Waldo Emerson should have been replaced by this rather bald statement. . . .

Any notice of our Concord monuments would be entirely incomplete without a reference at least

to the one epitaph more famous than all others, that marks the grave, not of a divine, a soldier, a teacher, a philanthropist or of a man-of-the-world, but that of an African negro slave, John Jack."¹ [See epitaph on page 16.]

"The author of John Jack's epitaph was Daniel Bliss, the oldest son of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, and brother-in-law of Concord's patriot pastor, the Rev. William Emerson, but himself so hostile to the patriot cause that he was soon obliged to flee from his home, to which he never returned. . . . Since the first publication of John Jack's epitaph, it has been copied and printed times without number both in this country and abroad. The present stone is a fac-simile of the original . . . which had been broken and overthrown and lay for some years on the ground beside the grave, until about 1830 Hon. Rufus Hosmer of Stow, a native of Concord, started a subscription to procure the present stone."²

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

" No abbey's gloom, no dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air ;
Here the green pine delights, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways — and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs."³

Sleepy Hollow was purchased by the town of Concord for a Cemetery in 1856. It had long been

¹ Graves and Worms and Epitaphs by George Tolman.

² John Jack, the Slave, and Daniel Bliss, the Tory, by George Tolman, published by the Concord Antiquarian Society.

³ From the poem, Sleepy Hollow, written by William Ellery Channing for the dedication of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.



SLEEPY HOLLOW

used as a place of resort for the townspeople, and the hollow, which had been known as Sleepy Hollow for many years, was left in its natural condition.¹ Upon the purchase of the property for this purpose the Cemetery was formally dedicated, an address being delivered by Emerson,² a poem written by Channing for the occasion read, and an ode by F. B. Sanborn sung.

“ To Holy sorrow, solemn joy,
We consecrate the place
Where soon shall sleep the maid and boy,
The father and his race,
The mother with her tender babe,
The venerable face.”³

The first burial in Sleepy Hollow was that of Mrs. Maria Holbrook, in 1855. The first burial in New Hill Burying Ground was in 1823. New Hill was united with Sleepy Hollow in 1869 by the purchase of the former property of the Middlesex Agri-

1 “ On the nineteenth of April, 1856, a tree-bee was organized, and over an hundred trees were set out in a single day by the citizens, each one of whom thus brought his own memorial. The ladies held two festivals in the same year for seats and decorations” for Sleepy Hollow. — George B. Bartlett in *The Concord Guide Book*. Sleepy Hollow had been “ a part of Deacon Brown’s farm, and reached by a lane with a few houses on it. . . . When the Deacon died, the town laid out a new road to Bedford . . . cutting off the ‘Sleepy Hollow’ from the rest of the town. Mr. John S. Keyes saw the fitness of the ground for a beautiful cemetery, and induced the town to buy it for that purpose.” — Note in Edward W. Emerson’s edition of his father’s works.

2 “Shadows haunt these groves. All that ever lived about them clings to them. You can almost see the Indian with bow and arrow lurking yet, exploring the traces of the old trail. Our use will not displace the old tenants. To this modest spot of God’s earth shall repair every sweet and friendly influence; the beautiful night and the beautiful day will come in turn to sit upon the grass. The well-beloved birds will not sing one song the less; they will find out the hospitality of this asylum. Sleepy Hollow, — in this quiet valley, as in the palm of Nature’s hand, we shall sleep well, when we have finished our day. And when these acorns that are falling at our feet are oaks overshadowing our children in a remote century, this mute green bank will be full of history; the good, the wise, and great will have left their names and virtues on the trees, will have made the air tunable and articulate.” — From Emerson’s Address at the Consecration of Sleepy Hollow.

3 From Ode of F. B. Sanborn sung to the tune of St. Martin.

cultural Society. The gateway of Sleepy Hollow was presented by William M. Prichard in 1891.

Sleepy Hollow has been called America's Westminster Abbey. On Pine Ridge Emerson is buried, "under the pine-tree which he had chosen on the hill above Sleepy Hollow by the graves of his mother and child; even as he had written when a youth in Newton, 'Here sit mother and I under the pine-tree, still almost as we shall lie by and by under them.'"¹ By his side lies buried the "hyacinthine boy," the little Waldo, to whom Emerson's Threnody was written:

"The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power,
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round, —
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom,
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born,
And by his countenance repay
The favor of the loving Day."

.

1 Dr. Emerson in edition of his father's works.

The Hawthorne, Thoreau and Alcott burial lots are near the grave of Emerson.

Hawthorne's grave is marked by "a simple stone, with the single word Hawthorne cut upon it. . . . He had wished that there should be no monument. He liked Wordsworth's grave at Grasmere, and had written, 'It is pleasant to think and know that he did not care for a stately monument.'"¹

"Now pillowed near loved Hylas² lowly bed
Beneath our aged oaks and sighing pines,
Pale Ion³ rests awhile his laureled head;
(How sweet his slumber as he there reclines!)
Why weep for Ion here? He is not dead.

.

Ion hath vanished from our clouded sight,—
But on the morrow, with the budding May,
A-field goes Ion, at first flush of day,
Across the pastures on his dewy way."⁴

Louisa Alcott writes in her journal, Oct. 8, 1879: "Dear Marmee's birthday. Never forgotten. Lovely day. Go to Sleepy Hollow with flowers. Her grave is green. Blackberry vines with red leaves trail over it. A little white stone with her initials is at the head, and among the tall grass over her breast a little bird had made a nest; empty now, but a pretty symbol of the refuge that tender bosom always was for all feeble and sweet things. Her favorite asters bloomed all about, and the pines sang overhead. So she and dear Beth are quietly asleep in God's acre,

1 Study of Hawthorne by George Parsons Lathrop.

2 Thoreau.

3 Emerson.

4 Ion: A Monody by A. Bronson Alcott.

and we remember them more tenderly with each year that brings us nearer them and home."¹

In Sleepy Hollow lie buried almost all the men and women who have made Concord famous in the past, and the list is a constantly lengthening one as the years go by: the poet, William Ellery Channing; Mrs. Samuel Ripley and her biographer, Elizabeth Hoar; the many distinguished members of the Hoar family in the Hoar burial lot; on the slope of the ridge Ephraim Wales Bull, and near the Alcott lot Anna Alcott Pratt and her husband, John Pratt.

Elizabeth Peabody lies buried near the graves of her kindred in the hollow below the ridge, and Col. George L. Prescott, in command of the Concord troops during the Civil War, found a last resting place in this quiet spot.

ST. BERNARD'S CEMETERY.

One mile from the center of the town, on Bedford Street, is the Roman Catholic Cemetery, St. Bernard's. This cemetery, with its attractive entrance and well kept grounds, is seen on the left, as one enters Concord by the electric cars from Lexington.

¹ "Ordered a stone for May's grave, like Marmee's and Beth's, for some day I hope to bring her dust home." — Louisa Alcott's Journal, May, 1880.

This was never done.



THE TOWN HALL

VIII.

CONCORD OF TODAY.

“ Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer,¹ Meriam, Flint,
Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and wood.
Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
Saying, ‘T’is mine, my children’s, and my name’s.’ ”²
— Emerson.

“**A** LONG with the events and the literature that have given our town a name throughout the world, there has flowed quietly the stream of civil society, local self-government and domestic life, broadened at critical times by manifestations of political energy, in which families like those of Hoar, Heywood, Barrett, Whiting, Robinson, Gourgas . . . have distinguished themselves. Benefactors, like Munroe, who built the public library, Dr. Ripley, who for half a century filled the pulpit, and took pastoral care, and John Tileston, who brought the public schools to their present useful form; soldiers of the civil war, like Colonel Prescott and Lieutenant Ripley,

1 Emerson in his journal of 1848 writes of “the Nine Acre farms along the river, and of the old-time Concord farmers: ‘The cranberry meadow yonder is that where Darius Hubbard picked one hundred bushels in one season worth 200 dollars, and no labor whatever is bestowed on the crop, not so much as to mow the grass or cut down the bushes. . . . We shall never see Cyrus Hubbard or Ephraim Wheeler or Grass-and-Oats or Oats-and-Grass old Barrett or Hosmer, in the next generation. These old Saxons have the look of pine-trees and apple-trees.’” — Quoted in Edward W. Emerson’s edition of Emerson’s works,

2 Hamatreya.

and hundreds of unnamed soldiers in the battle of life, — women no less than men, — have given their innumerable touch of vigor and grace to the ever building structure of Concord life."¹

"I think we escape something by living in the village," says Emerson. "In Concord here there is some milk of life, we are not so raving distracted with wind and dyspepsia. The mania takes a milder form. People go a-fishing and know the taste of their meat. They cut their own whippetree in the wood lot; they know something practically of the sun and the east wind, of the underpinning and the roofing of the houses, and the pan and mixture of the soils."

Concord of today is characterized by comfortable homes, flower gardens filled with bright, old-fashioned flowers² that match the style of architecture to which the houses belong; streets shaded with maples³ and fine old elm-trees, and electric lights, telephones and up-to-date water and sewer systems. Representatives of the old families are still influential

1 Concord by F. B. Sanborn in *Historic Towns of New England*.

2 "June 4, 1853. The date of the introduction of the *Rhododendron Maximum* into Concord is worth preserving, May 16, 1853. They were small plants one to four feet high, some with large flower buds, twenty-five cents apiece, and I noticed the next day one or more in every front yard on each side of the street, and the inhabitants out watering them." — Thoreau in *Summer*.

3 In his article on *Autumnal Tints*, Thoreau says of the autumn foliage of Concord: "The smallest sugar maples in our streets make a great show as early as the fifth, more than any other trees there. As I look up the Main Street, they appear like painted screens standing before the houses. . . . The large ones on our common are particularly beautiful. . . . Little did the fathers of the town anticipate this brilliant success, when they caused to be imported from farther in the country some straight poles with their tops cut off which they called Sugar Maples; and as I remember, after they were set out, a neighboring merchant's clerk, by way of jest, planted beans about them. Those which were jestingly called bean-poles are today far the most beautiful objects noticeable in our streets."

in the town, and names¹ familiar to the readers of Concord's history appear in the Concord town directory. Its people exhibit in their bearing proud consciousness of a glorious past, but today has its heroes as well as the past.

CONCORD FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

"From the instructions received by the selectmen in the year 1672, it appears that the nucleus already existed of a town library. It was enjoined upon these officers 'that ceare be taken of the bookes of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they may be kept from abeuce uesage, and not to be lent to any person more than one month at one time.'"²

A brief summary of the various Concord library organizations is as follows :

In 1784, a Library Company was formed with a collection of seventy books.

In 1795, The Charitable Library Society, with two hundred and fifty volumes.

In 1821, the Concord Social Library, which in 1828 contained six hundred volumes.

The Town Library was formed in 1851, uniting the Social, Parish and Agricultural Libraries to form one organization.

In 1873, the present Concord Free Public Library

¹ "A list of the names of the principal inhabitants of the town today would contain the names of a large number of the principal inhabitants of any generation since its foundation." — Senator Hoar in *Autobiography of Seventy Years*.

² Walcott's Concord in the Colonial Period.

was organized,¹ the building for which was erected and funds for its maintenance given by William Munroe, a wealthy citizen and native of the town. Legacies for books, the art collection, and "general purposes" have been given by other citizens of the town, and the proceeds arising from the dog tax are applied to the Library fund.

The reading room of the Library is liberally furnished with papers and magazines, and the reference department especially in literature pertaining to Concord is a valuable one. For the art collection of the Library see Concord in Art.

The annual report of the Librarian, Feb. 1, 1905, gives the following :

Number of volumes in the Library, Feb. 1, 1905,	. 35,212
" " " delivered for home use,	. 32,092
" " " " at West Concord School	2,364
Number of days Library was open, 306
Increase of volumes by purchase, 629
" " " " gift, 191

"Mr. Samuel Hoar bequeathed to the Library his office table which has been placed in the Reference Room. This table, bought by Judge E. R. Hoar at an auction sale of White House furniture in 1873, was used by the successive Presidents and their cabinets at Washington, beginning with Madison and ending with Grant. It is probable that upon it was signed the Emancipation Proclamation. . . . The collection of magazine articles upon Ralph Waldo Emerson has been bound in two volumes for

¹ At the opening of the Free Public Library Emerson delivered an address, Oct. 1, 1873.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

the Concord Alcove. One volume contains all the important articles which appeared in magazines in 1903, the Centenary; the other, articles which had been published previously."¹

The Library owns original manuscripts of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Curtis, Motley, Lowell, Holmes and others, and many articles of historic interest and worth.

CHURCHES.

There are in Concord the following churches :

*The First Parish Church*² (Unitarian) on Lexington Road.

The Trinitarian Congregational Church, organized in 1826, incorporated in 1891, on the corner of Walden and Hubbard Streets.

Trinity Church (Protestant Episcopal) on Elm Street, West End, organized as a Mission June 5, 1883; as a Parish May 23, 1887.

St. Bernard's Church (Roman Catholic) on Monument Square and Bedford Street, organized in 1865.

Norwegian and Danish Methodist Episcopal Church on Thoreau Street, near Hubbard Street, organized July 6, 1887.

West Concord Union Church on Main Street, organized February 21, 1891.

¹ From Librarian's Report, Feb. 1, 1905.

² "Letchford's Plain Dealing mentioned the church in Concord as the first one in the colony which had adopted the practice of catechising children [the first Sunday School]. Mather says this was one of the constant exercises of the Sabbath."—Shattuck's History of Concord. These catechistical exercises are said to have been held at noon, between the morning and afternoon regular church services, and Sunday School is still held at that hour at the First Parish Meeting House.

Our Lady Help of Christians, Church Street, Concord Junction.

Old residents of Concord often refer to the Black Horse Church. This church resulted from a withdrawal of some dissatisfied members from the First Parish Church, and was so called from its place of meeting, the Black Horse Tavern (whose sign was a black horse), not far from the site of the present Public Library building.

"When the first settlers came to Concord, they voted that 'the highway under the hill be left four rods broad.' . . . The house-lots were laid out on both sides of the road, and bounded by the top of the hill on the one side and the brook on the other, while to the west of the reservation [land reserved for the meeting house, burying ground, etc.], and still on the north side of the little stream, the land was set off to the Rev. Peter Bulkeley." Shortly after his death, the land was bought by Capt. Timothy Wheeler and George Wheeler, who willed a large part of this property in 1687 to the town, "to be improved as a training field and for the use of the public schools. This bequest covered the land now covered by the Monument Square, and all between that and the brook, excepting the mill site."¹

SCHOOLS OF CONCORD.

The Public Schools² of Concord are The High

¹ Wright's Tavern, by George Tolman.

² The public school "was removed early in the fifties from the brick building [the upper floor of which was occupied by the Corinthian Lodge which "had contributed a sum of money toward the cost of the building"] to the lower room of the Town Hall, and thence to the home now used as an

School on Stow Street and Sudbury Road, The Emerson School on Stow and Hubbard Streets, and the Ripley School on Hubbard Street.¹ The school play ground, containing four acres, presented to the town by heirs of the Emerson estate, is in the rear of the Ripley School building. On the school committee women are eligible for membership, and have served acceptably in that capacity. Concord has a Manual Training School, and sewing, sloyd, music and drawing are taught in the schools. The Stow, Cuming, Beaton and Prichard funds afford additional facilities for bringing the Concord schools up to a high order of efficiency, and they are largely patronized by neighboring towns and districts. The laws for compulsory education and free text-books are in force.

The Middlesex School, a college preparatory school for boys, was incorporated in 1901. "The grounds comprise over two hundred and fifty acres, lying about two and one-half miles from the centre of Concord, on the road to Lowell."

annex to the Library. In 1867 a new school-house was completed for its use, since removed and known as the Ripley School-house. The High School shared this house with the Grammar School until 1880, when the Emerson School was built. The present High School was built in 1889, occupied in 1890 and enlarged in 1897-8." — From Concord School Report (1901) by Wm. L. Eaton, Principal.

1 "Exactly opposite Mr. Emerson's house and but fifty paces from his study, was the East Primary School-house [since removed]. Before and after the morning and afternoon sessions at the two recesses, for forty years, the throng of treble but strong-voiced boys and girls played in the road before his gate, and sometimes unasked, came for horse-chestnuts and apples in their season. On the whole, very good terms were kept with the little neighbors, whom Mrs. Emerson occasionally invited to her garden, giving them flowers and plants." — Note in Edward W. Emerson's edition of his father's works.

"When I bought my farm," says Emerson in Concord Walks, "I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. . . . I did not know what groups of interesting school-boys and fair school-girls were to greet me in the highway, and to take hold of one's heart at the School Exhibitions."

The Concord Home School, a preparatory school for boys, is situated on the west side of the Sudbury River, between Elm Street and the Fitchburg Railroad.

CLUBS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

"*The Social Circle*, probably originating in the Committee of Safety, was formed about 1778, for free discussion and familiar conversation on such subjects as are connected with the interest and improvement of the town. Twenty-five members only can belong to the society at once; and the meetings are held every Tuesday evening, from October to March, at the members' houses in rotation; and these meetings, as the constitution expresses, tend 'to strengthen the social affections and disseminate useful communications among its members.' Many improvements in the town originated in this useful society."¹

Emerson writes to a friend: "Much the best society I have ever known is a club in Concord called the Social Circle, consisting of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, etc., solidest of men, who yield the solidest of gossip. Harvard University is a wafer compared to the solid land which my friends represent."

At the celebration of the Centenary of the Social Circle in 1882, Hon. E. R. Hoar, the chairman on that occasion, said: "And now with no material alteration of its original plan, this little institution of our fathers, this gathering of townsmen and neigh-

1 Shattuck's History of Concord.



THE COMMON

bors for friendly and instructive conversation and conference . . . has held on its regular and peaceful course for one hundred years. Without even the cohesion of a corporate existence, with no secrets or passwords or high sounding titles, with only the ties of neighborhood and friendliness, and a common interest in the welfare of each other and of the town, it has been a noticeable part of the life and history of Concord. . . . It has attracted to its quiet gatherings the substantial farmers, mechanics and traders of the town, and its meetings have been graced by such culture and distinction as the town could furnish."

There is said to be only one other similar organization older than the Social Circle. The circle has published two volumes of memoirs of deceased members. Its only officer, a Secretary, is elected annually on the first Tuesday in January.

The B. C. & W. Club, organized in 1858, "for social intercourse among its members."

The Concord Canoe Club.

Concord Woman's Club.

Concord W. C. T. U.

Concord Golf Club.

*The Concord Saturday Club.*¹

West Concord Ladies' Union, organized Oct. 12, 1889.

¹ "Among the most interesting of our literary and social meetings are those held by the Saturday Club, which was founded by Mme. Nieriker, then Miss May Alcott, on January 22, 1876, and has continued ever since to assemble on alternate Saturdays, usually in the evening, at the houses of the ladies and gentlemen composing it."—Concord Guide Book, by George Bartlett.

Royal Arcanum — Musketaquid Council, No. 872,
instituted Jan. 8, 1885.

Patrons of Husbandry.

Knights of Columbus.

G. A. R., Old Concord Post No. 180, organized
Dec. 20, 1884.

Walden Royal Arch Chapter, chartered 1873.

F. & A. M., Corinthian Lodge, chartered 1797.

A. O. U. W., Harmony Lodge No. 14, organized
July 25, 1879.

I. O. O. F., Concord Lodge, No. 212, chartered
Sept. 19, 1891, Concord Junction.

A. O. H. Division 56.

Concord Council, Royal Arcanum No. 963, Concord
Junction.

Hawthorne Chapter, No. 48, Order Eastern Star,
Concord Junction.

Daughters of Rebekah, Willow Lodge, Concord
Junction.

Mutual Benefit Association, of the Massachusetts
Reformatory, organized Oct. 1, 1890.

Concord Junction W. C. T. U.

McWalter's Orchestra.

THE CONCORD HOME FOR THE AGED.

The Concord Home for the Aged was organized Dec. 30, 1886, and incorporated March, 1887. It occupies a large and comfortable house on Walden Street, given to the town by Miss Martha Hunt, as a memorial of her father. The officers of this corporation consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Matron.

THE CONCORD ALMSHOUSE.

"Mr. Hugh Cargill (a native of Ireland, who came to America 'in connection with the British army, but acquired his estate as a trader in Boston, died in Concord, Jan. 12, 1799, in his 60th year') bequeathed to the town the Stratton Farm, so called . . . 'to be improved as a poorhouse, and the land to be under special direction of the town of Concord for the time being, for the purpose aforesaid.'"¹ The Almshouse is on Walden Street.

THE BATES HOUSE.

The Bates House, on Main Street, provides suites of rooms comfortably furnished and free of charge, as a permanent home for deserving women of the town.

THE CONCORD LYCEUM.

The Concord Lyceum² was organized Jan. 7, 1829. Nearly every lecturer of note in the United States has been heard at some time at this Lyceum. In February, 1879, Emerson delivered before it his one hundredth lecture. The Lyceum "was a sort of Mutual Improvement Society," says Dr. Edward Emerson in his Memoir of his father.

1 Shattuck's History of Concord.

2 "One source of information has been singularly passed over by the biographers of the Concord authors, — the records of the ancient Concord Lyceum, founded nearly eighty years ago, and reckoning among its lecturers all these authors except Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott and Mrs. Jane Austin. . . . Thoreau gave nearly twenty lectures, and was for some years an active 'curator' or secretary for the promotion of the lectures." — F. B. Sanborn in A Concord Note-Book. (The Critic, November, 1905.)

CONCORD ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.¹

The Concord Antiquarian Society was incorporated in 1887. In 1886 the antiquarian collection of Cummings E. Davis, consisting mainly of articles of local interest, had been purchased and installed in the present quarters of the Society. The house is arranged as a family residence of colonial times, the collection of old furniture and old china being an unusually interesting one.

In the Society's collection "are several fine gauges, some of them exhibiting peculiarities very rarely seen."² Albert E. Wood in *How Our Great Grandfathers Lived*, says; "Hospitality required and fashion dictated that every caller should be treated to some kind of spirit, and rum at a funeral was absolutely necessary. I have often heard old people speak of how indignant Dr. Ripley would be if he found it wanting upon such occasions. The Antiquarian Society has in its collection some fine specimens of decanters, demijohns and glasses, handed down from 'ye olden tyme,' that help bring to our minds pictures of these entertainments when fashion and hospitality were so happily united."

Pamphlets of historical and antiquarian interest are published from time to time by the Antiquarian Society. The Society holds "regular meetings at which historical papers are read, and by its annual meeting of the 12th of September, keeps up an interest in the settlement of the town. . . . It furnishes a

1 "All else comes to naught, so that the antiquities and permanent things in each city are good and fine." — Emerson in his journal.

2 *Indian Relics in Concord*, by Adams Tolman.



KITCHEN-ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY HOUSE

nucleus around which in the future will gather many interesting articles that will whisper of the Past, and become rarer and more valuable with years."¹

The Middlesex Agricultural Society is no longer in existence, but the old Agricultural Hall is still pointed out to those interested in the history of Concord. The cattle shows were features of Concord for many years. "Every man is entitled to come to cattle show, even a transcendentalist," says Thoreau in an address delivered before the Middlesex Agricultural Society in Concord, Sept., 1860, "and for my part I am more interested in the men than in the cattle. I wish to see once more those old familiar faces, whose names I do not know, which for me represent the Middlesex country, and come as near being indigenous to the soil as a white man can; the men who are not above their business, whose coats are not too black, whose shoes do not shine very much, who never wear gloves to conceal their hands."

CONCORD MILITARY COMPANIES.

"The two companies² into which the Concord soldiers had been divided for nearly a hundred years were the originals of the two which fought at the

¹ Concord by John S. Keyes (President of the Concord Antiquarian Society) in History of Middlesex County.

² "There were two full companies in Concord, the artillery and the light infantry. The artillery had two cannon captured from the British which had been presented to the company by the legislature in honor of April 19, 1775."—George F. Hoar in Autobiography of Seventy Years.

On this cannon is the following inscription: "The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Maj. John Buttrick and Capt. Isaac Davis, whose valour and example excited their fellow citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American Independence."

North Bridge. The heavy drafts on the town by the Revolution and the organization of the Light Infantry Company, left but one company of militia, called the Standing Company, in Concord. This continued till the change of the law, in 1840, enrolling the militia.

. . . About 1848 the Concord Artillery changed its drill to infantry, secured an armory on Bedford Street, and has since become a leading company of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia — Company I, Sixth Regiment.”¹ The company now occupies an armory on Walden Road, near Hubbard Street.

“Great respect appears to have been paid to military titles in the early history of the town,” says Shattuck in his *History of Concord*. “Captain was a greater mark of distinction than deacon, doctor and many other officers. . . . The Concord Light Infantry is believed to be the oldest company in the commonwealth, excepting the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. It was incorporated Oct. 13, 1669, as the Second Troop of Horse in Middlesex.” The Concord Artillery was incorporated Feb. 28, 1804.

THE TABLETS.

At the annual town-meeting in 1885, fifteen hundred dollars were appropriated for “celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town, and erecting tablets or monuments to mark places and objects of historic interest.” The members of the committee on Tablets were Charles H. Walcott, Edward W. Emerson, John F. Hosmer, Arthur G.

¹ Concord by John S. Keyes in *History of Middlesex County*.

Fuller and William H. Hunt. "The historical thread that runs through the tablets and joins them together is easily traced," says Charles H. Walcott, chairman of the committee. "Taken together, and in connection with the monuments that we already possess, they form an epitome of the town's history for a century and a half—from the beginning of the plantation to the war of the Revolution."

The following are the tablets erected by the town.

On Lowell Road :

Here in the house of the
REVEREND PETER BULKELEY
first minister and one of the
founders of this town
a bargain was made with the
Squaw Sachem the Sagamore Tahattawan
and other Indians
who then sold the right in
the six miles square called Concord
to the English planters
and gave them peaceful possession
of the land
A. D. 1636.

On Monument Square :

Near this spot stood
the first Town House
used for town meetings
and the county courts
1721 — 1794.

On the stone wall of the Hill Burying Ground :

On this hill
the settlers of Concord
built their Meeting-House
near which they were buried
On the southern slope of the ridge
were their Dwellings during
the first winter
Below it they laid out
their first Road and
on the summit stood the
Liberty-Pole of the Revolution.

On Lexington Road in front of the First Parish
Meeting-house :

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS
of delegates from the towns of
MASSACHUSETTS
was called by conventions of
the people to meet at Concord on the
eleventh day of October 1774
The delegates assembled here
in the meeting house on that day
and organized
with John Hancock as president
and Benjamin Lincoln as secretary
Called together to maintain
the rights of the people
THIS CONGRESS
assumed the government of the province
and by its measures prepared the way
for the war of the Revolution.

On Liberty Street, opposite "Battle Lawn" :

On this field
the minutemen and militia
formed before marching
down to the
fight at the bridge.

At Meriam's Corner :

Meriam's Corner
The British troops
retreating from the
old North Bridge
were here attacked in flank
by the men of Concord
and neighboring towns
and driven under a hot fire
to Charlestown.

On Elm Street, Nashawtuc Hill :

On this farm dwelt
Simon Willard
one of the founders of Concord
who did good service for
town and colony
for more than forty years.

At Egg Rock, where the junction of the Assabet and Sudbury rivers forms the Concord river :

On the hill Nashawtuck
at the meeting of the rivers
and along the banks
lived the Indian owners of
Musketaquid
before the white men came.

In the grounds of the Barrett homestead, the Barrett family have placed a boulder with the following inscription :

Battle Lawn
April 19, 1775
From this hill
Col. James Barrett
commanding the Americans
gave the order to march to
the Bridge but not to fire
unless fired upon by the
British
Capt. Nathan Barrett led
his company to defend the
Bridge pursued the British
to Charlestown and though
wounded captured Maj. Pitcairn's
horse saddle and pistols and
returned home with his
trophies.

On Monument Square, opposite the Colonial Hotel, a boulder has recently been placed by the town. The bronze tablet on the boulder is inscribed as follows :

CONCORD
PLACES THIS STONE
HONOURING THE MEMORY OF
CORPORAL RALPH P. HOSMER
PRIVATE CHARLES A. HART
PRIVATE GEORGE E. ADAMS
OF CONCORD'S COMPANY
CO. I SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY

They died at Utuado Porto Rico
in the service of
THEIR COUNTRY
during the war with Spain
MDCCCXCVIII

In the Public Library, on the left of the vestibule as you enter, a mural tablet inscribed as follows, is seen :

William Munroe
born in Concord June 24, 1806
built this library
and gave it
with funds for its maintenance and extension
for the use of the inhabitants
of his native town.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop a boulder with a bronze tablet was placed on Hawthorne's path to the hill at The Wayside. This tablet was unveiled during the exercises of the Hawthorne Centenary, and bears the following inscription :

This tablet placed
at the centennial exercises
July 4, 1904
commemorates
Nathaniel Hawthorne
He trod daily this path to the hill
to formulate
as he passed to and fro
upon its summit
his marvelous romances.

Moncure D. Conway¹ writes of the Hawthorne Centenary and the dedication of the Hawthorne tablet as follows :

"Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, present owner of The Wayside . . . had the happy enterprise to make

¹ Autobiography, Memories and Experiences. In his Autobiography Conway writes : "Being homeless in the North, my summer vacation (1853) was passed in Concord. The Emerson's found for me a very pleasant abode at Hillside on Punkatasset Hill, about a mile out of the village. . . . Two sisters, the Misses Hunt, educated ladies, received me into their pleasant cottage, where I was the only boarder. These ladies were cousins of Miss Martha Hunt, whose suicide in Concord River and the recovery of her body are described in Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*." When in 1863, Moncure Conway became associate editor with F. B. Sanborn of the Boston Commonwealth, he went, he writes, "at once to reside at Concord, in a house just vacated by Rev. Mr. Frost. This house, the first we ever owned, was pretty; it stood in a large garden, well stocked with fruit and flowers, at its center a bower of evergreen."

the centennial birthday of the unique author, July 4, 1904, the occasion of a literary fête. With beautiful hospitality she entertained in her house Julia Ward Howe, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and myself, Hawthorne's acquaintances, and with some of the younger generation,—among these Beatrix Hawthorne, grand-daughter of the great man,—we the survivors held memorable symposia. . . . On the first day of the fête Wentworth Higginson spoke out in the grove in his characteristic vein of subtle wit and wisdom, and Beatrix—a lovely maid of twenty, a mystical apparition of her grandfather—drew aside the American flag which veiled a tablet of the author who walked there."

At Grapevine Cottage, on the trellis of the original grapevine of the Concord grape, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop has placed a tablet inscribed with the following quotation from the journal of Ephraim Wales Bull:

I looked about to see what I could find among our wildings. The next thing to do was to find the best and earliest grape for seed, and this I found in an accidental seedling at the foot of the hill. The crop was abundant, ripe in August, and of very good quality for a wild grape. I saved the seed in the autumn of 1843. Among them, the Concord was the only one worth saving. — Ephraim Wales Bull.

The Soldiers' Monument, on Monument Square, was erected April 19, 1867, to commemorate the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. On the south side of the monument is carved in high relief, Faithful Unto Death; on the north side, 1861 to 1865; on the east,

The
 Town of Concord
 builds this monument
 in honor of
 THE BRAVE MEN
 whose names it bears
 and records
 with grateful pride
 that they found here
 a birthplace, home or grave.
 1866.

On the west side of the monument a bronze tablet bears the names of the soldiers who fell.

“The town has thought fit to signify its honor for a few of its sons by raising an obelisk in the square. It is a simple pile enough, — a few slabs of granite, dug just below the surface of the soil, and laid upon the top of it; but as we have learned that the upheaved mountain, from which these discs or flakes were broken, was once a glowing mass at white heat, slowly crystallized, then uplifted by the central fires of the globe; so the roots of the events it appropriately marks are in the heart of the universe. I shall say of this obelisk planted here in our quiet plains, what Richter says of the volcano in the fair landscape of Naples: ‘Vesuvius stands in this poem of nature, and exalts everything, as war does the age.’”¹

Memorial Fountain. On Walden Street in front of the Trinitarian church stands a memorial fountain erected as a memorial to the Rev. Henry Martyn Grout, D. D., pastor 1872–1886 of the Trinitarian Church, “by his Grateful Church.” The inscription on the fountain is as follows: “Whosoever drinketh

1 From Emerson’s address at the dedication of the Soldiers’ Monument.

of this water shall thirst again ; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

PARKS AND PUBLIC GROUNDS.

The Battle Ground, on Monument Street, given to the town by the Rev. Ezra Ripley. Trees were planted along the avenue of the Battle Ground by citizens of the town in 1836.

The Common, Monument Square.

Willard Common, on Nashawtuc Hill, presented to the town by William Wheeler. Around this common an attractive suburb has been built up.

The Prichard Arboretum, west of Lowell Road and south of the Southern Division of the Boston & Maine railroad.

Public Park, on Main Street. In 1900 the Middlesex Hotel property, on the corner of Monument Square and Main Street, was purchased by the town "as a permanent memorial of the Concord Fight, for the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of that event; said property to be used hereafter by the Town for the site of a memorial hall or a municipal office building, or for other similar municipal purposes, and in the meantime to be used as a public park."¹ The Middlesex Hotel, "having fallen into hopeless and unsightly decay," was torn down and removed.

¹ From Concord Town Report for 1901.

CONCORD WATER SUPPLY.

Mr. Winfred D. Hubbard, Superintendent of the Concord water works, writes : "The water supply of the town is obtained by gravity from Sandy Pond. The pond is situated in the adjoining town of Lincoln at an elevation of about one hundred feet above the centre of the town known as the Mill Dam, and the water is of exceptional purity. The original works were constructed in 1874 under the direction of Mr. William Wheeler, C. E., at a cost of about \$45,000, and consisted of about six and one-half miles of pipe which supplied Concord centre. In 1883 the works were extended to the westerly portion of the town, and a distributing reservoir of two million gallons capacity constructed on Nashawtuc Hill. The present system comprises about thirty-two miles of pipe and cost about \$188,000."

CONCORD FIRE DEPARTMENT.

In May, 1794, the Concord Fire Society¹ was organized, each member being supplied with two buckets and a bag. A small hand engine was purchased the year of its organization. In 1827 a volunteer fire company was formed, and a new engine purchased.

The present town Fire Department is composed of :

¹ In Emerson's Sketch of Ezra Ripley, D. D., Emerson says: "Dr' Ripley had many virtues, and yet all will remember that even in his old age if the fire bell was rung, he was instantly on horseback with his buckets and bag." Dr. Ripley was a member of the old Fire Association of Concord, as was Emerson. Over the stairway in Emerson's house "always hung the two leathern fire-buckets and green baize bag for saving property." — Note in Edward W. Emerson's edition of Emerson's works.

The Chemical Company No. 1, on Walden Street.

The Hose No. 1, on Thoreau Street.

The Hook and Ladder No. 1, on Walden Street.

The Chemical No. 2, at Concord Junction.

The Hook and Ladder No. 2, at Concord Junction.

TOWN OFFICERS.

The following is a list of the town officers of Concord: Town Clerk,¹ Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, Town Treasurer, Auditor, Collector of Taxes, Deputy Collectors, Constables, Road Commissioners, School Committee, Water and Sewer Commissioners, Board of Health, Municipal Light Board, Trustees Town Donations,² Tree Warden,³ Library Committee, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery Committee, Pound Keeper, Fence Viewers, Field Drivers, Surveyors of Lumber, Measurers of Wood and Bark.

The appointed officers are Engineers of Fire

1 Mr. F. B. Sanborn in his life of Menry D. Thoreau, noting the "perpetuity" of official positions in Concord families, writes: "The Heywood family has been resident in Concord for two hundred and thirty years, and in that time has held the office of town clerk, in lineal succession from father to son, for one hundred years at least. The grandson of the first John Heywood filled the office (which is the most responsible in town and generally accompanied by other official trusts) for eighteen years."

2 Upon his resignation as senior member of the trustees of Town Donations, Judge John S. Keyes (Feb., 1901) says: "It is fifty-two years since his first printed report to the Town was made as Superintendent of Public Grounds in 1849. . . . As trustee of Town Donations since 1868, he has seen the funds in the care of the Trustees increase from \$6,900 to \$100,783.49, reported this year. To the donations for the Silent Poor, the Schools and the Library, all there were in 1868, have been added those to the High School, the Shade Trees, the Town's Birthday, the Nineteenth of April, the Burial Lots, the Cemetery Care, the Manual Training School, the Water Works, the Sewers and the Electric Light Sinking Funds, and eighty-one separate donations for the care of lots in the cemetery."

3 "The town for the first time chose a tree warden at the annual meeting in 1900, and by virtue of the Act of 1899, chapter 330, he became entrusted with the care and control of all the public shade trees in the public ways and public grounds of the town."—Report of the Tree Warden for 1901, signed by Samuel Hoar.

Department, Registrars of Voters, Police Officers, Sealer of Weights and Measures, Physician at Almshouse, Librarians, Superintendent of Schools, Superintendent of Water Works, Superintendent of Sewers, Superintendent of Almshouse, Keeper of Lock-up, Agent of Board of Health, Inspector of Cattle, Janitor of Town House, Inspector of Plumbing, General Manager of Municipal Light Plant, Public Weighers, Special Police Officers, Burial Agent.

POPULATION OF CONCORD.

(Census of 1900)	5,652
Number of polls in 1905	1,430
Number of Houses	932
Acres of land	15,628

CORPORATIONS.

The following are some of the Corporations of Concord: Blaine Manufacturing Company, Concord Junction, Concord Mills (incorporated 1905), Concord Hall Association, Concord National Bank, Middlesex Institution for Savings, Central Middlesex District Court. The Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Company was organized March 29, 1826, and occupies with the Central Middlesex District Court the Court-House Building on Monument Square.¹

¹ The "new court-house" built in 1794 to replace the court house of 1719, "cost \$4,583, of which the town gave 100 pounds, and gave the land on which it stands, and has the right to use it for public meetings."—Shattuck's History of Concord. This building was afterwards burned, the Middlesex District Court being held in a room of the Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co. building. This building occupies the site of the former Court House.

Concord has one newspaper, The Concord Enterprise, issued weekly.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REFORMATORY.

The Massachusetts Reformatory is on Elm Street, Concord Junction. It was opened in 1878 as a State prison; made a state reformatory Dec. 20, 1884. Within the walls of the building there are twenty-three acres of land. Industrial training is a feature of the reformatory instruction. The following trades are taught: blacksmithing, plumbing, printing, tin-smithing, bricklaying, carpentry, wood turning, engraving and painting. The buildings are of brick, with granite trimmings, the entire plant costing \$1,300,000.

CONCORD HALLS, BLOCKS, ETC.

Association Building, Commonwealth avenue, Concord Junction.

Black's Block, Walden Street.

Brown's Block, Main Street.

Catholic Parish Hall, Monument Square.

Friend's Block, Main and Walden Streets.

Garty's Block, Main Street.

Heywood Block, Main Street.

Monument Hall, Monument Square.

Masonic Building, Monument Square.

Pierce's Block, Main Street.

Richardson's Block, Main and Walden Streets.

Town Hall, Monument Square, associated with many historic events.

Union Block, Main Street.

Vanderveer Block, Walden Street.

Warner's Block, Concord Junction.

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